
ΠΑΝ
ΔΕΝΔΡΟΝ ΑΓΑΘΟΝ
ΚΑΡΠΟΥΣ
ΚΑΛΟΥΣ
ΠΟΙΕΙ
VAUX
DE
VIRE


Consilio et Animis



THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX.



THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX,

ADVOCATE, OF VIRE.

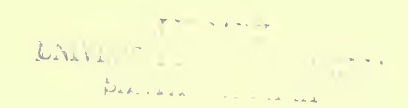
EDITED AND TRANSLATED

By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A.

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" Λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
" Ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ,
" Οὔτ' ἦλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
" Μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἠρινὸν διέρχεται·
" Αἰδὼς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις
" Ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
" Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν ἐς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
" Τούτοις δρέπεσθαι·"——

Eurip. Hippol. l. 73-81.

To thee, O Miſtreſs ! from a virgin mead
This chaplet, woven of its flowers, I bring:
There no ſcythe comes, no ſhepherd dares to feed
His flock ; but o'er a virgin mead, in Spring,
The honey-bee roams freely on the wing ;
While Modeſty the bloom is nurturing
With river-dews, for thoſe to cull, who need
No teaching, but by nature guard each deed
With chaſte ſobriety in everything.





CHATEAU OF VIRE, FROM THE VALLEY



INTRODUCTION.

Of beautiful Normandy, one of the moſt lovely diſtricts is that known as Le Bocage; and of that Norman Bocage, the principal, as well as the moſt picturefque town, is Vire. The chief town of Lower Normandy, and charmingly ſituated on the ſlopes of ſeveral hills, and in the valleys which they encloſe, it is ſurrounded by a wide expanſe of richly-wooded heights, fruitful orchards, undulating upland paſtures, romantic copſes, and high and rocky crags; while the ſtreams of the river Vire and its tributaries wind below, adding freſh verdure to the landſcape, and ſupplying water-power to many mills ſituated on their banks.

A little above the junction of the Vire with the Virene, the former river ſweeps boldly round a lofty and very precipitous granite rock, on which ſtands the partially-ruined donjon-tower of the ancient Caſtle of Vire, finely dominating the poſition of the town and its environs. The ſcene, one of very peculiar and varied beauty, has long been famous as Les Vaux-de-Vire. "The place," ſays one of the inhabitants of the ancient town, "known from all time under the "name of the Vaux de Vire, is one of the moſt agreeable "ſituations in the Bocage, and alſo one of the moſt celebrated, from the number of manufactories which have "immemorially exiſted there. It takes its name from two "principal valleys that form it, . . . reſting on the Place

" of the Château of Vire, which lies to the weſt, and ſuffi-
" ciently near to the town to be conſidered as one of the
" faubourgs. It is in thoſe valleys, extending, the one from
" north to ſouth, and the other from eaſt to weſt, that the
" two rivers Vire and Virene flow, till their junction at the
" Pont des Vaux. Their banks are ſometimes hemmed in
" between two precipitous lines of cliff, which afford no
" other view than naked rock and heath. Sometimes they
" open out, diſcloſing partial woods, and portions of culti-
" vated ground. Everywhere the views are very limited,
" the horizon being on all ſides confined to a ſpace of a
" quarter of a league, excepting the part which extends to
" the north below the Pont des Vaux; in which direction
" an unbounded diſtance is opened up. The current of the
" Vire and of the Virene is there pretty rapid, or, rather,
" the inclination of the ground gives them a ſlope ſufficient
" to have been found available for the eſtabliſhment of
" numerous mills, ſome for paper-making, and the reſt
" for fulling cloths; for the manufacture of which, the
" town of Vire has been celebrated from the fifteenth
" century." *

"Vire," ſays Dr. Dibdin, writing more than half a century ago, "is a ſort of Rouen in miniature,—if buſtle "and population only be conſidered. . . . The immediate "vicinity of the town is remarkable as well for picturefque "objects of ſcenery as for a high ſtate of cultivation; and "a ſtroll upon the heights, in whatever part viſited, will not "fail to repay you for the certain diſappointment to be "experienced within the ſtreets of the town. Portions of "the ſcenery, from theſe heights, are not unlike thoſe in "Derbyſhire, about Matlock. There is plenty of rock, of

* M. Aſſelin, Diſcours Préliminaire, Vaudevires par Olivier Baſſelin: Vire, 1811, p. xvii.

" ſhrubs, and of fern; while another Derwent, leſs turbid " and muddy, meanders below."*

Dr. Dibdin's viſit was a brief and paſſing one; but we may ſafely preſume that a longer ſtay in Vire, and a better acquaintance with its interior, would have greatly modified his haſty remark as to a want of intereſt in the views of the town itſelf, and have led him to agree with the opinions generally expreſſed by more recent travellers of artiſtic taſte. "The Caſtle of Vire," ſays Miſs Coſtello, "conſiſts " of a very grand, though not extenſive, ruin of the Donjon, " which ſtands on a platform at one extremity of the town, " commanding an entire view of the whole, and a proſpect " over the wide extent of Vaux beneath, unequalled for " beauty, richneſs, and the peculiarity of its features. The " ruin itſelf is very picturesque, being one large high tower " cloven by time almoſt to its baſe, with a few loop-holes " and windows remaining: it is built into the ſolid rock, of " which it ſeems to form a part, and riſes proudly from the " fine broad ſquare, planted with three rows of luxuriant " trees, and accommodated with ſeats at intervals, where " the inhabitants have a charming promenade, and can " enjoy a ſeries of the moſt ſplendid views poſſible."†

"Even a haſty glance at Vire," ſays Mrs. Macquoid, in a very agreeable volume, which forms a uſeful companion to modern travellers in Normandy, "as ſoon as we had climbed " up the hill leading from the railway ſtation, was enough " to ſhow us that we had reached the moſt picturesque " town we had yet ſeen. . . . The town is ſingularly quaint, " placed at the end of a ridge of hills. Acroſs the principal

* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Pictureſque Tour in France and Germany, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin: London, 1821, vol. i. pp. 423-426.

† A Summer amongſt the Bocages and the Vines, by Louiſa Stuart Coſtello: London, 1840, vol. i. p. 123.

" ſtreet is a picturefque arched gateway ſupporting the " Tour de l'Horloge, a conſtruction of the thirteenth " century; the top of the tower is very original. . . . The " ruins of the old caſtle ſtand moſt picturefquely on a pro- " montory of rock, which, though in the midſt of the town, " projects itſelf, a perpendicular height of bare rock, into " the valley of the Vire. The river divides here, and circles " round the hills, which riſe one beyond another till the " laſt are loſt in miſty diſtance. It offered a moſt exquiſite " ſucceſſion of pictures . . . and left us to imagine far " greater beauty. The ſpecial peculiarity of this view is the " ſteep deſcent of the rock, about two hundred and thirty " feet, and the way in which the river forms a double " valley among the ever-varying hills. . . . We went down " a ſteep road on the right, beſide a branch of the river, " with rich dark-coloured crags on one ſide, clothed here " and there with ivy and buſhes, while oppoſite was a green " hill, wooded up to its very ſummit by tall feathery trees. " . . . Every now and then we came upon pleaſant walks " cut up the hill-ſide, from which one overlooks the winding " river and its never-ending ſucceſſion of rocky glens and " wooded valleys. . . . After rather a long walk of con- " ſtant aſcent and deſcent between the rocks and the river, " we came to the poet's houſe . . . charmingly placed on " the river itſelf. A dark rock, Des Cordeliers, projects " over the road beſide it; and, beyond it, the valley opens, " and ſhows the Vire winding round the ſhoulder of another " hill, which ſtretches boldly forward, and offers a double " ſeries of exquiſitely tinted hill and valley. . . . Still " farther on, the valley grows more and more beautiful; " indeed we fancied weeks might be ſpent in exploring the " lovelineſs of theſe Vaux de Vire." *

* Through Normandy, by Katharine S. Macquoid: London, 1874, pp. 521-524.

" Words can but feebly convey," fays Mifs Coftello, in defcribing this part of the environs of Vire, " the impref- " fion made on the mind by fcenery fuch as awaits the " wanderer amongft the deep dells and hills ftudded with " grey rocks and fhort brufhwood which enclofe them." * And Mr. Mufgrave, writing of the fame delicious fcene, juftly obferves :—" The ancient Greeks would have iden- " tified fo fafcinating a region with Arcadia ;—a land of " fhepherds and of paftoral fong, and peopled with Fauns, " Satyrs, and Nymphs, with Pan enthroned upon fome " mofs-clad rock or fallen pine, as their prefiding leader " and deity." † With even ftill greater appofitenefs, remembering the topics of moft of the fongs of the Vau-de-Vire, we might recall to the mind's eye the picture drawn by Horace, in his Ode to Bacchus :—

" Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
" Vidi docentem (credite, pofteri)
" Nymphafque difcentes, et aures
" Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

. . . . .

" Fas pervicaces eft mihi Thyiadas,
" Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
" Cantare rivos, atque truncis
" Lapfa cavis iterare mella." ‡

" Bacchus I faw in mountain glades
" Retired (believe it, after years !)
" Teaching his ftrains to Dryad maids,
" While goat-hoof'd Satyrs prick'd their ears.

. . . . .

* P. 127.

† A Ramble through Normandy, or Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in a fketching excurfion through Calvados, by George M. Mufgrave, M.A. : London, 1855, p. 360.

‡ Hor. Carm. II. xix.

"Yes, I may fing the Thyiad crew,
"The ftream of wine, the sparkling rills
"That run with milk, and honey-dew
"That from the hollow trunk diftils." *

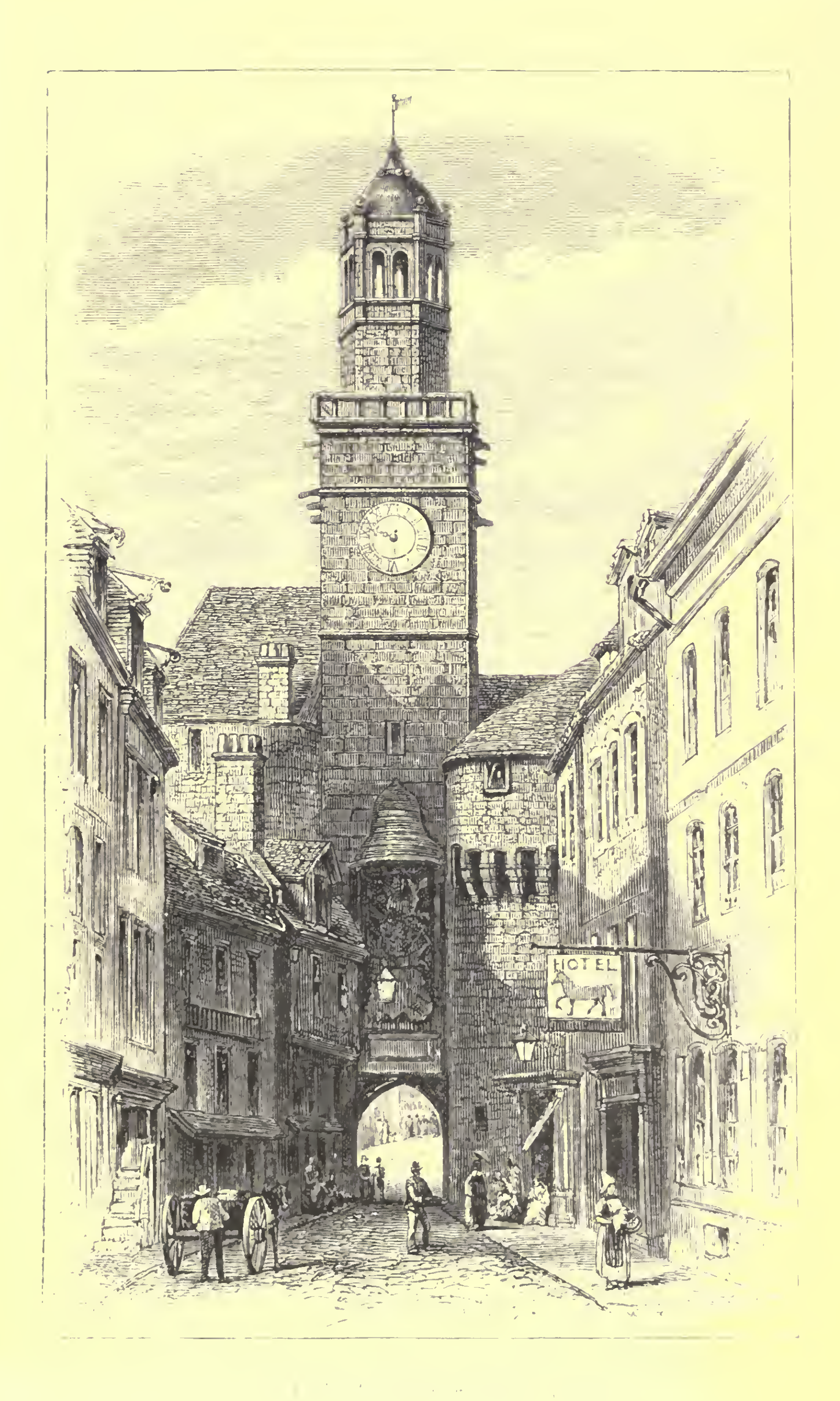
Of the Tour de la Groffe Horloge, mentioned by Mrs. Macquoid as forming a ftriking object on the way to the Caftle, Mr. Mufgrave remarks, that it is "a charming city " gate, much in the ftyle of, if not fuperior to, the clock " gate of Rouen—hemmed in by 'a ftern round tower of " 'other days' on one hand, and by picturefque ancient " houfes on the other; . . . that old fubftantial arch, fur- " mounted now-a-days by a ftructure ninety feet high, was " moft probably doing good fervice here at the date of the " third Crufade; and veterans who had fought at Agincourt, " and conquered at Formigny, may have waited the rifing " of its portcullis." †

To thefe notices of the town and fcenery of Vire, there perhaps deferves to be added, as a fign of the primitive fimplicity that ftill bleffes and adorns the place, the curious fact that of many of the inhabitants the faith is ftill ftrong in the efficacy of "the Divining-Rod," when ufed for the difcovery of fprings or fources of water under ground. This procefs, ftill reforted to in fome parts of Cornwall, where it is known by the name of "deoufing," may be fairly confidered one of the laft veftiges of the magic art which have furvived till our own times.

"Now to rivulets from the mountains
"Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
"Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
"Not in flafks, and cafks, and cellars." ‡

* The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace tranflated into Englifh verfe, by John Conington, M.A.: London, 1863. † P. 375.

‡ Poems by Henry Wadfworth Longfellow: London, 1867, p. 90.


HOTEL

So feem to have thought, in former days, thofe

"Taverners who mix their wine,
"And their drink half-watered sell;—*
. . . . .
"While as yet the cider's new,
"There are folks who have a charm
"To mix water in the brew,
"And fo work us monftrous harm." †

The magical fecret muft have been valuable to thofe difhoneft men; let us hope that fuch evil practices are now more rare among the Hefperian groves and golden fruitage of cider-yielding Normandy! But for the ufe, at Vire, of the divining-rod for the purpofe of difcovering water, we can vouch; having, in 1874, feen a well funk there on the faith of fuch rhabdologic prediction; and,—"Res miranda populo!"—water actually found. The citizen, in whofe garden this operation took place, was loud in his praifes of the fkill of the operator, and of the infallibility of the fyftem.

The Château of Vire was deftined to witnefs many fcenes of fanguinary conflict, not only during the occupation of Normandy by the Englifh, 1417-1450, (for the latter part of which period it became the principal ftrong-place and head-quarters of our countrymen in the Bocage), but alfo in the dreadful civil war, carried on in the facred name of religion, which arofe in the following century. The caftle is faid,—though by a poet, yet by one who was alfo a native of Vire,—to have undergone thirty affaults; and in the fhort fpace of fix years, in the lifetime of Jean le Houx, the town was four times taken and pillaged;—in May 1562, by Montgommery, by affault; in September of the fame year, by the Duc d'Etampes, by affault at the Porte de la Groffe Horloge, after four days of inceffant fighting; in March 1563, again

* Vau-de-Vire xxi. Firft Series.

† Vau-de-Vire ii. Polinière MS.

by affault of Montgommery; and, once more, by furprife, in September 1568. It is a lamentable fact, that on all of thofe occafions the moft horrible cruelties were practifed by both parties alike; nor were the murders and rapine confined to the infuriated foldiery. Many painful anecdotes have been recorded, by De Thou and Theodore Beza, of the exceffes committed by the townfmen, and even by the women. The peace of 1570 reftored a brief period of tranquillity, and profperity began to revifit the afflicted town; but in 1584 a frightful peftilence broke out, and nearly all of the inhabitants abandoned their homes: fo that it is recorded that there were not twenty perfons prefent on Chriftmas Eve in that year in the great church.*

But the intereft which attaches to the town, river, and environs of Vire, is not limited to the lovelinefs of landfcape, the quaint antiquity of buildings, or the animation of hiftorical incident. "Vire," we are informed by a moft competent authority, "is one of thofe few fmall provincial towns "in which, from the fifteenth century, literary purfuits have "never flagged, and poetry, in particular, has ever been "held in high honour." † M. Cazin has, in an unpretending little work, given a lift, with biographical details, of more than fixty natives of Vire, more or lefs diftinguifhed as authors, down to the time of Caftel, and of Chênedollé; whofe poetry, more remarkable for tendernefs and gentlenefs than for force and vigour, is commended by Sainte-Beuve as being full of rural infpiration, "and penetrated by a fweet "fragrance of the Norman meadows." ‡

The Vaux-de-Vire have for centuries been famed as a cradle of charming fong, and have impreffed their name not

* Armand Gafté, Jean le Houx et le Vau de Vire à la fin du xvie Siècle: Caen, 1874, pp. 140-146.

† *Ibid.* p. 173.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, Notice de Chênedollé, prefixed to his Works: Paris, 1864, p. xiv.

only on their own peculiar clafs of convivial verfes, but alfo, with little variation of title, on the numerous lively and popular compofitions fo widely known as "Vaudevilles." Such, at leaft, is the conclufion at which the greater number of the moft intelligent and learned French critics appear to have arrived; and the foundnefs of which we are far from defiring to queftion. We need hardly remark that the Vaudeville, which originally was a "popular fong, fet to a fimple "air, with words ufually relating to fome ftory or event of "the day," and which afterwards came to mean a fhort drama, in which the dialogues are interfperfed with ftanzas or fhort fongs, is a fpecies of compofition in which French authors have always excelled, and which is peculiarly adapted to difplay the lighter and more elegant graces of their language.

With the invention of the fimple, poetical "Vau-de-"Vire" of olden times, there has long been illuftrioufly affociated the name of Olivier Baffelin, a fuller of Vire, of the fifteenth century:—

——"the poet's memory here
"Of the landfcape makes a part;
"Like the river, fwift and clear,
"Flows his fong through many a heart;
"Haunting ftill
"That ancient mill
"In the valley of the Vire." *

What is known of the hiftory of Olivier Baffelin refts in great meafure on tradition, and on a few flight notices and allufions gleaned from the early literature of his country. He appears to have been born about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and to have been "a jolly miller," whofe fulling-mill and houfe ftood "faft by the river Vire," where,

* Poems by Henry Wadfworth Longfellow: London, 1867, p. 411.

in ſooth, an ancient timber-built dwelling is ſtill pointed out as having been his :—

"au Vaudevire
"Ou jadis on fouloit les belles chanſons dire
"D'Olivier Baſſelin." *

He was well known as a boon companion, who preferred good-fellowſhip to frugality, and ſuffered, accordingly, in the diſorder of his own affairs; often chanting ſongs, of his own compoſing, in praiſe of the good wine, and cider, and fellowſhip, which he loved; ſtrenuouſly reſiſting, in arms, with a band of comrades of his own, the Engliſh occupation of his country, and at laſt falling a victim to his patriotiſm, periſhing in the memorable battle of Formigny in 1450, where three thouſand ſeven hundred Engliſh are ſaid to have been left on the field, the greater part of their baggage captured, and fourteen hundred priſoners made, among whom was the (Engliſh) Governor of Vire.

An old French poet, Jehan le Chapelain, mentions the prevalence in Normandy of a cuſtom, that a gueſt, while partaking of his hoſt's hoſpitality, ſhould entertain him, in turn, with a ſong or tale :—

"Uſaige eſt en Normandie
"Que qui hebergiez eſt qu'il die
"Fable ou chanson die à ſon oſte." †

Many curious ſpecimens of thoſe ancient Norman ſongs, of various dates, have been preſerved, on themes of love, war, and wine; uſually chivalrous, often very patriotic, ſometimes ſcarcely reverent, ſuch as is the following rather free-booting ſtrain, probably "drawn from the life," in many a tavern of the time :—

* Jean Vauquelin, Sieur de la Freſnaye, Œuvres Diverſes : Caen, 1872, p. lxxvii.

† M. Aſſelin, Diſcours Préliminaire, 1811, pp. xv. xvi.

"Gentilz gallans, compaignons du raiſin,
"Beuuon d'autant, au ſoir et au matin,
"Juſqu'à cent ſolz,
"Et ho!
"A noſtre hoſteſſe ne payeron poinct d'argent,
"Fors ung *Credo!*

"Si noſtre hoſteſſe nous faiſoit adiourner,
"Nous luy diron qu'il faut laiſſer paſſer
"Quaſimodo,
"Et ho!
"A noſtre hoſteſſe ne payeron poinct d'argent,
"Fors ung *Credo!*" *

Gentle gallants, of the grape companions born!
Drink we out our bumpers, ev'ry eve and morn,
To a hundred fous,
And ho!
To our hoſtefs we no reckoning will owe,
But a *Credo!*

Should ſhe ſummon us for payment of our feaſt,
Tell her ſhe muſt ſuffer to paſs by, at leaſt,
Quaſimodo,
And ho!
To our hoſtefs we no reckoning will owe,
But a *Credo!*

Here are two others, from a like ſource, of no leſs ſimplicity in ſtyle, but much more Arcadian in ſpirit:—

"Royne des fleurs, la fleur du Val de Vire,
"Quant ie vous voye, mon cueur eſt en eſmoy;
"S'il vous plaiſoit faire vn amy de moy,
"Vous oſteriez mon cueur hors de martire.

. . . . .

"Or, me baiſez encore vn coup, m'amye,
"En attendant que puiſſiez reuenir.
"De loin de vous ie ne puis deſpartir,
"Tant eſt de vous la mienne amour rauye.

* A. Gaſté, Chanſons Normandes du xve Siècle: Caen, 1866, p. xxii.

"Belle, de vous defpend toute ma vye ;
"Quant dollent fuys, m'y donnez guarifon,
"Et, fi captif, me iectez hors prifon.
"Benoift le iour qu'oncques vous ay choifie." *

. . . . .

O queen of flowers, flower of the Val de Vire,
Beholding thee, what fighs my bofom move !
Grant me the grace to be thy faithful love,
And fave my heart from martyrdom fevere.

. . . . .

Now once more only, darling, once kifs me,
Until again in happy hour we meet.
I cannot far from thee reftrain my feet,
So wholly is my foul abforbed in thee.

Fair ! all my life depends on thee alone.
Cure me when I on couch of ficknefs lie ;
When prifoned, free me from captivity ;
Bleft be the day I chofe thee for mine own !

"L'amour de moy fi eft enclofe,
"Dedans vng ioly iardinet,
"Ou croift la rofe et le muguet,
"Et auffi faict la pafferofe.

. . . . .

"Ie la veis l'aultre iour cueillant
"En vng verd prè la viollette,
"Et me fembla fi aduenant
"Et de beaulté fi tres parfaicte.

"Ie la regarday vne pofe :
"Elle eftoit blanche comme vng laict,
"Et doulce comme vng aignelet,
"Vermeillette comme vne rofe." †

A garden's bounds my love enclofe,
Within a little pleafance fair ;
The lily of the valley, rofe,
And hollyhock, all bloffom there.

. . . . .

* Chanfons Normandes : Caen, 1866, p. 236.
† Ibid. p. 40.



HOUSE AND ORCHARD OF BASSELIN, ON THE VIRE

The other day I faw her cull
  The violet in meadow green ;
To me fhe feemed of fweetnefs full,
  Of perfect lovelinefs the queen.

I gazed on her a little fpace,—
  Pure white as milk fhe was to view ;
Lamb-like in gentlenefs and grace ;
  Her blufh, a vermeil rofe-bud's hue !

"The inhabitants of the Bocage," fays the precife and minute M. Seguin, "ufed to fing at table, the mafter or "miftrefs of the houfe beginning, and each of the guefts "afterwards finging his Vau-de-Vire or fong; the finger, "refting one of his hands on the table, often took his "goblet in his right hand, and kept it raifed when he cele-"brated the excellences of the wine." *

There appears to be no ground for doubting that, in fuch fimple primitive days, Baffelin compofed fome of the earlieft fongs of the Vau-de-Vire ;—improvifing them, fays one of their poetical hiftorians, becaufe he had not learned to write :—

"He framed the ancient drinking-lays,
  "As Vaux-de-Vire fo widely known ;
"And taught a thoufand charming ways
  "Of finging their melodious tone."

"Some men," faid Coleridge, "are like mufical glaffes ; "to produce their fineft tones you muft keep them wet." This may well have been the cafe with the earlieft compofers of thofe fongs of Vire ; many of whofe lays remind us of one, the acknowledged mafter-piece of Maître Adam Billaut, the famous poetical cabinet-maker of Nevers, who died in 1662 :—

* Seguin, Hiftoire Archéologique des Becains : Vire, 1822, p. 89.

" Auſſitôt que la lumière
" Vient redorer nos côteaux,
" Ie commence ma carrière
" Par viſiter mes tonneaux.

" Ravi de voir l'Aurore,
" Le verre en main, je lui dis,
" 'Vois-tu donc plus chez le Maure,
" 'Que ſur mon nez, de rubis?' "

Thoſe verſes, ſlightly altered, are given, by that " fellow " of infinite fun," the Rev. Francis Mahony, in a note to his *Reliques of Father Prout;* if we venture thus to render them, forgive us, O venerable ſhade of Water-graſs Hill,* for eſſaying any ſuch taſk left unaccompliſhed by thee!

Soon as, at dawn, our vine-clad hill
In golden ſunſhine baſks,
My labours I commence, by ſtill
Reviſiting my caſks.

I hail Aurora, glaſs in hand,
And aſk her, " Seeſt thou ſhine
" More rubies in the Mooriſh land
" Than on this noſe of mine?"

It is alſo, with good reaſon, believed that ſome of thoſe compoſitions of Baſſelin and others, " boon companions of " the Vau de Vire " in the fifteenth century, ſtill remain to us; although their number is ſmall, their ſtyle rude, and their

* " Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in peace ſojourned
" This prieſt devout;
" Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurned
" The bones of Prout!
" Nor deck with monumental ſhrine or tapering column
" His place of reſt,
" Whoſe ſoul, above earth's homage, meek yet ſolemn,
" Sits 'mid the bleſt."

. . . .

" But ſtill my Muſe, for ſhe the fact confeſſes,
" Haunts that ſweet hill, renowned for water-creſſes."
Reliques of Father Prout, pp. 28 and 131, ed. 1860.

identification difficult, and even, to fome extent, uncertain. But, through the vaguenefs of ancient tradition, the indistinctnefs of the mifts of time, and alfo, we regret to have to add, the want of due learning and care on the part of fucceffive editors, it has, curioufly enough, happened that the honeft and patriotic miller of Vire has really received for his poetical effufions far greater credit than was his due; for to him has long been attributed the authorfhip of the large collection of Vaux-de-Vire, which we may now be faid to know with certainty were not compofed by him or any of his companions, but were the work of another hand, and of a later epoch.

The hiftory of Maiftre Olivier Baffelin, and of thofe later Vaux-de-Vire, is thus briefly given in a work of confiderable refearch and great ability, of which the firft edition was publifhed in 1765. The feventh edition, from which we quote, was printed at Caen in 1789:—

"Baffelin (Olivier), a fuller of Vire, in Normandy, com-
"pofed many drinking-fongs, models for thofe which have
"fince been written, and to which, by a corruption, has
"been given the name of *Vaudevilles.* As that Norman
"bard fang his verfes at the foot of a hill called Les Vaux,
"on the river Vire, they received the name of *Les Vaux-*
"*de-Vire.* Thefe fongs, compofed in the fifteenth century,
"were not altogether free from the barbarifm of ftyle of
"that period, nor from the rufticity of their author. *Jean*
"*Le Houx* corrected them in the following century, and
"gave them the form in which we now fee them."*

This mifleading ftatement, the fource of long fubfequent error, was adopted, with little alteration, from an article in the Dictionnaire de Moreri, faid by M. Gafté to have been

* Nouveau Dictionnaire Hiftorique, par une Société de Gens-de-Lettres: Caen et Lyon, 1789, *v.* Baffelin.

written by the Abbé Beziers, Canon of Bayeux, who is fuppofed to have derived his information from his correfpondent, Daniel Polinière of Vire. Polinière, again, may either have repeated fome vague though general impreffion current among his fellow-townfmen, or may, perhaps, have adopted the erroneous ftatement, to a fimilar effect, of Lecocq, " Lieutenant-particulier au bailliage de Vire," in his " Mé-" moires pour fervir a l'hiftoire de la ville de Vire," a MS. in the Library of the Arfenal at Paris, of which a copy is preferved in the Public Library at Vire.*

Had Jean Le Houx, whofe name now begins to appear in the literary hiftory of the Vaux-de-Vire, done nothing more than preferve, by publication, the works of the earlier poet, his humble but renowned townfman,—even at the coft of "freeing them from their barbarifm of ftyle and their "rufticity,"—he would have merited our gratitude. But his fame refts on a broader and firmer bafis than this; and we have now to recount how it has been at laft eftablifhed, that, inftead of being merely the fofter-parent of compofitions by Baffelin, he was, beyond all doubt, himfelf the author of thofe famous fongs.

Maiftre Jean Le Houx, Advocate, of Vire, as we learn from the acute and induftrious refearches of M. Armand Gafté, was the fecond fon of François Le Houx, who in 1562 occupied, with his brother Jean, a houfe in the Rue aux Fèvres, at Vire; and who appears to have died between 11th March 1584 and 9th January 1586. The exact date of the birth of our " Maiftre Jean " is unknown; but may be concluded, from a comparifon of fome other dates, recorded in the public regifters of his native town, with various allufions in his poems, to have been fomewhere about 1545 or 1546. Previous to 1592, (the exact year is unknown),

* A. Gafté, Jean le Houx, p. 24, Note.

he married Mademoiſelle Criquet, ſiſter of M. Jean Criquet, Licentiate in law, Aſſeſſor at Vire, Sieur de la Guerillonière. In 1606, he married again; the name of his ſecond wife was Jeanne, daughter of Jean Levieil, then deceaſed. By his firſt marriage, he appears to have had two daughters; by his ſecond, one ſon who died in infancy, and three daughters. And in 1616,—about the middle of the year, but the exact day is unknown,—he died; at the good age of thoſe threeſcore and ten years, which cut the thread of ſo many a "thin-ſpun life."

Jean Le Houx was interred, with all due reverence and ſolemnity,—"with candle, with book, and with bell,"—in the grand old church of Notre Dame at Vire. A long epitaph in verſe was written by his friend Sonnet de Courval, panegyriſing him in terms of the warmeſt admiration; and, although better taſte would doubtleſs have ſomewhat chaſtened the extravagance of its imagery and diction, it is worth preſerving here, for the affectionate fulneſs of its praiſe.

TOMBEAV DE M. JEAN LE HOVX,
ADVOCAT A VIRE.
STANCES.

"Paſſager viateur, qui viſite ce Temple,
"Arreſte vn peu tes pas, et de grace contemple
"Ce Tombeau, dans lequel giſt le docte le HOVX.
"HOVX touſiours verdoyant en vertus immortelles,
"En cent perfections admirablement belles,
"Qui le faiſoient paroiſtre un Soleil entre nous.

"Il fut Peintre excellent, et tres-ſcauant Poëte,
"Tres diſert Aduocat: mais ſon Eſprit celeſte
"Deteſtoit du Barreau la chicane et le bruit.
"Peu ſortable a vne ame extrémement pieuſe,
"Comme la ſienne eſtoit, ſe monſtrant peu ſoigneuſe
"D'exercer ſon Eſtat qui les plus ſins ſeduit.

"Si quelquefois contraint, il plaidoit au Barreau,
"C'eſtoit un Ciceron; vn Apelle au pinceau.

"En Latine Poëfie un Maron tres-habile,
"Et pour les Vers François Ronfard il égaloit ;
"De forte que luy feul tout l'honneur il auoit,
"De Ronfard, Ciceron, d'Apelle, et de Virgile.

"Paffant, va t'en en paix, et n'efperes apprendre
"D'autres fiennes vertus, que l'on ne peut comprendre.
"Sur ce plan raccourcy, remarque feulement
"Que le docte le HOVX, Poëte, Orateur, et Peintre,
"Eft gifant en ce lieu, qui fait enfemble plaindre,
"Les Arts, Themis, Parnaffe, auprès fon monument." *

EPITAPH ON M. JEAN LE HOUX,

ADVOCATE AT VIRE.

Stranger, who vifiteft this facred fane,
Thy paffing footfteps for a while reftrain:
This tomb contemplate, wherein lies LE HOUX,
A HOLLY, ever-green in virtues new.
A hundred high perfections he poffeffed,
Which made him fhine, a Sun among the reft.

A fkilful Painter, Poet moft refined,
Learned Advocate: but his celeftial mind
Hated the Bar's chicanery and rout,
Unfuited to a fpirit moft devout,
Such as was his: he practifed with fmall zeft
His calling, oft feductive to the beft.

He was, when forced to take forenfic part,
A Cicero: Apelles in his art;
In Latin verfe, a new Virgilian bard;
And in French poetry, a true Ronfard.
So that to him a four-fold honour came:—
Ronfard's, Apelles', Tully's, Maro's fame.

Stranger, depart in peace; nor feek, in turn,
His other virtues infinite to learn.
And from this brief, faint outline, only know
That erudite LE HOUX lies here below.
Arts, Mufes, Themis, by this monument,
An Artift, Poet, Orator, lament.

* Satyres de Sonnet de Courval, 1622, p. 342; and A. Gafté, Jean Le Houx, pp. 208, 209.

How do thofe laudatory, but fomewhat pompous and laboured lines of De Courval contraft with the fimple and homely "Wifh" of the poet of the Vau-de-Vire himfelf:—

> "On my tomb let this epitaph appear :—
> "'Here lies one who in wine did much delight;
> "'One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire!'" *

About the year 1570, Jean Le Houx is believed to have prepared for the prefs the firft edition of *Le Liure des Chants Nouueaux de Vau-de-Vire;* of which *Editio Princeps*,—the only one publifhed in its author's lifetime,—not a fingle copy is known to have furvived to the prefent day. This has been explained by fome, on the ground of the popularity and rapid difperfion of the little volume, and its "wear and tear" in the houfes, hands, and pockets, (or rather girdles), of the former poffeffors of copies; but other circumftances, peculiar to the time when Le Houx lived, perhaps contributed more directly to the annihilation of at all events a large part of the impreffion.

An age, when religious animofity ran furioufly high, was peculiarly inaufpicious for the firft appearance of a collection of fongs, which, however great the modefty of their ftrains, however undoubted the piety of their author, were avowedly of a very feftal and cheerful fort; and, as fuch, were viewed by narrow-minded bigots among the clergy, Romanift and Reformed alike, as fraught with poffible peril to the fouls of their refpective flocks. The fongs,—"the poor Vaux-de-Vire,"—were cenfured, their author was maligned, and refufed abfolution by the priefts; and that ecclefiaftical ftigma was not removed till after long contention, and a pilgrimage to Rome, performed by the poet, and from which he derived the furname of "Le Romain." No Papal refcript, however, feems to have reftored the un-

* Vau-de-Vire xl. Firft Series.

offending Chants du Vau-de-Vire themfelves, with their "*mufique celefte*," to ecclefiaftical communion: and, for the remainder of his life, their author and his friends contented themfelves with circulating thofe harmlefs fongs only in manufcript, or with finging them,—"in innocent harmony,"—at their feftive meetings. *Honi foit qui mal y penfe.*

Le Houx, however, although thus to fome extent complying with the requirements of his fpiritual critics, did not ceafe, after his return from Rome, to cultivate his Anacreontic Mufe; he added confiderably to the number of his Vaux-de-Vire, of which he formed, in manufcript, a fecond "Recueil;" though never venturing, by a frefh publication, again to provoke a conflict with thofe "crabbed cenfors" and "fublime wifeacres." His naturally mild and pious difpofition, and the gravity of his advancing years, led him, indeed, after his Roman journey, rather to conciliate and difarm the wrath of the angry priefts. Befides altering,—not always for the better,—fome of the expreffions in his earlier Vaux-de-Vire, to which objection had, however unfoundedly, been made, he gradually turned his pen, from the compofition of drinking-fongs, to the more devotional purpofe of inditing "Noels," or fpiritual canticles on the Nativity of our Lord.

Above all,—and, doubtlefs, more than all welcome to Mother Church, as a fubftantial proof of increafing and ripening grace,—in 1613 he gave to the moft ancient fraternity of the moft Holy Trinity, and of the Paffion of our Lord Jefus Chrift, ferved in the parochial church of Notre Dame of Vire, certain annual-rents iffuing from two houfes in the Rue de Fontaine and the Rue de la Poiffonerie, for eight low maffes of *Requiem* to be said each year for the fouls of eight poor inhabitants of Vire, dying within the year, whofe relatives fhould be unable to pay for maffes for them: and, in the fame year, he increafed a bene-



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, AT VIRE.

faction to the fraternity of the Holy Name of Jefus, ferved in the fame church, originally founded by his father and uncle: in return for which, the fraternity engaged to add to the reft of the fervice an "antienne," with refponfes to the Virgin, before her image and the high altar of the choir. Arrangements, in the contemplation of his approaching end, doubtlefs more edifying to "the fraternity," than thofe devifed by old George Dunbar, the Scottifh "makar" of the fifteenth and fixteenth century, for his brother poet, Maifter Andro Kennedy:—

"Nunc condo teftamentum meum,
"I leiff my faull for evermair,
"Per omnipotentem Deum,
"In to my Lordis wyne cellair;
"Semper ibi ad remanendum
"Quhill domifday, without diffever,
"Bonum vinum ad bibendum
"With fueitt Cuthbert that luffit me never.

. . . . .

"I will na Prieftis for me fing,
"Dies illa, dies iræ;
"Na yit na bellis for me ring,
"Sicut femper folet fieri;
"Bot a bag pipe to play a fpryng,
"Et unum ail wofp ante me;
"In ftayd of baneris for to bring
"Quatuor lagenas cervifiæ." *

But all this unction and faintly odour of the clofing fcenes of our Jean Le Houx's life, as contrafted with the fpiritual warfare in which many of his earlier years had been paffed, rather recall fome lines of Matthew Prior's well-known and very witty ballad of "The Thief and the "Cordelier;" in which, fpeaking of a certain dread tribunal of the law, very unpopular with thofe fummoned to undergo its doom, the poet fays:—

* The poems of William Dunbar, now firft collected, by David Laing: Edinburgh, 1834, vol. i. pp. 137-141.

"A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;
"And who to affift, but a grave Cordelier ?
. . . . .
"If the money you promifed be brought to the cheft,
"You have only to die ; let the Church do the reft !
"Derry down, down, hey derry down."

The "extremely pious" foul of Jean Le Houx would hardly have been fatisfied with the too Epicurean dirge,—otherwife fo tender and touching,—of the Aftronomer-Poet of Naifhapur, of the eleventh and twelfth century :—

"Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
"And wafh the body whence the life has died,
"And lay me, fhrouded in the living leaf,
"By fome not unfrequented garden-fide.

"That e'en my buried afhes fuch a fnare
"Of vintage fhall fling up into the air,
"As not a true believer paffing by
"But fhall be overtaken unaware.

"Indeed the idols I have loved fo long
"Have done my credit in men's eye much wrong :
"Have drowned my glory in a fhallow cup,
"And fold my reputation for a fong.
. . . . .
"And, much as wine has played the infidel,
"And robbed me of my robe of honour,—Well,
"I wonder often what the vintners buy
"One half fo precious as the ftuff they fell.
. . . . .
"Yon rifing moon that looks for us again,—
"How oft hereafter will fhe wax and wane ;
"How oft, hereafter, rifing, look for us
"Through this fame garden,—and for *one* in vain !

"And when like her, O Saki, you fhall pafs
"Among the guefts ftar-fcattered on the grafs,
"And in your blifsful errand reach the fpot
"Where I made One,—turn down an empty glafs !" *

* Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Aftronomer-Poet of Perfia. Rendered into Englifh verfe. London, 1872, pp. 24, 25, 27.

In 1669, being a century after the fuppofed date of their firft publication, the Vaux-de-Vire were reprinted, at Vire, by Jean de Cefne, of whofe typography fome other fpecimens are preferved in the Public Library of that town. The little volume itfelf—a very fmall and thin one in 16mo, printed on coarfe paper further embrowned by time, is without date; its title is—"Le liure des Chants nouueaux "de Vau de Vire, corrigé et augmenté oultre la précédente "impreffion. A Vire, chez Jean de Cefne, imprimeur et "libraire." Of this very interefting little edition only two copies are known to have furvived to our own times; and at prefent, owing to the myfterious difappearance of one of thofe two, we can only venture to affert that one folitary copy at prefent remains. That, fortunately, is in excellent preferva-tion, in fafe keeping in the "Referve" of the National Library at Paris, where it is with great courtefy made avail-able for the infpection of all who may feel an intereft in the fubject. It is a volume interefting in more than one refpect, having belonged to the celebrated Huet, Bifhop of Avranches, whofe book-plate it bears, with arms ftamped in gilding on the fides. On the title-page is infcribed "Domus "Profefs. Paris. Societ. Jefu," in which eftablifhment Huet paffed many of the laft years of his life, and to which he bequeathed his library. Beneath the imprint is pafted a printed notice:—

> "Ne extra hanc Bibliothecam efferatur,
> "Ex obe:"

but the "Obedientia" remains incomplete, and the rule of the Jefuits has been tranfgreffed!

The hiftory of the (now miffing) duplicate copy of the edition of Jean De Cefne, fo far as we have been able to afcertain, is, that in 1810 it was purchafed, at the fale of the library of M. By, by M. Flaust, the mayor of Saint-

Sever, near Vire: that afterwards it came into the poſſeſſion of the late M. Le Normand, a medical gentleman of Caen, eminent, we believe, as a botaniſt, who died a few years ago; ſince which event, the melancholy reply of the learned librarian of the Public Library at Caen to an inquiry which we made as to the fate of the "littel boke," was,—"On n'a "pu le retrouver." But as it was once erroneouſly ſuppoſed that the copy belonging to the Library at Paris had diſappeared, and that the copy then preſerved in Normandy was unique, let us hope that the Norman copy may likewiſe re-appear among the book-treaſures of that country, where it would be ſo highly venerated, and where its abſence is much deplored.

M. Dubois, again, attributes to the harſhneſs of the clerical party the ſuppreſſion of moſt of the copies of that ſecond edition of the Vaux-de-Vire:—"There is reaſon to "believe," ſays he, "that De Ceſne, who was employed as "a printer by the miſſionaries of the village of Flers, in "order to obtain their favour, ſacrificed at their deſire his "whole edition of the Vaux-de-Vire; a very ſmall number "of copies, now reduced to only one known to exiſt, hav-"ing eſcaped." * M. Dubois wrote in 1820, while under a miſapprehenſion to which we have juſt referred, and which he afterwards corrected, as to the diſappearance of the Pariſian copy. But, even without reſorting to ſuch an extraordinary cauſe as clerical hatred to account for the fact, the diſappearance of whole editions of popular works is far from being unexampled in bibliographical hiſtory. Of this a ſtriking inſtance, mentioned in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," and referred to by Hallam, occurred in the caſe of "The Paradiſe of Dainty Devices," a

* Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baſſelin, par M. Louis Du Bois: Caen, 1821, p. 265.

collection of minor English poems, printed at a time nearly coeval with the first edition of the Vaux-de-Vire, the first edition having appeared in 1576. Of that volume it is said, that although no fewer than eight editions were published, not more than six copies remained to our own time.*

The rarity and importance of M. Flaust's acquisition were fully appreciated by the intelligent and loyal fellow-townsmen of Basselin and Le Houx; and, with most laudable zeal and alacrity, and a fine spirit of the bibliomania, ten gentlemen of Vire contributed to bear the expense of privately printing,—not publishing for sale,—a new edition of the *Chants Nouveaux du Vau-de-Vire.* The names of those worthy inhabitants of Vire, who, while their country was engaged in a long and arduous war, thus solaced their leisure with the peaceful culture of native literature, are given on the reverse of the title-page of the edition which they thus so liberally supplied, and which, as Charles Nodier has remarked, has long since become a rare book.† All praise to the names, ever-green in Vire, of MM. Asselin, De Corday, De Cheux de Saint-Clair, Desrotours de Chaulieu, Dubourg d'Isigny, Flaust, Huillard d'Aignaux, Lanon de la Renaudière, Le Normand, and Robillard :—

"In Heaven
"Be given,
"Good souls, to your spirits repose!"‡

The volume was printed at Avranches, on paper of various sizes and sorts, manufactured at Vire; and the

* Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, vol. v.; and Hallam, Literature of the Middle Ages, 1839, vol. ii. p. 302.

† Description Raisonnée d'une jolie Collection de Livres (nouveaux mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque), par Charles Nodier: Paris, 1844, p. 211.

‡ Vau-de-Vire xvii. First Series.

editorfhip was confided to M. Affelin, fous-prefet of Vire, who loft no time in fulfilling his miffion. In 1811, the new edition appeared; the impreffion being limited to 148 copies.*

Befides the copy of Jean De Cefne's edition, M. Affelin had the privilege of being enabled to ufe a MS. of the Vaux-de-Vire of great intereft and importance, which, in the clofe of laft century, came into the poffeffion of M. Polinière, a phyfician of Vire, and which has fince been known as the Polinière MS. This MS. appears to be of the time, though not written by the hand, of Jean Le Houx: it is on paper, in the original limp parchment cover, fix inches in height, by four and a half in width, and confifts of ninety-four leaves, clofely written on both fides, befides two in the middle, which are blank; it contains two "Recueils" of the fongs, one confifting of ninety-one, and the other of twenty-five, of which number, four are twice repeated. It is written by two different fcribes, whofe names occur fometimes in its pages,—viz. Jean Porée and Michel Le Pelletier. Both were intimate friends of Le Houx; the former is fuppofed to have been the author of the verfes "A l'Autheur, fur fon Livre," figned I. P. V., (Jean Porée, Virois), prefixed to the Firft Series of the Vaux-de-Vire. In October 1874, having learned through the

* "In 4°	Papier Vélin fuperfin	11
,,	Grand carré	13
In 8°	Papier rofe	10
,,	Vélin	64
,,	Raifin	48
,,	Epreuve	2
		148"

P. L. Jacob, Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baffelin et de Jean Le Houx: Paris, 1858, p. ii.

kind offices of M. Gaſté, that this very curious and valuable MS. was for ſale at Caen, we willingly became its poſſeſſor.

With ſuch materials, and his own other excellent opportunities of local inquiry and reſearch, it was to have been expected that the volume thus edited by M. Aſſelin would include both an accurate and reliable reproduction of the text, and alſo a careful examination of the queſtion of the authorſhip of the Vaux-de-Vire. M. Aſſelin's abilities are ſaid to have been conſiderable, and his induſtry praiſeworthy; his zeal was unqueſtionable, and his good faith beyond a doubt. Yet it muſt be admitted that the ſtandard of his conception of the duties and reſponſibilities of an editor was far from being a high one; that he betrayed great inability to ſift and examine evidence, as well as to ſhake off inveterate prepoſſeſſion and error; and thus it happened that his labours, however well intended, had the effect of prolonging for half a century an entire miſconception as to the true authorſhip of the Vaux-de-Vire; M. Aſſelin boldly giving to the world his volume as "*Les Vau-" devires, Poëſies du 15me Siècle, par Olivier Baſſelin.*"

M. Richard Seguin, the author of three ſmall but comprehenſive volumes of the hiſtory of the Norman Bocage, takes to himſelf the credit of having been the firſt to make theſe poems known in modern times, after they had long remained forgotten. He printed, at Vire, eleven of them in his "Hiſtoire de l'Induſtrie du Bocage," in 1810; one more, (compounded of two), in his "Hiſtoire Militaire des Bocains," in 1816; and ſixty-two more in his "Hiſtoire Archeologique "des Bocains," in 1822; the whole number of ſeventy-four, or rather ſeventy-five, forming, he ſays, the complete and original collection of the poems. Of that number, he attributes the firſt ſixty-eight to Olivier Baſſelin, and the remaining ſeven to Jean Le Houx, whom he calls the contemporary and editor of Baſſelin.

As M. Affelin's edition was printed and circulated at Vire in 1811, it would have been well if M. Seguin had not made quite fo extenfive a claim, and had alfo given more full explanations as to the fource from which he derived the poems, thus difperfed in his volumes in fo fragmentary a manner; their publication extending over a fpace of twelve years. A lefs convenient form of poffeffing or ufing "the complete and original collection of the works of "that illuftrious poet," could hardly have been devifed.

M. De La Renaudière, M. Charles Nodier, and M. Pluquet, all appear to have entertained the project of preparing an annotated edition of the Vaux-de-Vire. But they ultimately made over the tafk to M. Louis Du Bois; who, in 1821, publifhed his "Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baffelin, Poëte "Normand de la fin du XVe Siècle," together with a "Choix "de Chanfons Normandes, tirées d'un Manufcrit du milieu "du XVe Siècle;" and, laftly, a "Choix de Vaux-de-Vire de "Le Houx." M. Du Bois affigned fixty-two of the Vaux-de-Vire printed by him, to Baffelin, and twelve to Le Houx; and he beftowed a good deal of labour on fome differtations which, with many ufeful notes and various readings, he added to the text. But he too implicitly followed the guidance of M. Affelin, his predeceffor; his felection of Norman fongs from the rich MS. of Bayeux was hurriedly and imperfectly made; and numerous errors, together with the difadvantage of a heavy and too fcholaftic ftyle, detracted from the merits of what would otherwife have been an elegant and attractive volume.

M. Du Bois' edition of 1821 having become exhaufted, another was publifhed, in 1833, at St. Lo, in Normandy, under the editorial care of M. Julien Travers; who fays, that he was furrounded by every fort of fource from which he could draw materials for his work. Yet he ufes, "pour "Baffelin," as he terms it, the text of 1811; mentions that

chance procured for him the Vaux-de-Vire of Le Houx, in June 1832, while he was preparing his edition of Baſſelin; and, while he aſſigns to Baſſelin ſixty-two ſongs, he prints fifty-three others under the name of Jean Le Houx. It is ſingular enough that the learned M. Travers, verſed as he is in the hiſtory of French, and eſpecially of Norman poetry, ſhould not only have fallen into the ſame ſnare as MM. Aſſelin, Seguin, and Du Bois, but ſhould alſo have inverted the order of chronology, by placing the Vaux-de-Vire of Le Houx firſt, and thoſe which he aſſigned to Baſſelin ſecond, in his little volume.

M. Travers' admiration of the old Vaux-de-Vire went ſo far, as to lead him to favour the public with a compoſition of his own; a "paſtiche," "after the manner,"—though not up to the mark,—"of the ancients:" which he introduced, without making known its modern origin, as having eſcaped the inveſtigations of all the editors, and as being unknown to all the antiquaries of Normandy. So much cannot now be ſaid for that compoſition: we gladly abſtain, however, from here repeating the criticiſms which it provoked at the hands of divers learned countrymen of its author. But, as M. Travers ſays that he had ſuppreſſed one of the ſtanzas, on account of "la naïve groſſiereté des expreſſions," what muſt be thought of ſuch a plea, when it is known that of the apocryphal ſong, ſo cenſured by M. Travers, he was himſelf the compoſer? *

In 1858, yet another edition of the Vaux-de-Vire "d'Olivier Baſſelin et de Jean Le Houx," was publiſhed at Paris, under the editorial care of "P. L. Jacob. bibliophile;" another name, we learn, for M. Paul Lacroix. In this

* See M. Gaſté's note on p. xix. of his Introduction to "Chanſons "Normandes du XV[e] Siècle:" Caen, 1866; and "Olivier Baſſelin et "les Compagnons du Vau-de-Vire. Une Erreur Hiſtorique et Literaire, "par M. Julien Travers:" Caen, 1867.

volume, the fongs attributed to Baffelin are made to precede thofe attributed to Le Houx; and, befides including moft of the prefaces and notes of previous editors, it contains a number of "Chanfons Normandes, Bacchanales, et Chan-"fons." It even gives the "Vau-de-Vire inédit" of M. Travers; but with the unhefitating declaration that it is "ridiculoufly apocryphal." M. Lacroix fhows good judgment when he obferves that the (true) Vaux-de-Vire are evidently of the middle or end of the fixteenth century; and that they were firft collected and reftored by Jean Le Houx, if not, indeed, compofed by him. He alfo fpeaks, in another place, of Le Houx as having been "the editor, or rather the "author, of the Vaux-de-Vire of Baffelin;" and remarks, in the clofe of his preface, that "it little matters if Baffelin and "Le Houx be but one and the fame poet; finging of cider "and wine with all the gaiety of Gaul, in the good vulgar "tongue fpoken in Normandy towards the end of the "fixteenth century."

But we greatly fear that the ufual critical acumen of M. Lacroix deferted him, when he advanced the theory that the Englifh, generally accufed of having "put an end" to poor Baffelin, in the battle of Formigny, were merely his creditors, who fequeftrated his goods, and placed his perfon in ward; an ingenious hypothefis, partially fupported, as M. Lacroix contends, by an occafional ufe of the term "Engloys" in that fenfe, in thofe times; but, we fufpect, too fanciful to be correct.

To all of the gentlemen who were at the pains to edit, at great expenfe of labour and time, the Vaux-de-Vire fo dear to all Norman hearts, and fo interefting to many other cultivated minds, thanks are undoubtedly due; although, as, with all of them, we believe the labour to have been one of love, fo doubtlefs it was alfo one of pleafure. But hitherto, in the courfe of our brief furvey, we have had to

regret the confufion which prevailed as to the authorfhip of thofe fongs, and the variance exifting as to the date of their compofition, their number, and their text. We have now the more agreeable duty to perform, of welcoming the clear explanations and the certainty of knowledge which have at laft been fupplied on all of thofe points.

In 1833, fhortly after the appearance of M. Travers' edition, publifhed in that year at Avranches, M. Hebert, then the Librarian of the Public Library at Caen, had the good fortune to obtain for that inftitution a MS. then unknown to all the editors of whom we have fpoken, but the importance of which, relative to the Vaux-de-Vire, the genuinenefs of their text, and the queftion of their authorfhip, it is impoffible to over-eftimate; for it contains, undoubtedly, in the handwriting of Jean le Houx himfelf, carefully corrected and prepared by him as for the prefs:—

(1.) A Title, profe dedication to Bacchus, two fonnets, fome Latin Elegiacs, and fome French verfes addreffed to Le Houx by a friend, and initialed I. P. V. (believed to be "Jean Porée, Virois"). The Title is a moft definite and clear one:—"*Le Recueil des Chanfons nouuelles du Vaude-*" *uire, par ordre alphabetique & autres poefies, par M. Jean*" *Le Houx, aduocat Virois.*" "*Le Recueil des Chanfons*" *nouuelles du Vau de Vire, par ordre alphabetique, plus y*" *font adiouftés a la fin quelques cantiques fpirituelz pour le*" *jour ou nuict de Noël, par M. J. L. H. V.*"

(2.) A collection of eighty-nine Vaux-de-Vire.

(3.) A fecond collection of twenty-feven Vaux-de-Vire, with the title, "*Second recueil des Chanfons du Vaudeuire*" *nouuelles, par Me J. Le Houx aduocat Virois,* 1611."

(4.) A collection of thirty-two "Noëls," with the title, "*Nouueaux Cantiques de Noël, par M. Jean Le Houx,*" *aduocat Virois.*"

All of the above are in one handwriting; as to which

we ſhall have more to ſay preſently. Then follow, in a later and entirely different ſtyle of handwriting, a number of Chanſons pour boire, Sonnets, Bouts-Rimés, Virelays, Epigrammes, Rondeaux, etc., evidently compoſed and inſerted in the volume at long ſubſequent periods, but which here need no further notice. There is alſo on the interior of the cover of the volume, written in the ſame hand as the Latin Elegiacs at its beginning, the verſe—

"Et ſapiens animum nugis aliquando relaxat:"

an apology offered by the author of the "*Chanſons du Vaudeuire nouuelles*" for their light and trivial character.*

It appears as if now at laſt, from the year 1833, the learned editors and antiquaries of Normandy having ſuch a MS. in the Public Library of one of their principal and moſt literary cities,—"the centre," ſays Madame De Sevigné, "of all our greateſt wits,"—could have had little difficulty in ſettling the queſtion as to the authorſhip of the Vaux-de-Vire, which had ſo long excited ſo much intereſt among them, and yet had ſo greatly perplexed them. But the hiſtory of the change in the belief which had ſo long been popular, brought about by means of this precious MS., is a curious one, ſhowing how very gradual is the proceſs by which ſuch errors in the hiſtory of literature are corrected, even in our own times, when knowledge is ſuppoſed to be ſo rapidly diffuſed. M. Gaſté has given a ſort of "*Catena Patrum*," illuſtrating the progreſs of extirpation of the old hereſy, and the introduction of the new and true faith, which is ſo complete as to be capable of but little addition at our hands.

In 1824, M. Crapelet clearly diſcerned that the language of the Vaux-de-Vire was rather that of the end of the ſixteenth century than that of the time of Baſſelin; but he

* A. Gaſté, Jean le Houx, pp. 31, 32, note.

attributed this to a fuppofed procefs of reftoration at the hand of Le Houx.

In 1833, M. Travers had, as we have mentioned above, infinuated a doubt whether Le Houx, a poet formed on the model of Baffelin, was not himfelf the true author of the fongs printed under the name of the fuller of Vire; treating his idea, however, only as a hypothefis which he would not cherifh in the abfence of proof, but adding the forcible remark that never had two poets fo ftrong a family refemblance as Baffelin and Le Houx.

In 1848, M. Boifard obferved that the poems of Le Houx and Baffelin were characterifed by a conformity of ideas and of ftructure well fitted to caft doubts on the authenticity of the latter.

In 1849, M. Edeleftand de Meril came to a fimilar conclufion, to which he was led by the very literary character of the Vaux-de-Vire, proving, as he thought, that tradition had been deceived by a *pfeudonym*, adopted on account of the Bacchic nature of the verfes, and a defire of the real author to remain hidden under the concealment of a popular name: Le Houx, the advocate, behind the mafk of Baffelin, the miller!

In 1857, M. Paul Boiteau, who was ftruck by the refemblance between the works attributed to Jean Le Houx and thofe attributed to Baffelin, was further much impreffed by the lively, healthful, clear, and vigorous diction of the Vaux-de-Vire, and by their rich, varied, and harmonious rhythm; and remarked that on confidering that perfection of form, and regularity of detail, he could not help feeling aftonifhment, and fometimes entertaining a doubt.

In a work publifhed in 1852, and fplendidly illuftrated, the text of which was prepared by MM. Mancel, (then librarian of the public library of Caen), Charma, Travers,

Profeffors at Caen, and de Beaurepaire,* we find thefe gentlemen, while praifing the talent and fparkling gaiety of thofe fongs, declaring that they believed Olivier Baffelin not to have been their author, and that they did not hefitate to recognife as the true father of thofe joyous fongs, Jean le Houx, the King's advocate in the "Baillage de "Vire," in the clofe of the fixteenth century.

M. Eugene de Beaurepaire foon made this inquiry the fubject of clofer examination; and in a feparate publication, in 1858, adduced internal evidence on which he queftioned the juftice of attributing the Vaux-de-Vire to Baffelin; he pointed out diftinctly that nothing in the publication of Jean de Cefne warranted the arbitrary affumption that to Jean le Houx was due the credit of having publifhed them, but to Baffelin that of having written them. But further, on examining the MS. of Caen, M. de Beaurepaire came to thefe very decided conclufions:—Firft, That all of the three parts of which that MS. confifts (fo far as its contents relate to this queftion) are attributed therein to Jean le Houx, both collectively and individually. Second, That the number of erafures, corrections, and alterations, indicate the MS. to be autograph of Le Houx. Third, That the fhort preliminary pieces (noticed above) are quite unmeaning, unlefs Le Houx be admitted to be the fole and exclufive author of the Chants Nouveaux, previoufly fo generally attributed to Baffelin. M. De Beaurepaire adds, that in Jean De Cefne's edition there are certain Vaux-de-Vire which could not by poffibility be juftly attributed to Baffelin, and others in which the author alludes to his profeffion of advocate, to his baptifmal name of Jean, and to his domeftic circumftances; and he finally ftates his conviction, that public opinion had been completely led aftray on

* La Normandie Illuftrée (Calvados): Nantes, 1852. 3 tom. in folio.

that fubject :—that now the error is no longer poffible :—that it is time to reftore to Le Houx the nearly exclufive paternity of the "Chants Nouveaux," and to reinftate him in his rank in that original fpecies of Vau-de-Vire, which prefents one of the moft captivating afpects of Norman literature.*

And in the fame year it was, that M. Paul Lacroix, although unacquainted with the MS. of Caen, which would doubtlefs have ftill more decifively influenced his mind, not only perceived the ftyle of thefe Vaux-de-Vire to betoken a date more than a century later than that of Baffelin, but inferred that they were all the work of one poet,—namely, of Le Houx.

But it was referved for another author of our own time, of no lefs ability and learning than any of the previous editors or critics of the Vaux-de-Vire, and poffeffing greater logical acumen, and habits of clofer accuracy in refearch than fome of them appear to have done, to inveftigate this fubject with final and conclufive care. Seldom has any literary controverfy benefited by the labours of fo competent an inquirer, and never, perhaps, has one been more completely and triumphantly fettled.

M. Armand Gafté, a native of Normandy, and a fon of Vire,—

"Bon Virois,
"Et compagnon Galois,"—

a devoted admirer of the Vaux-de-Vire, and zealous for the fame of both of his illuftrious townfmen, Baffelin and Le Houx, had for feveral years devoted fome of his ftudious leifure to a careful inveftigation of the whole fubject, and efpecially to a clofe and thorough examination of the in-

* Étude fur Baffelin, Jean Le Houx, et le Vaudevire Normand: Caen, 1858. Extracted from vol. xxiii. of the "Mémoires de la "Société des Antiquaires de Normandie."

valuable MS. of Caen. The pains which he took in tranſcribing with his own hand that MS. in all its moſt minute details of "lettres Gothiques," in collating it with the other leſs precious but ſtill important MS. of Polinière, as well as with the printed volume of De Ceſne preſerved at Paris, and the concluſions at which he arrived, have been fully deſcribed by M. Gaſté in his excellent theſis for his doctorate, read before the Sorbonne in 1874, "Jean Le Houx "et le Vau de Vire à la fin du XVIe Siècle;" nor, perhaps, could any judge have been named, for whoſe deciſion a greater deference would be felt, than the learned Docteur-és-Lettres, Profeſſor of Rhetoric in the Lycée of Caen.

In 1862, M. Gaſté publiſhed, for the firſt time, from the MS. of Caen, the "Noëls," or Chriſtmas Carols, of Le Houx.* This was followed, in 1866, by his Eſſay on Olivier Baſſelin and the Companions of the Vau-de-Vire; † and by a learned introduction and notes to the "Chansons "Normandes du XVe Siècle," publiſhed for the firſt time from the MSS. of Bayeux and Vire; as well as, in 1873, by an erudite and graceful Latin diſquiſition on the convivial ſongs of the ancient Greeks. ‡ M. Gaſté's work of 1874 on Jean Le Houx and the Vau-de-Vire of his time, beſides reviewing all the literature of the ſubject, contains a moſt valuable addition in lithographic facſimiles, very carefully made, of the handwriting of the MS. of Caen, and of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx. Of the former, the firſt is of the two firſt ſtanzas of the famous Vau-de-Vire,— "Beau nez, dont les rubis ont couſté mainte pippe," and the ſecond is from one of the "Noëls." That of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx is from a deed both written and ſigned by him, dated 3d May 1614, and recorded in a

* Caen, 1862. † Caen, 1866.

‡ De Scoliis, ſive de Convivalibus Carminibus apud Græcos: Caen, 1873.

regifter preferved in the office of M[e] de Saint Germain, notary at Vire; in which the writer defcribes himfelf by name and degree as Licentiate in Laws, and alfo by profeffion as Advocate at Vire. M. Gafté has alfo compared the writing of the MS. of Caen with other documents preferved at Vire, both in the office of M[e] de Saint Germain, and in the poffeffion of the reprefentatives of the late M. Le Pelletier, formerly an advocate of that town.

There can be no doubt, on a comparifon of the facfimiles, and of the other documents referred to, that the handwriting in all of them is *identical;* and even the additional peculiarity of the variation from a flanting to an upright hand, which is found in the Caen MS., is found alfo in one of the moft remarkable deeds known to have been written and executed by Jean Le Houx; that, namely, by which he founded eight low maffes for the poor: in which both the flanting and the upright portions of the writing perfectly agree with the correfponding portions of the MS. of Caen.

Further, M. Gafté has alfo clearly fhown, not only that the Vaux-de-Vire and the Noëls of the MS. of Caen are altogether in the handwriting of Jean Le Houx, but alfo that they are his own compofitions, defcribed, and treated, and referred to by him as fuch, and by him infcribed with his own name, and with his initials.

In the profe dedication of his book to Bacchus, in his Sonnet to his book, in his addrefs to the critics, as well as in his Latin Elegiacs, he always writes in the firft perfon, as being the author of the poems, refponfible for them, and the only one who could truly defcribe the feelings under which they were compofed.

In the verfes, alfo, from a friendly pen, which are prefixed to the MS., figned I. P. V., and fuppofed to be by Jean Porée, Virois, a contemporary and perfonal friend of Le

Houx, and one of the writers of the Polinière MS., already more particularly noticed, the name of Le Houx is expreſſly mentioned as being the author.

The ſame MS., beſides, contains numerous alterations, eraſures, corrections, and various readings, ſuch as we might expect to find made by the hand of the author, and by that of no one elſe. Some of theſe may appear to us now to be doubtful improvements on the original idea, or expreſſion, for which they were ſubſtituted; but their general nature, — independent of the handwriting, — remarkably coincides with what we know of Le Houx's perſonal hiſtory, his increaſing age, and the circumſtances of the times in which he lived. Sometimes an original line is modified, even at the coſt of ſpirit and vigour, to ſuit the notions of the prieſts and prieſtly party; perhaps alſo to gratify that increaſing ſentiment of devotion, which, never abſent from the mind of the poet, manifeſted itſelf more and more, in various ways, as he advanced in years. In theſe reſpects, ſome of the changes which Le Houx made on his verſes remind us of like alterations, made,—with ſimilar reſults,— by our own poet Wordſworth.

It might not have been neceſſary for us to offer any remarks on the character of Le Houx, on which his poems throw ſo much light, had it not been for miſapprehenſions which, on very inſufficient grounds, have ſometimes been entertained. The late Dr. Dibdin, of whoſe hurried viſit to Vire we have already ſpoken, although evidently much ſtruck by the livelineſs and vigour, as well as grace, of the ſongs of the Vau-de-Vire, appears to have formed a very erroneous impreſſion as to the temperament and habits of their author, when he ſays:—"This Baſſelin," (for Dibdin lived, and probably died, in the old belief which he had learned from the edition of 1811, of which, in 1818, he ſucceeded in obtaining a copy from M. De La Renaudière



for the library of his patron, Earl Spencer), "appears to "have been the French Drunken Barnaby of his day;" * —although, in his own odd way, the author of the "Biblio-"mania" perhaps comes a little nearer the truth, in fome refpects, when in a fubfequent paffage he adds:—"He had "a ftrange propenfity to rufticating, and preferred the "immediate vicinity of Vire—its quiet little valleys, running "ftreams, and rocky receffes—to a more open and more "diftant refidence. In fuch places, therefore, he carried "with him his flafks of cider and his flagons of wine. "Thither he reforted with his boon and merry companions, "and there he poured forth his ardent and unpremeditated "ftrains. Thefe ftrains all favoured of the jovial propenfi-"ties of their author, it being very rarely that tendernefs of "fentiment, whether connected with friendfhip or love, is "admitted into his compofitions. He was the thorough-"bred Anacreon of the clofe of the fifteenth century."†

But Jean Le Houx, the true "Anacreon" here fpoken of, appears, from all the internal evidence of his own writings, to have been, on the contrary, of a penfive, fenti-mental, and even melancholy temperament; feeking the fociety of pleafant companions to cheer the depreffion of his own fpirits, and, when alone, writing occafionally his gay fongs, to be fung, in the fafhion of his country and times, at their next feftal meeting: but "fober-minded," and of fober ways, himfelf, hating and utterly difcounte-nancing in others all diffipation and excefs, as well as all morofenefs and miferlinefs of difpofition, whether difplayed in the hoarding of money or in the denial of good cheer and liberal hofpitality. To love, he candidly declares, he was not much addicted; having efcaped from thofe eyes,—"fair "bafilifks,"—which had well-nigh flain him, he vows that

* Dibdin, Tour, vol. i. p. 338. † Ibid. p. 434, note.

in vain henceforth will their fnares be fet for him;—he, rather ungallantly, declares that to him to drink is fweeter than a kifs;—even that fair Magdalene whom he once beheld "in garden all trellifed with fhade," flumbering on her couch of dewy turf fhaded by foliage and enamelled with flowers, he refigned and quitted rather than forfake his love of "the tavern and bufh for its fign," and of that good wine on which he doated, as effential to the prefervation of his health!

> "Beauteous ivy! How my heart
> "Leaps with joy, when branch of thine
> "I behold, from ev'ry part,
> "Gracefully its garlands twine!
>
> "In the ivy-bufh I trace
> "Plant of moft confummate grace,
> "Showing me where I may fill
> "Goblets in a fitting place." *

He was learned in his profeffion as an Advocate, as we know from the verfes of his friend Sonnet De Courval; and, as we are told by himfelf, he "very highly efteemed "that eftate." Yet he dreaded and difliked the din and ftir of "wrangling courts and ftubborn law;" he found it eafier

> "to affail and drain
> "A wine-pot than a legal cafe;"—

he had, betimes, "refigned law's drudgery;"—he detefted law-fuits, the very name of which "filled him with fear;"—and he thanked good liquor for having allured him from thofe legal ftudies of Inftitutes and Pandects, of which, in the eyes of his friend if not of himfelf, the rubricated paragraphs fhone like rofy wine. His playful, but warmly-expreffed animofity to the routine of his calling, reminds us of the fentiment of the famous Spanifh poet, Don Luis de

* Vau-de-Vire xx. Second Series.

Gongora y Argote, a contemporary of Jean Le Houx, and, like him, at one time a ſtudent of laws, although afterwards called to a ſtill more ſerious vocation :—

" Let me ſhun, if I am wiſe,
" Courts of Seſſion or Aſſize :
" Worſe to me than thorns or brambles
" Are the thorny Law's preambles." *

But there was one day,—if but one,—in all the year, which thoroughly awoke the ſympathetic enthuſiaſm of Maiſtre Le Houx in the welfare and hilarity of his profeſſion and of his learned brethren of the bar. This was a high day, and grand anniverſary, the " Gaudeamus " of Norman lawyers, the Feaſt of St. Yves, the 19th of May :—of the

——" ſweet and lovely month of May,
" The faireſt that in all the year
" Comes round ;"——
" The Feaſt, when counſellors reſign
" Their law, and practice abrogate,
" To quaff authentic glaſs of wine,
" And lave their throats, which pleadings fine
" Had rendered hoarſe with ſhrill debate." †

The memory of Saint Yves, the patron ſaint of mediæval lawyers, was in Normandy held in veneration for the poſſeſſion of qualities which, though far from being incompatible, are vulgarly believed to be not always found in combination. According to the old monkiſh hymn,

" Sanctus Yvo	Holy Ivo,
" Erat Brito,	Breton Chief,
" Advocatus	Was a lawyer
" Sed non latro,	Yet no thief ;—
" Res miranda	Marvel ſtraining
" Populo." ‡	Men's belief !

* Gongora, with Tranſlations, by Edward Churton. London, 1862, vol. ii. p. 101.

† Vau-de-Vire lxvii. Firſt Series.

‡ A. Gaſté, Jean Le Houx, p. 125, Note.

The day appointed for the commemoration of so rare and praiseworthy a character was celebrated in the various cities and towns of the province, by their respective legal fraternities, with a grand banquet, preceded by a mass and other ecclesiastical ceremonies; the expense of the whole being borne by a dignitary annually elected by themselves from their own number, and named "Le Majeur."

"A festival that comes in May
"Makes the heart gay:
"And then, here is good wine for cheer:
"Quench, then, your thirst,
"Saluting first
"Our Major here." *

In the larger cities, such as Caen, where the number of guests was great, and the expenses of the legal feast were consequently heavy, the Abbé De La Rue informs us that the rich Abbeys of the neighbourhood were sometimes invited to supply a quota of the game, poultry, etc., required, —"le tout à son bon plaisir;"—the Abbots, however, being at the same time threatened, in case of refusal, "de "l'indignation de la Cour;" a system of practice which seems scarcely consistent with the virtuous example and rule of St. Yves! In this statement the learned Abbé has been followed by M. Gasté; both of those eminent authorities citing, with perfect seriousness, an "Arrêt de la Cour "Souveraine, à Caen," professing to be of the date of 15th May 1475, and demanding of the Abbey of Fontenay rather a long bill of fare,—264 head of game and poultry, —as the portion of "viande exquise" to be supplied by it, on the somewhat short notice of four days indicated by the date of that document.

It is but just, however, to the Bar and High Court of Caen, to say, that in our researches on this matter we have

* Vau-de-Vire liv. First Series.

found a note by M. G. Mancel, publiſhed in the Memoires of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, in which that gentleman altogether denies the authenticity of the pretended "Arrêt," and aſſigns to it the date of the end of the ſeventeenth century. He ſays that it is on ordinary paper, without the formalities required in writs iſſued by the Court; that it is ſigned "Manſutil," which he tranſlates as "Mechamment "ſubtil, ou plutôt mechamment caché;" and that M. De La Rue has taken as ſerious what really was no more than a pleaſantry imitated from Rabelais.*

"*Non noſtri tantas componere lites.*" But in Vire, where the *convives* were of moderate number,—in the days of Le Houx, it is ſaid, uſually about forty,—("ſed non latrones"),—there ſeems no reaſon to imagine that "Le Majeur" ever failed truly and handſomely to acquit himſelf, in hoſpitality as well as in erudition and honeſty, of the duty ſo laid upon him by his learned brethren, and thus to realiſe in all reſpects the grand ideal of the character of the Breton Saint!

Beſides the numerous technical terms of law which occur throughout the Vaux-de-Vire, diſtinctly enough indicating their legal extraction, it may ſafely be inferred that no one unaſſociated with the legal profeſſion would expreſs all the rapture with which the return of the Feſtival of St. Yves is ſo often hailed in their lines; or would addreſs as brethren the Judges, Advocates, or Bailiffs,—all "la cohue,"—who in any capacity took part in that peculiar and characteriſtic ſympoſium.

Other indications of perſonal hiſtory all concur in pointing in the ſame direction; as where, in one Vau-de-Vire, the writer ſays,—

"If the drink be a meagre one,
"I'll only have the name of *John*;"—

* Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie. Serie 2, vol. ii. p. 434.

that being the name of Le Houx, but not of Baſſelin: and the date given in another,—

"Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time
"When a good cider lad made this rhyme,"—

could as little apply to the epoch of Baſſelin, as it clearly agrees with that of Le Houx.

Additional reaſons, not leſs concluſive, would, were it needed, ſtill further corroborate the proof of the authorſhip of theſe Vaux-de-Vire belonging not to the humble fuller, but to the far more highly educated and accompliſhed Advocate of Vire:—ſuch as various claſſical alluſions met with in their lines; the compoſition of Latin verſes and of the ſcholaſtic ſong,—"Louons l'Eternel, *Bibimus ſatis;*" imitations of Perſius, of the Greek Anthology, of Euripides, Anacreon, Cratinus, Horace, Martial, Plautus, Pliny, and Ovid. There occur, too, numerous indications of acquaintance with portions of French literature of date ſubſequent to the age of Baſſelin, but ſynchroniſing perfectly with that of Le Houx; peculiar forms of verſification and rhythm, adopted from French poets of the ſame time,—(no fewer than twenty-three from Ronſard alone);—and familiar knowledge ſhown of the works of Rabelais, Bonaventure des Periers, Malherbe, Guédron, and Remy Belleau. It adds to our other obligations to M. Gaſté, that he has carefully pointed out all of the particular paſſages ſo referred to which he has been able to diſcover; and to his works we have great pleaſure in referring thoſe of our readers who may deſire to proſecute the ſubject further.

A wider range of ſimilar inſtances might be ſupplied, were we to ſeek for them in literature originating beyond the Pyrenees, or on this ſide of the Channel: "the cheſtnuts "and the pears," "roaſting on the hearth-ſtone," while the neighbours ſociably chat by the fire, over their wine, might find a prototype in Gongora's lines,—

"In chafing-diſh good ſtore I'll throw
"Of beech or cheſtnut-fruits, nor fail
"To win ſome neighbour's merry tale;"—*

well imitated, in modern times, by our own Macaulay;—

"When the oldeſt caſk is opened,
"And the largeſt lamp is lit,
"When the cheſtnuts glow in the embers,
"And the kid turns on the ſpit;
"When young and old in circle
"Around the firebrands cloſe;" †

So the "garden all trelliſed with ſhade" may well recall that charming love-ballad of Sir Walter Raleigh,—

"As at noon Dulcinea reſted
"In a ſweet and ſhady bower,"—

honoured to all time by the benediction of Izaak Walton:—"They were old-faſhioned poetry, but choicely good: I "think much better than the ſtrong lines that are now in "faſhion in this critical age." ‡

The alluſions in Vau-de-Vire LXXXIII. had been ſuppoſed by many,—among others, by M. Vaultier and M. Sainte-Beuve,—to have referred to the Siege of Vire by the Engliſh in 1417; but would apply quite as well to that in 1563; while the "eſtrangers" ſpoken of in Vau-de-Vire XIX. (Firſt Series), might well be the ſoldiers of Montgommery. So in Vau-de-Vire LXXXVII. the concluſion of a peace is celebrated, with the defeat of "thoſe falſe leaguers;" which in all probability applies to the ſurrender of Paris in 1594. And in Vau-de-Vire XLI. the battles of Dreux and of St. Denys are expreſſly named; events of 1562 and 1567, more than a century later than the fatal day when poor

* Gongora, by Edward Churton, vol. ii. p. 168.

† Lays of Ancient Rome: London, 1855, p. 61.

‡ The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Izaak Walton. London, J. Major, 1823, p. 76.

Olivier Baſſelin is ſuppoſed to have been "mis à fin" on the field of Formigny, falling, however, in the moment of victory.

Although the foregoing pages contain ſome indications of the high eſtimation in which theſe Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx have been held by his own countrymen, this, perhaps, is ſcarcely the place for any elaborate diſcuſſion of their literary merits. In a collection of conſiderably more than one hundred ſongs, of which, amid all their diverſity of treatment and expreſſion, the dominant theme is the praiſe of cider, of wine, and of good-fellowſhip, it may be expected that there will occaſionally occur ſome monotony of ſentiment, perhaps ſome feebleneſs of execution. But it will alſo be found that other topics than thoſe of mere conviviality are not always excluded from the lyre of Le Houx; and we ſhould be well pleaſed if we could venture to hope that in making theſe Vaux-de-Vire known to the Engliſh reader, we had ſucceeded in transfuſing any portion of that quaint, lively, and varied grace, by which, in their native language, they ſeem to us to be pervaded;—

"Though by the way, Sir," ſays Don Quixote de la Mancha, "I think this kind of verſion from one language to "another . . . is like viewing a piece of Flemiſh tapeſtry "on the wrong ſide, where, though the figures are diſtin-"guiſhable, yet there are ſo many ends and threads, that "the beauty and exactneſs of the work is obſcured, and not "ſo advantageouſly diſcerned as on the right ſide of the "hangings." *

In France, the Vaux-de-Vire have excited the intereſt and received the praiſe of many able critics, from their own times down to thoſe of Sainte Beuve,† one of the ableſt of

* Don Quixote de la Mancha, Part ii. chap. lxii., Jarvis' Tranſlation.

† Tableau Hiſtorique et Critique de la Poeſie Françaiſe au XVIe Siècle: Paris, 1869, p. 8, and Note.

all : in England and America, though as yet but imperfectly known, they have received high commendation from the few who have made their acquaintance. "As a collection "of popular drinking-fongs," fays the accomplifhed author of "Studies in Early French Poetry,"* "this of the worthy "Mafter Le Houx feems to me unequalled. There are "many good fongs in Englifh and Scotch, but no one fet, "belonging to one century, fo rich and fpirited as thefe."

In the text and arrangement of thefe fongs of the Vau-de-Vire, to the end of the Second Series, the MS. of Caen, as edited by M. Gafté, has been implicitly followed, with the fingle exception of the burdens of the fongs being repeated after each ftanza, where in the original that is in fome cafes only indicated. The remaining fix Vaux-de-Vire, from the Polinière MS., although wanting in the MS. of Caen, have every other fign of authenticity.

Previous editors of the Vaux-de-Vire had accumulated many commentaries, of more or lefs importance, "tam bien "que mal," on the text which they feverally thought fit to adopt ; of which many have been preferved by M. Gafté, with valuable additions of his own. In this way, indeed, the writings of Le Houx may be faid to have received nearly as much annotation as thofe of fome of the ancient claffical authors of good repute. But many of thofe commentaries, whether explanatory or controverfial, originated in fuppofed obfcurities and uncertainties of the text, now happily removed ; while of others the peculiar intereft is limited to French readers.

The allufions which to an Englifh eye may feem to require any explanation, are really few in number, and may be here noticed in a very brief and compendious manner ;

* London, 1868, p. 82.

while any one defirous of profecuting the ftudy of the language and hiftory of the Vaux-de-Vire, will find in the quotations and references of M. Gafté a ufeful fund of information.

The play on words contained in such allufions as thofe to the Abbey of Bec, to Pont-Ecoulant, and to Angoulefme, fufficiently explains itfelf. Of other places mentioned by name, Brouage was a town of the falt marfhes near Rochelle, whence Vire received its chief fupplies of falt; Guibray, a place near Falaife, celebrated for the humours of its great annual fair; and La Bouille, the port, on the Seine, at which it was then cuftomary for paffengers for Rouen to land. The Malvoifie, Malvaifie, or Mervoifie, fo often fpoken of, was the name of a fweet fort of wine, refembling that of Cyprus,—or Malmfey; Hypocras, a mixture of wine, fugar or honey, and cinnamon or other fpice; and Mufcadel, a peculiar fpecies of cider, made from apples grown near Pont-Audemer, of an exquifite mufky flavour; a cider "which," fays M. Du Bois, "puts to the blufh the beft forts "of wine." The Doux-Dagorie, and the Dameret, were choice and beautiful kinds of apples, both noted for producing excellent cider: the one being of an amber colour, and delicate flavour, but its cider beft fitted for fpeedy confumption; the other yielding cider of a fine reddifh hue, and ftrong, but heady.

Of the *refrains* of fome of the fongs, it feems to be generally concluded by French writers that although fome of them may be relics of ancient Pagan Bacchanalian cries, they are in great meafure "infignifians." But one of them, "Tire-la-Rigault," or "Tire-larigot," the Dictionnaire de l'Académie explains by faying,—"Boire à tire-larigot," "Boire "exceffivement;" and of its poffible origin a curious legend has been preferved. The ftory runs, that Odo Rigault, the famous Archbifhop of Rouen, prefented the Cathedral of

Rouen, in the middle of the thirteenth century, with a very great and ponderous bell:—" and becaufe in former times " the ringers ufed to take a good drink before ringing it, it " paffed into a common proverb to fay of a hearty drinker, " that he drinks 'à tire-la-Rigault.'" M. Gafté, however, feems rather inclined to adopt the derivation from "larigot," a fort of fhepherd's ruftic pipe, mentioned in the poems of Saint Amand and Ronfard; and which, as defcribed in the Dictionnaire de l'Académie, appears to have been the reed inftrument familiarly known as "Pan's pipes."

The water of "bright Clitoria's ftream," as the claffical reader will recollect, was faid by Ovid and Pliny to be preferred, by thofe who drank of it, to wine.

Of a phrafe in Vau-de-Vire V. of the Firft Series,—

"Here 's wine that 's of the beft,
"That makes the ear prick up,"—

the following curious explanation is given:—"Vin d'une " oreille, fe dit d'un vin excellent, parce que celui qui en " boit, penche une oreille, en figne d'approbation; et vin " de deux oreilles fe dit d'un mauvais vin, parce que le " buveur fecoue la tête en figne de mécontentement." (Dict. de l'Acad. Franc. v. *Vin.*)

Excepting as characteriftic of a local ufage referred to in the fame Vau-de-Vire, and which perhaps has been preferved from the time of Le Houx, it may feem fcarcely worth while to mention fo minute an incident as that at Vire, over a barber's fhop near the great church, we faw—not one barber's bafin only, but,—

"*Some* barber's bafins,—placed
"O'er the doorway."

The fingular practice recorded in the lines,—

"Apple-trees are grown befide
"Churchyards where the dead abide,"

may be ftill obferved in very many parts of Normandy; it firft attracted our notice in fome churchyards which we paffed on the road to Jumiéges from Caudebec,

"On the pleafant banks of Seine." *

Of the friend of Le Houx, whofe haplefs fate is commemorated in Vau-de-Vire VI. of the Second Series,—

"Alas, dear friend, I well believe thy death
"Was fad, when thou wert in the water drowned,"—

the name is unknown. When the fortrefs of Tombelaine, an ifland near Mont St. Michel, capitulated on the 8th of November 1592, Seguin informs us that "*Le Vicomte de* "*Vire*, Louis de Greftain, et le Seigneur de Grippon fe "noyerent le même jour en venant à terre;" † but whether that event may have been here alluded to, is matter of pure conjecture.

Farin du Gas, (or Dugaft, as it has often been printed), was doubtlefs one of the moft confpicuous of thofe

"Bons Virois,
"Et compagnons Galois,"

to whofe

——"lips of rofy dye,
"With great jowls in purple dight,
"Singing thefe new Vaux-de-Vire,"

Le Houx was wont to liften with fuch delectation. But of the reft of his hiftory we know no more than can be gleaned from this Vau-de-Vire, (III. of the Series from the Polinière MS.)

The allufions in Vau-de-Vire XIII. of the Second Series, being to the game of tennis, may feem obfcure to thofe not verfed in the language and rules of that game. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be mentioned that "fifteen "and a bifque" are a fort of double odds,—fifteen of odds

* Remains of Arthur Henry Hallam. Privately printed, 1853, p. 46.
† Hiftoire Militaire des Bocains: Vire, 1816, p. 393.



towards the fcore, and alfo an additional chance,—given to one of the players.

Notwithftanding Le Houx's frequent notice of the ivy, or of the ivy and yew-tree, as "the bufh," the old and well-known fign of a tavern, which never failed to excite fuch enthufiafm in the mind of the bard, perfonal obfervation has taught us that throughout Normandy, at the prefent time, the favourite evergreen plant commonly ufed for that purpofe is neither the ivy nor the yew, but the miftletoe. Whether by his "belle lierre," of which Maiftre Le Houx could write :—

"In the ivy bufh I trace
"Plant of moft confummate grace;
"Showing me where I may fill
"Goblets in a fitting place,"—

he intended to fignify the elegant miftletoe rather than the more common though alfo very graceful ivy, or whether the botanical fafhions of "the tavern and bufh for its fign" may have changed in the centuries which have elapfed fince his time, we cannot tell. But certainly by many a road-fide, in many a rural village, and in the ftreets of many an ancient town, large and beautiful garlands of that delicate parafite of the apple-tree, fometimes with a clufter, or a crofs, of coral and amber-coloured apples taftefully arranged in the centre, now moft fitly indicate the refrefhing prefence of cider, the produce of the tree on which the miftletoe chiefly finds its airy habitation ;—

"And if my verdict you'll believe,
"You won't receive
"Another drink in Normandy!"

J. P. M.

RECUEILS

DES CHANSONS NOUVELLES

DU VAU DE VIRE

PAR M. JEAN LE HOUX.



A BACCHUS.

Je vous dedie cecy, bon Denis, chaſſe-ſoing, pere de lieſſe ; auſſi bien auez vous eſté la ſource cheualine qui m'a faict produire ces joyeuſetez, apres auoir eſté abbreuué de votre ſoueſue & viuifiante liqueur. La bonne a produit les meileurs vers, & la mauuaiſe les pires. Toutesfois, s'ilz ne ſont aſſez bien limés & rythmés, je ne m'en ſoucie gueres, eſperant que les bons compagnons, qui les praticqueront ſur le vin, ne daigneront perdre vn ſeul coup a boire, pour s'abuſer a les corrector. Je crains neantmoins la dent famelicque & la langue alterée de ces auares rechignez, qui, ayans les celiers pleins, ſe laiſſeroient pluſtoſt emporter au rheume & a la toux, que ſe rechauffer l'eſtomach d'vn verre de leur bon vin, qu'ilz ne boyuent s'il n'eſt aigre & pouſſé. Leur chappeau gras, leur viſage bleſme, leur mine triſte & leur œil enfoncé, qui ſemble touſiours aguigner l'heritage de leurs voiſins, font iuger que chez eux on ne pourroit faire mourir la ſoif, ſans preiudice du ventre & de la ſanté. Qu'ilz murmurent donc, le bec en l'eau, tout leur ſaoul, tandis que vos bons ſuppoſtz, faute de plus ſerieux diſcours, s'eſiouiront honneſtement enſemble, le dos au feu & le ventre a la table, taſchans a ne laiſſer le vin au pot.



TO BACCHUS.

THIS work I dedicate to you, kind Dionyfos, kill-care, father of mirth; to you, the true Hippocrene which infpired me with thefe gay fongs, after my thirft had been quenched by your fweet and vivifying liquor. The good wine has produced the better verfes, and the bad, the worfe ones. At all events, if they be not finely finifhed in polifh and rhythm, I care but little; hoping that the jolly companions who will practife them over their wine, will not think of lofing a fingle round of the bottle, to wafte their time in correcting them. I dread, neverthelefs, the ravening fang and parched tongue of thofe grudging mifers, who, having their cellars full, would rather let cold and cough carry them off, than warm their ftomach by a glafs of their own good wine; which they will never drink till it is four and fpoilt. Their greafy hat, their pallid face, their woful mien, and funken eye, which feems ever to be hankering after their neighbours' heritage, tell us that in their houfes one could never kill thirft, without doing a mifchief to one's own ftomach and health. Let them, then, go on grumbling, with their muzzles in water, all alone; whilft your good lieges, for want of more ferious difcourfe, enjoy themfelves honeftly in company, with their back to the fire and their breaft at the table, ftriving to drain well the wine-pot.

L'AUTHEUR A SON LIVRE.

SONNET.

Si croyez mon conſeil, en public vous n'irés ;
De ces vieux vſuriers qui ne beuuans qu'eau pure,
Et, eſpargnans leurs biens, haſtent leur ſepulture,
Petis vers biberons, vous ſerez cenſurés.

Allez donc, malgré moy, puiſque le deſirés,
Mais hantés ceux qui ſont de ioyeuſe nature,
Et qui n'eſtans pouſſez d'auarice ou d'vſure,
Cherchent le meilleur vin quand ilz ſont alterés.

Fuyez ces beuueurs d'eau & ces viſages fades,
Le regime, la diette & ces tables mauſades,
Ou l'auare ne boit, ſinon en rechignant.

Fuyez les biberons, ſi mauuaiſe eſt leur vie ;
Et, quoy qu'on ne peut bien vous chanter qu'en beuuant,
Faictes pourtant touſiours garder la modeſtie.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

SONNET.

I think, O little book of drinking ſong,
You would do well in private to remain.
Thoſe hoary miſers, who pure water drain,
And ſtarve themſelves, will cenſure you as wrong.

Yet, if you won't be counſelled, go along.
But ſeek companions of a joyous vein;
Such as, uninfluenced by niggard gain,
When they are thirſty, ſeek wine beſt and ſtrong.

Avoid the water-drinkers, the pale face,
Sick-diet, and inhoſpitable place
Where miſers drink not, ſave begrudgingly :

Avoid wine-drinkers, if their life be naught.
And though, that with full charm your ſtrains be fraught,
Some drink you take, take it with modeſty.

SONNET.

Vous, tetricques cenſeurs, ſublimes grauités,
Que rien que le ſeul gain ne pourroit faire rire,
Pour vous ie n'ay pas faiƈt ces gentilz Vau de Vire,
Je vous banny, mocqueurs, de ces ioyeuſetés.

Vous blaſmez ces chanſons & vous les reiettés,
Et cuidez, abbuſez, pour du bon vin eſcrire,
Que ie ſois grand beuueur ! Contre voſtre meſdire,
Je produis mes amis, par moy les plus hantés.

Foible en complexion, je hay l'iurongnerie ;
Mais, penſant reſiſter a ma melancholie,
Je cerche ceux qui ſont de jovial' humeur.

Pour n'eſtre ſeul muet en telles gaillardiſes
Qu'ilz chantent ſans excez, j'ay, ſans eſtre beuueur,
Faiƈt pour moy ces chanſons, leƈteur, que tu meſpriſes.

SONNET.

Ye crabbed cenſors, wiſeacres ſublime,
    Who never ſmile but when of gain ye hear,
    Not for you made I theſe ſweet Vaux-de-Vire :
Scoffers, I baniſh you from ſuch gay time.

Ye blame theſe ſongs, and ſpurn their harmleſs rhyme,
    And ſlander me as drunkard, becauſe dear
    I hold good wine. Avaunt your ſpiteful ſneer !
Friends who beſt know me, clear me of ſuch crime.

    Feeble in health, I hate debauchery ;
But, craving to reſiſt melancholy,
I ſeek companions prone to jocund ways.

    Not to be mute 'mid joyous minſtrelſies
Soberly ſung, I, ſober, made theſe lays,
Which thou, O Reader, doſt ſo lightly prize.

Bacchica bella mihi nunc funt bellanda bibendo :
Arma mihi veniant optima quæque mera.
Debellabo fitim magnis cum viribus hoftem :
Oris ficca aditus occupat illa mei.
Pro lituo, cantu iuuat hoc accendere Martem,
Verfibus his bibulis tam bona vina cano !
Ne, quæfo, inuideas, æris cumulator & auri,
Qui toleras fitiens guttura ficca diu :
Si puram potare libet de fontibus vndam,
Parce, vel in mifero pectore conde nives.
Nos patere incolumes potu feruemus honefto.
Pocula fi bona funt, nonne modefta minus ?
Nunc tua depromas, fodes, languentia vina.
Sunt qui, fi bona funt, pluris & empta bibent.

Non, quot funt cantus, author tot pocula fumpfi ;
Ore etiam feci hos vel fitiente modos.
Cogeris ad quofuis nec fumere pocula cantus,
Ne dic : ifta fonant ebria verba gulam.

Be Bacchic battles my wine-bibbing boaſt:
My arms, all wines that are eſteemed the moſt.
With mighty force I will demoliſh thirſt,
Who now my mouth attacks, with drought accurſt.
For trumpet-call, I rouſe this war with ſong;
And good wines' praiſe in drinking-ſtrains prolong!
Nor envy thou, hoarder of braſs and gold,
Whoſe throat a chronic thirſt doth ever hold:
By thy loved draught, from pureſt fount that flows,
Spare me; or in thy cold heart heap up ſnows.
Pray let us drink in peace and honeſty:
Good wine 's not worſt when taken ſoberly.
Now draw, my friend, your oldeſt-bottled wine;
It will be drunk, though dear, if it be fine.

Not as the ſongs, ſo did I goblets take;
Nay, e'en athirſt would I theſe numbers wake.
Nor for each ſong need you a goblet drain,
Nor ſay: "Theſe lines ſmack of too vinous vein."

A L'AUTHEUR SUR SON LIVRE.

C'eſt en table, on jamais ailleurs,
On meſme vn ſage deburoit rire.
Boire & manger en ſont meilleurs ;
Le corps bon aliment en tire.
Qui plus naifuement eſcrire
Euſt peu, pour vn ſujet beuuant ?
LE HOVX d'vn ſtyle plus ſcauant
Traicteroit choſe plus altiere,
Cecy ne doibt donner matiere
D'excez a l'iurongne inſenſé ;
Car on peut bien chanter ſans boire
Et ſans que Dieu ſoit offencé.

I. P. V.

TO THE AUTHOR, ON HIS BOOK.

If ever wife men are to laugh,
        At table, be fure, is the place.
Mirth helps them to eat and to quaff,
        And quickens nutrition apace.
        None could with a fprightlier grace
Difcourfe on the topic of wine;
Although, upon matters divine,
        Le Houx finer language could ufe.
        Yet let not his verfes excufe
The fot, in his bibulous ways;
        For men, without drinking, may choofe
To fing, to God's name giving praife.

CHANSONS

DU

VAU DE VIRE

SONGS

OF

THE VAU DE VIRE



CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

PREMIER RECVEIL

I.

A l'amour ne ſuis addonné,
Et j'ayme encore moins les armes,
Mais le vin, des que ie fus né,
C'eſt pourquoy j'en fais tous mes carmes.
Le ſubiect en eſt il pas beau ?
Je ne veux eſtre rimeur d'eau.
Qui n'a aultre ſcience
Que Cupidon & ſon flambeau
Cela ſent bien ſon macquereau ;
Il en eſt trop en France.

Puis, en table, auec ſes amis,
Il ne faut parler que de boire.
Le grand Alexandre iadis
Et pluſieurs rois en firent gloire.
L'excez ie n'aprouue pourtant :
Mais qui s'altere en trop chantant
Peut bien trois fois ou quatre
Sans vergongne boire d'aultant.
Si quelqu'vn n'y eſt conſentant,
Je m'en vay le combatre.

Il ne m'eſt plus reſté de quoy
Me deffendre en ceſte bataille.
Verſez de rechef ; armes moy,
De peur que quelqu'vn ne m'aſſaille.



SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

FIRST SERIES

I.

Love is no favourite of mine ;
Still lefs I care for feats of war :
But much I doat, from birth, on wine ;
Hence all my fongs upon it are.
Is not the fubject very fair ?
I don't for water-rhyming care.
Who treats no other ftuff
Than Cupid's torch and flame,
Plays an ill-favoured game ;
In France are fuch, enough.

Drink, too, is the fole theme we ply,
Sitting at table, friends befide.
Great Alexander anciently,
And other Kings, it glorified.
Excefs, however, I don't praife :
Who thirfts when chanting many lays,
Has, honeftly, a right
Three cups or four to drain :
With him who would reftrain
That number, I will fight.

But for fuch combat all defence
For fafeguard I at prefent lack.
Pour wine afrefh ; my arms of fence,
To ward my perfon from attack.

Si le Roy sa faueur donnoit
A celuy qui le mieux boiroit,
Et qu'il me peust congnoistre,
Comte ou Marquis il me feroit.
Pour veoir comment il m'aduiendroit,
Je le voudrois bien estre.

II.

Ayant le dos au feu & le ventre a la table,
Estant parmy les potz pleins de vin delectable,
Ainsi comme vn poulet
Je ne me laisseray mourir de la pepie,
Quand j'en deburois auoir la face cramoisie
Et le nez violet.

Quand mon nez deuiendra de couleur rouge ou perse,
Porteray les couleurs que cherist ma maistresse.
Le vin rend le tainct beau !
Vault il pas mieux auoir la couleur rouge & viue,
Riche de beaux rubis, que si palle & chetiue
Ainsi qu'vn beuueur d'eau ?

On m'a deffendu l'eau, au moins en beuuerie,
De peur que ie ne tombe en vne hydropisie ;
Je me perdz si j'en boy.
En l'eau n'y a faueur. Prendray ie pour breuuage
Ce qui n'a poinct de goust ? Mon voisin qui est sage
Ne le faict, que ie croy.

Qui ayme bien le vin est de bonne nature.
Les mortz ne boyuent plus dedans la sepulture.
Hé ! qui scait s'il viura
Peult estre encor demain ? Chassons melancholie.
Je vay boire d'autant a ceste compaignie :
Suyue qui m'aymera ! . . .

Were but the King's moſt favoured one
He who for drinking beſt was known,
And the King but knew me,
Count, Marquis, me he'd name;
To taſte ſuch novel fame,
I fain that one would be!

II.

Behind me the fire, and the table before,
Surrounded by pots with good wine brimming o'er,
I do not propoſe
To die, like a chicken, of pip, when my face
A rubicund colour ought rather to grace,
And purple my noſe.

When it ſhall in roſe and carnation appear,
The colours I'll wear to my miſtreſs are dear;
Wine paints them ſo fair!
'Tis better to bloom with a fine lively red,
Enriched with bright rubies, than pallid, half-dead,
Cold water to ſhare!

I dare not uſe water for drink, I confeſs,
Leſt I fall into dropſical wat'rineſs;
I'm doomed in that caſe.
In water's no favour. Am I then to uſe
So taſteleſs a liquid? Wiſe neighbours refuſe
Such peril to face.

Good lovers of wine have a nature that's ſound.
In the grave, for the dead, no drinking is found.
Who knows if life ends,
Perchance, ere to-morrow? Drive ſorrow away!
I'll drink, and for all this good company pray:
Come, follow me, friends!

III.

Adam, c'eſt choſe tres notoire,
Ne nous euſt mis en tel danger,
Si, au lieu du fatal manger,
Il ſe fuſt pluſtoſt mis a boire.

C'eſt la cauſe pourquoy j'euitte
D'eſtre ſur le manger gourmand :
Il eſt vray que ie ſuis friand
De vin, quand c'eſt vin qui merite.

Et pourtant, lorſque je m'aproche
Du lieu ou repaiſtre ie veux,
Je vay regardant curieux
Pluſtoſt au buffet qu'a la broche.

L'œil regarde ou le cueur aſpire :
J'ay cecy par trop œilladé.
Verre plein, s'il n'eſt toſt vuidé,
Ce n'eſt pas vn verre de Vire.

IV.

Au voiſin, de fiebure mourant,
On faiſoit boire eau de la bie.
" Helas ! vous me tuez, diſoit il en plorant,
Me deffendre le vin, c'eſt m'arracher la vie.

" Helas ! je deſirois touſiours
Mourir auec toy, bon breuuage !
Quand j'ay plus que jamais beſoin de ton ſecours,
Vn medecin lourdaut me deffend ton vſage.

" Cher amy, ne me quicte pas
Sur le dernier poinct de ma vie !
Sans toy, j'eſtimerois rigoureux mon trepas ;
Je ne puis auoir bien hors de ta compaignie.

III.

Adam, it is ſhrewdly known,
Had not cauſed our fallen ſtate,
If, in lieu of what he ate,
He had taken drink alone.

Therefore 'tis that gluttony
I moſt heedfully avoid:
But confeſs I have enjoyed
Wine, when of high quality.

And, as often as I ſit
By the hoſtel where I dine,
My regards do more incline
To the beaufet than the ſpit.

In eye-glance heart-hopes appear:
Too long this my eyes has ſtrained.
Full wine-glaſs, not ſwiftly drained,
Would be no wine-glaſs of Vire.

IV.

To my good friend, half in his grave
With fever, they well-water gave.
"Alas!" he ſaid, and wept,—"you'll be my death:
"Forbid me wine, and you will ſtop my breath.

"With thee, good wine, as thou doſt know,
"I fain would meet the mortal blow.
"When more than ever I have need of thee,
"A loutiſh doctor cuts thee off from me.

"Dear friend, forſake me not, when I
"Am at the very point to die!
"Without thee, death indeed were terrible;
"Without thy preſence, I can ne'er be well.

" Si je meurs, a mes bons amis
Ma grande bouteille je laiſſe :
Mais que pleine elle ſoit comme elle eſtoit iadis :
Jugeront comme moy que c'eſt grande richeſſe."

Ainſi mon voiſin ſoupiroit ;
Moy, j'eus pitié de ſa miſere.
Je lui donnay du vin que l'on luy deffendoit :
La fiebure le quicta ſi toſt qu'il eult a boire.

Sur cela fondant ma raiſon,
Pour garir vne ſoif maline,
Et l'ennuy que me faict ma femme a la maiſon,
J'ay recours au bon vin comme a ma medecine.

Faute de mieux, de bon pommé
Bien ſouuent je prens vne doſe.
Tant bon eſt ceſtuy cy qu'il m'a preſque charmé.
Encor vn pot venant, & puis qu'on ſe repoſe !

V.

Au barbier qui la barbe oſte,
Qui ma barbe oſta,
Et a la mode qui trotte
Qui me la couppa,
D'argent il ne m'en couſta,
Mais je luy payay chopine,
Quand il ſceut mon origine,
Que j'eſtois Virois
Et compagnon Gallois.

Si je ſcauois qu'en la ſorte
On me deuſt payer,
Je pendrois deuant ma porte
Baſſins a barbier,
Et comme vn bon ouurier
Je dirois a tout le monde :
" Je vous pry' que ie vous tonde ,

"My largeſt bottle to dear friends
"I leave, when my exiſtence ends:
"But full of wine, as erſt it was: they'll ſee,
"As I do, 'tis a wealthy legacy."

My neighbour thus bewailed his ſtate;
I ſympathiſed with his ſad fate:
I gave him wine,—that ſame forbidden draught:—
The fever left him ſoon as he had quaffed!

From which I gained this ſcience firſt,
That to aſſuage malignant thirſt,
And all the worry of my wife at home,
I to good wine, as to my med'cine, come.

When better phyſic can't be had,
Good cider-treatment is not bad:
This is ſo good, it makes me feel half-bleſt:—
One other pot, and then we'll go to reſt!

V.

The barber, beards who ſhaves away,
My beard did ſhave;
In ſmarteſt faſhion of the day
He trimmed it brave:
To him no money-fee I gave,
But paid a chopin of good wine,
Soon as he learned my origin,
And that a ſon of Vire
I was, and jovial compeer.

Were I aſſured that in like taſte
They would me pay,
Some barber's baſins ſhould be placed
O'er my door-way;
And to each paſſer-by I'd ſay,
Like a good barber-workman grave,
"Kind ſir, let me thy fair beard ſhave;

Je ſuis bon Galois
Et compagnon Virois."

Quant j'aurois faiɛ̃t la beſongne,
Je ſerois contant
De leur dire ſans vergongne:
" Ne veux poinɛ̃t d'argent;
Mais pour la ſoif qui me prent
De bon vin payez choppine;
C'eſt bon loyer pour la peine
De tout bon Galois
Et compagnon Virois."

Tout pietre plein d'auarice
Que ie congnoiſtrois,
A ſillons, ſans artifice,
Tondre le voudrois;
Et le plus que ie pourrois
D'argent prendrois pour ma peine,
Pour mener boire choppine
Quelque bon Virois
Et compagnon Gallois.

VI.

Beau nez, dont les rubis ont couſté mainte pippe
De vin blanc & clairet,
Et duquel la couleur richement particippe
Du rouge & violet;

Gros nez, qui te regarde a trauers vn grand verre
Te iuge encor plus beau.
Tu ne reſſembles poinɛ̃t au nez de quelque herre
Qui ne boit que de l'eau.

Vn coq d'Inde ſa gorge a toy ſemblable porte.
Combien de riches gens
N'ont pas ſi riche nez? Pour te peindre en la ſorte
Il faut beaucoup de temps.

" For jovial compeer
" I am, and true-born ſon of Vire."

And when my client's chin was done,
How pleaſed I'd be
To ſay to him :—" I take alone
" No money-fee :
" Rather my thirſt would aſk of thee,
" To drink, a chopin of good wine ;
" An ample guerdon, I opine,
" For jovial compeer,
" Who is a true-born ſon of Vire."

If wretch replete with avarice
I ſhould behold,
His beard ſhould ridge-and-furrow-wiſe
Be rudely polled :
And from him I would take in gold
As much as I could make him pay,
To aſk to drink a chopin gay
Some true-born ſon of Vire,
Who is a jovial compeer.

VI.

Fair noſe ! whoſe rubies many pipes have coſt
Of white and roſy wine,
Whoſe colours are ſo gorgeouſly emboſſed
In red and purple fine ;

Great noſe ! who views thee, gazing through great glaſs,
Thee ſtill more lovely thinks.
Thou doſt the noſe of creature far ſurpaſs
Who only water drinks.

No Turkey-cock's proud throat thy tints outvies.
How many wealthy folk
Have not ſo rich a noſe ! To paint ſuch dyes,
Much time muſt be beſpoke.

Le verre eſt le pinceau duquel on t'enlumine ;
Le vin eſt la couleur
Dont on t'a peinct ainſi, plus rouge qu'vne guigne,
En beuuant du meilleur.

On dict qu'il nuiſt aux yeux. Mais feront ilz lez maiſtres ?
Le vin eſt gariſon
De mes maux. J'ayme mieux perdre les deux feneſtres
Que toute la maiſon.

VII.

Boire autant de fois du bon
Qu'a de lettres noſtre nom,
Cela garit noſtre vie
De ſoing & melancholie.

J'en veux auoir le cueur net.
Verſez donc dans ce goddet.
Sur ce boire d'excelence
J'en veux faire experience.

Mon nom eſt trop court vrayment,
Veu ce breuuage excelent ;
J'y voudrois bien encor mettre
A tout le moins vne lettre.

Si le breuuage n'eſt bon,
Jan *ſimplement j'auray nom ;*
Mais s'il eſt plaiſant & digne,
Mon nom ſera Marc Anthoine.

VIII.

Bon vieil drolle Anacreon,
On faict encore mœmoire
De toy, qui, bon compagnon,
Faiſois des chanſons a boire.
Pour l'amour de luy, compere,
De ce bon piot taſtons !
Mais ce nous eſt vitupere
De boire, ſi ne chantons.

The wine-glafs is the brufh, thy form to fhow ;
The colour is the wine,
Which paints thee with a more than cherry glow,
Drinking from choiceft vine.

They fay it hurts the eyes.—Are they to choofe ?
But wine doth always cure
My woes. I'd rather both the windows lofe,
Than the whole houfe, I'm fure.

VII.

To drink as oft of liquor found
As letters in our name are found,
Is fure to banifh from our life
All melancholy care, and ftrife.

I fain would purge fuch things away.
So fill this flagon full, I pray.
On beverage fo excellent
I'll try the faid experiment.

My name's too fhort, I find, in truth,
For this is right good drink in footh ;
So that I think at leaft 'twere fit
To add one letter unto it.

If the drink be a meagre one,
I'll only have the name of *John* ;
But if it fine and fitting be,
My name fhall be *Mark Antony*.

VIII.

Quaint old Anacreon,
To thee the fame belongs
Of boon companion,
Who wrote his drinking-fongs.
For love of him, my friend,
Let us this good wine drain,
And, further grace to lend,
Tune up a drinking-ftrain !

Doncq' en mœmoire de luy,
Chacun dife vn Vau de Vire.
Ainfi fe paffe l'ennuy.
Le mien premier ie vay dire :
Mon cueur ne peut pas bien rire,
Si ce n'eft lors que ie boy.
O ! que c'eft vn dur martire,
Bon vin, que viure fans toy !

Quand il eft force raifins
Et que bonne eft la vandange,
On vifite fes voifins,
On ne faict poinct de l'eftrange ;
Le dueil en lieffe on change ;
Tous font ioyeux & contans,
Et de la foif on fe vange,
Chantans : Viue le bon temps !

Ne faictes point plus le fin
Que toute la compaignie.
Je vay boire a vous, voifin,
Et a voftre bonne amie.
Prenez garde, ie vous prie,
Maintenant comme ie boy ;
Car voftre chanfon finie,
Faudra faire comme moy.

IX.

Bon vin, fay moy raifon d'une foif violente
Dont je fuis au gofier ardantement epris,
D'auoir recours a toy, lors qu'elle me tourmente,
J'en tiens de mes ayeux lefquelz me l'ont appris.

Je te cheris toufiours comme ma propre vie ;
Sans toy, bonne liqueur, que feroit ce de moy ?
Auffi fachant que l'eau eft ta grande ennemie,
Je ne la puis aymer, tout pour l'amour de toy.

Then, to his memory,
    Each ſing a Vau-de-Vire.
So tædium will fly:
    Mine firſt I'll carol here:—
My heart can never ſmile
    When for my drink I pine;
O 'tis a torture vile
    To live without good wine!

When vine with cluſters bends,
    And vintage-yield is good,
One viſits then one's friends,
    Eſcaping ſolitude;
Sad ſpirits then rejoice;
    All glad and gay we ſee;
We puniſh thirſt, our voice
    Singing: "O time of glee!"

My friends, than all the reſt
    Don't leſs frank-hearted prove.
Your health! and hers, whom beſt
    Within your heart you love.
And notice, my good friend,
    How I now drink to you:
When your ſong's at an end,
    Your bumper will enſue.

IX.

Good wine, avenge me on a raging thirſt
    By which my throat is violently caught.
To have recourſe to thee, when tortured firſt,
    Was by my fires the leſſon to me taught.

I ever cheriſh thee as my own life;
    Without thee, liquor dear, what fate would me
Befall? I, conſcious of thy deadly ſtrife
    With water, hate it, all for love of thee.

L'eau monſtre, a ſon effect, qu'a boire elle n'eſt bonne ;
Elle rend l'homme eticque & palle & morfondu ;
Mais toy, tu rendz gaillarde & ſaine la perſonne,
L'argent qu'on met pour toy n'eſt poinct argent perdu.

Puiſque je t'ayme tant, il faut que je te baiſe ;
Il faut, vin amoureux, que me baiſes auſſi.
Je ne m'en iray poinct, tant je ſuis a mon aiſe,
Tandis que ie ſcauray que tu feras icy.

X.

Ces gens la me font rire
Qui font les grans docteurs ;
Neantmoins, a vray dire,
Ne ſont que piaffeurs,
Qui de coſté ſouuent iettent l'œillade,
Brauans ſur vn paué, pour veoir s'on les regarde.

Quand on faict bonne chere
Parmy les gobeletz,
Qu'on dict chanſons a boire,
Ilz demeurent muetz.
A mon aduis, ce n'eſt grande ſageſſe
Eſtre ſans dire mot parmy tant de jeuneſſe.

Puiſqu'en table ilz ſe trouuent
Sans propos & diſcours,
Je penſe qu'ilz ne peuuent
Bien diſcourir d'amours.
Ilz ne ſcauroient chanter un Vau de Vire.
Faut qu'ilz viennent a nous, afin de les inſtruire.

Aual ceſte venelle
Ce bon boire verſons.
Toute la kyrielle
De drolles & garçons,
Je boy a vous, car beaucoup ie vous priſe :
Et puis ie vous diray nouuelles de Deniſe.

Water, if drunk, entails refults not good;
For it makes mortals hectic, pallid, pained;
Thou giv'ft my body health and hardihood,
The money fpent on thee is money gained.

Since I fo love thee, I muft have a kifs;
O loving wine, thou too muft now kifs me.
I will not go, fince I find ample blifs,
In only knowing that here thou wilt be.

X.

Thofe coxcombs make me fmile
Who feign deep learning's tone,
And yet are all the while
Mere ftrutting fops alone,
Who often caft a furtive glance afide,
And curvet in the ftreets, to fee if they are eyed.

Where men make goodly cheer,
And brimming goblets drain,
Singing a Vau-de-Vire,
Thofe others dumb remain.
I hold it is not very wife, in footh,
Never to fpeak one word among fo many youth.

Doubtlefs, fince thus they fail,
At table, aught to fay,
They could not tell a tale
Of love, in loving way:
Nor cheerful Vau-de-Vire fing in their turn:
They'll have to come to us, and fee if they can learn.

Through this small lane let's try
To pour this good drink down.
To all you, company
Of drolls, and lads in town,
I drink, becaufe you all I fo regard;
And then, I'll tell you news of Denife that I've heard.

Denise ayant bien loing faict maint voyage
Et les guerres hanté,
Dict neantmoins auoir son pucelage
Encore rapporté.
Bon cueur, garçons ! elle n'est pas perdue,
Elle est reuenue Denise,
Elle est reuenue !

XI.

Ce vin vaut bien le chariage :
Il va en l'abaye du Bec.
On en trempera l'hysophage
Que l'on ne peut endurer sec.
En caresme ceste boisson
Seruira de saulce au poisson.

Prendre impost sur si bon breuuage,
C'est prendre impost sur la santé.
Meschant fut si cruel vsage
Quiconcque a jadis inuenté !
Sans luy aueceques peu d'argent
Nous boirions plus librement.

Mais, bon vin, je prens patience :
Je veux, en dépit de l'impost,
Te faire entrer dans ma despence ;
Car sans toy je mourrois bien tost,
Tu es remede souuerain
A plusieurs maux du corps humain.

J'ay souuent, faute de potage,
Veu la chair qui au pot brulloit :
Si elle n'est souuent a nage,
La fressure aux costes tiendroit.
Vn auare est fort mal basty ;
Il meurt le poulmon tout rosty.

Denife, far countries having fought,
And followed the campaign,
Says, fhe her maidenhood has brought
Uninjured, back again.
Rejoice then, youths! Not loft, again
She is come back Denife,
Come back again!

XI.

This wine well will carriage pay:
In it goes to Bec's Abbaye.
That œfophagus 'twill cure
Which can never drought endure.
Such good drink will ferve in Lent
As fifh-fauce and condiment.

Impoft put on wine fo good
Were to tax health's hardihood:
Villanous were fuch abufe,
And whoever taught its ufe!
But for him, though we were poor,
We might drink of ampler ftore.

But, good wine, I patient wait:
I will, (though the tax I hate),
Still to pay thy charges try;
For without thee I fhould die.
Thou art fovran remedy
For much human mifery.

Often, when I foup had not,
I've watched meat burn in the pot:
If not kept a-boiling quick,
To the fides the tripe would ftick.
Mifers are fo ill purveyed,
That they die with lungs decayed.

Les aduocatz n'en meurent guere,
Qui boyuent auec les cliens,
Ayans vne bonne matiere,
Ilz s'en lauent fort bien les dens.
O ! que ceſt eſtat m'aggreroit,
Car, ſi on n'y gaigne, on y boit.

XII.

Chantre de table & beuueur
M'eſt iniure ordinaire ;
Mais chacun a ſon humeur ;
Je n'y ſcaurois que faire.
Liqueur, chere amie,
Pour la calomnie
Ne crains poinct ! Je ſois tondu, ſi jamais je t'oublie !

Serois ie bien ſi idiot,
Soubz l'ombre d'une iniure,
En laiſſant le vin au pot,
D'eſtre traiſtre a nature ?
O gentil breuage !
Ce ſeroit dommage
Qu'en fin on te fiſt ſeruir de vinaigre au potage.

Touſiours dans le vin vermeil
Et aultre liqueur bonne,
On void vn petit ſoleil
Qui fretille & rayonne.
Cela eſt vn ſigne
Que le vin eſt digne.
C'eſt pour en boire qu'on prend tant de peine a la vigne.

Quand j'ay la ſoif au goſier,
Pour cor je prens ma taſſe ;
Le vin me ſert de limier
Pour luy faire la chaſſe.
El' s'en eſt fuye !
Paſſons noſtre vie
En ce doux contentement, mon voiſin, je vous prie !

Drinking with his clients, fate
So kills not the Advocate.
With a goodly caufe to plead,
He can wafh his teeth indeed.
How that calling would me pleafe !
If they lofe, they drink at eafe !

XII.

A table-minftrel and a fot,—
Men often call me fo ;
But each to his own tafte, I wot :
I don't care much, I know.
Dear beverage,
Though flander rage,
I never will forget our friendfhip, I'll engage !

Could I a dotard be fo dull,
From dread of fuch difgrace,
As leave the flagon ftanding full,
Traitor to nature's race ?
O gentle name,
It were a fhame
For cruet-vinegar fuch noble wine to claim.

Ever within the rofy wine,
Or other liquor rare,
There feems a tiny fun to fhine,
Which gleams and glitters there.
That is a fign
Of goodly wine,
To drink of which leads men to cherifh fo the vine.

When in my throat a thirft is found,
My bugle-horn's my cup ;
The wine goes with me, as a hound,
The hunt to follow up.
" Gone, gone away !"—
Neighbour, I pray,
May we fo pafs our life in glad content and play !

XIII.

C'eſt icy que ie veux cercher
La pierre philoſophale ;
C'eſt icy que ie veux ſoufler :
Mon fourneau, ce ſera ma ſale.

Mon ſoleil, c'eſt le vin ſans eau,
Le bon ſidre, c'eſt mon mercure.
Je les mettray dans mon fourneau
Tous purs comme ilz ſont de nature.

Y deuſſe ie employer mon bien,
Je ne veux poinƈt d'aultre alchymie ;
Encore n'y perdray ie rien,
Car boire contente ma vie.

O quinte eſſence de pommier !
Si touſiours j'en beuuois de telle,
Seroit ce ſubieƈt pour juger
Qu'il me faut mettre en curatelle ? . . .

XIV.

Certes hoc vinum eſt bonus !
Du mauuais latin ne nous chaille ;
Si bien congru n'eſtoit ce jus,
Le tout ne vaudroit rien qui vaille.
Eſcolier, j'appris que bon vin
Aide bien au mauuais latin.

Ceſte ſentence praticquant,
De latin je n'en appris guere.
Y penſant eſtre aſſez ſcauant,
Puiſque bon vin j'aymois a boire.
Lorſque mauuais vin on a beu,
Latin n'eſt bon, ſuſt il congru.

Fy du latin ! parlons françois ,
Je m'y recongnois dauantage.

XIII.

'Tis here that I the queſt deſire
Of philoſophic ſtone ;
My throat ſhall be my furnace-fire ;
Here be my bellows blown.

My ſun ſhall be unwatered wine ;
Good cider, mercury ;
I'll put them in this fire of mine
In native purity.

Should I on them expend my wealth,
No alchemy but this
Would I deſire for gold or health ;
For drinking is my bliſs.

Quinteſſence of the apple-tree !
Were I to drink thee dry,
Would that ſufficient reaſon be
To doubt my ſanity ?

XIV.

Certes, hoc vinum eſt bonus.
Never mind a little ſin
In my Latin : but to us
Bad wine is not worth a pin.
In my ſchool-boy days I found
Good wine makes bad Latin ſound.

Practiſing that maxim well,
Latin learned I ſcarce a jot :
So that I could only tell
That I loved the good wine-pot.
If men drink bad wine, be ſure
They no Latin can endure.

Fie on Latin ! French let's mind ;
That I ſtudied with more craft.

Je veux boire vne bonne fois,
Car voicy vn maistre breuuage.
Certes, si j'en beuuois souuent,
Je deuiendrois fort eloquent.

Pendant que ce vin j'aualois,
Qui me chatouilloit sur la langue,
Il me sembloit que je faisois
En court quelque belle harangue.
J'auois bien du contentement. . .
Mais il s'est passé vistement !

XV.

LE VIEILLARD.

Conseillez moy pour ma santé,
Car vous sçauez la medecine ;
Et vous serez bien contenté.

LE MEDECIN.

Pour vous j'emploiray ma doctrine,
Vous conseillant fidellement,
Et ne veux poinct de vostre argent.

LE VIEILLARD.

Que faut il pour ma toux garir
Et le rheume qui me tourmente
Et cuide me faire mourir ?

LE MEDECIN.

Recipe *du jus de la plante*
Qui se soustient par echalas
Deux ou trois fois a ton repas.

LE VIEILLARD.

J'ay l'estomach debilité,
Si bien qu'a grand'peine il diggere
M'engendrant vne crudité.

Let me drink long; for I find
This wine good as can be quaffed.
Were I oft to tafte its flow,
I moft eloquent fhould grow.

While I drank the wine,—(that fort
My tongue tickled, I confefs),—
I dreamt that I made, in court,
Some grandiloquent addrefs.
O how pleafed I felt, and gay!—
Ah, it fwiftly paffed away!

XV.

OLD MAN.

I afk your counfel for my health;
In your great wifdom I confide;
'Twill add, too, fomewhat to your wealth.

PHYSICIAN.

For you my beft fkill fhall be tried,
For you prefcribing faithfully;
And I decline your proffer'd fee.

OLD MAN.

What muft I take to cure my cough,
And this continual catarrh
Which threatens foon to cut me off?

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe:—Juice of plants that are
Well trained around vine-pole to climb;
Take twice or thrice at each meal-time.

OLD MAN.

I fuffer great debility
Of ftomach: hardly can digeft,
Engendering a crudity.

LE MEDECIN.

Recipe *pour ton ordinaire*
Et te donne a trauers les dens
Du rouge cyrop d'Orleans.

LE VIEILLARD.

La goutte aux ioinctures des os
Me tient alors que le temps change,
Si bien que j'en perdz le repos.

LE MEDECIN.

De decoction de vandange
Recipe *trois voltes & plus :*
Ne songe tant en tes escus.

LE VIEILLARD.

Tous vos Recipes *sont de vin.*
Le vin, est ce chose si bonne ?
Sans luy ne seriez medecin !

LE MEDECIN.

A tous ceux la le vin j'ordonne,
Qui en humeur me sont egaux,
Car le vin garit tous mes maux.

XVI.

Compaignon marinier,
Grande & pleine est la mer ;
Le flot bat au riuage.
Il faut prendre ce bort,
Car le vent est trop fort.
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Las ! je crains bien que l'eau
N'ait dedans ce bateau
Entré durant l'orage.
Sus ! compagnon, tirons
La pompe & la vuidons !
Ne perdons poinct courage !

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe:—Daily, as is beft,
Adminifter, in dental way,
Red fyrup of the Orleanais.

OLD MAN.

In change of weather gout doth keep
The joints of all my bones in pain,
So that at night I cannot fleep.

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe:—Three times o'er, again,
And more, decoction of the vine;
Don't heed fo much thofe crowns of thine.

OLD MAN.

Your *Recipes* are always wine.
Is wine fo very good a thing?
Without it, fails your medicine!

PHYSICIAN.

I'm always fafe in ordering
Thofe of my humour fuch a dofe:
For wine alone cures all my woes.

XVI.

My fhip-mate, now d'ye fee
How high and full the fea:
The wave rolls on the fhore.
On t'other tack let's fail,
Too ftrongly blows the gale:
Don't let us give hope o'er!

Alas! the water may
Through leaks have forced its way
Amid the tempeft's roar:
Let's man, my fhip-mates ftout,
The pumps, and pump it out!
Don't let us give hope o'er!

N'ayans plus rien, ſinon
Le trincquet, qui ſoit bon,
Sa voile & ſon cordage,
Il nous le faut hauſſer
Pour mauuais temps paſſer,
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Le vaiſſeau trop chargé
Eſt beaucoup ſoulagé.
La charge & l'equipage
Eſt preſque dans le port :
C'eſt vn grand reconffort.
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Compagnon marinier,
N'allons plus ſur la mer,
Car je crains le nauffrage.
Mais ſi le bateau plein
Faict trafic de ce vin,
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Ce qui nous eſt reſté
Eſt ore en ſeureté.
Si refaiſons voyage,
Faut le vaiſſeau tourner
Pour le recalſeutrer.
Ne perdons poinct courage !

XVII.

C'eſt aſſes, troupe honorable,
De ces gentilz chantz Virois ;
Il faut ſe leuer de table.
Le reſte a vne aultre fois ;
Car peut eſtre
Que le maiſtre,
Qui nous aſſemble ceans,
N'oſe dire
Le martyre

Since now we've no device
But the main-brace to ſplice,
    With ſail and ropes it bore,
Let's clear and hoiſt away,
To ſteady the ſhip's way:
    Don't let us give hope o'er!

The veſſel, laden full,
Begins to right her hull;
    The harbour's to the ſore:
The cargo and the crew
We now with comfort view.
    Don't let us give hope o'er!

My ſhip-mate, now d'ye ſee,
No more let's go to ſea,
    For ſhipwreck I abhor.
But if our veſſel fine
Make profit of this wine,
    Don't let us give hope o'er!

All that our traffic gains
In ſafety now remains:
    Let's go to ſea once more.
Heel the ſhip on her beam,
Let caulkers cloſe each ſeam,
    Don't let us give hope o'er!

XVII.

'Tis now time, moſt worſhipful friends,
    That theſe gentle Vaux-de-Vire ceaſed:
At preſent our banqueting ends.
    The reſt will await future feaſt;
        For you ſee
        Perhaps he
    Who kindly invited us here,
        Our good hoſt
        May be croſt,

Et mal que luy font les dens.
Souuent incommodité
Prouient d'auoir trop chanté.

Mais il eſt trop volontaire
Pour auoir le cueur marry
D'auoir veu la bonne chere
Que nous auons faict chez luy.
Monſieur l'hoſte,
Voyez, i'oſte,
Mon bonnet honneſtement.
On me prie
Que ie die
Qu'on vous rend grace humblement.
Mais, ſi le vin reſte au pot,
Qu'il eſt encor de l'eſcot.

Faictes en lauer la bouche
A quelques vns d'entre nous,
Auant qu'vn varlet y touche,
Puiſque tout depend de vous.
Je ne cure,
Je vous jure,
Jamais ma bouche aultrement.
Noſtre hoſteſſe,
Je vous laiſſe
Mille mercis en payment.
Cecy ſeroit eſuenté :
J'en boy a voſtre ſanté !

J'ay ouy dire a ma grand'mere,
(Touſiours des vieux on apprend)
Que de la goutte derniere
La bonne chere depend.
Bonne femme,
Que ton ame
Puiſſe eſtre au ciel en repos !
J'ay enuie,
Si j'ay vie,

And martyred by toothache ſevere ;
Extreme vocal efforts oft cauſe
Some ſtiffneſs and pain of the jaws.

But he is too gallant, no fear,
To be in his ſpirit diſtreſt
Becauſe of the excellent cheer
Each of us has made as his gueſt.
Maſter hoſt
I now toaſt,
With bonnet politely up-raiſed,
And all pray
Me to ſay
How very ſincerely you're praiſed ;
But if wine remain in the pot,
We ſtill have to reckon the ſhot.

Let ſome of the party be quick,
And waſh their mouth well with the cup,
Ere ever a varlet can lick
The precious reſiduum up.
I can ſwear
That I care
No other tooth-tincture to ſwill.
Hoſteſs mine,
I conſign
In thanks the amount of the bill.
This wine would be ſpoilt in the air :
I drink to your health what is there !

My grandmother preached to her friends,—
(One picks wrinkles up from the old),—
That good cheer entirely depends
On the laſt drop the bottle doth hold.
In Heaven
Be given
Good ſoul, to your ſpirit repoſe !
If I live,
I will ſtrive

D'enfuyure bien tes propos.
Quand fur le bon vin ie fuis,
J'en laiffe moins que ie puis.

XVIII.

De nous fe rid le Francois ;
Mais, vrayment, quoy qu'il en die.
Le fildre de Normandie
Vault bien fon vin quelques fois.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Ta bonté, o fidre beau,
De te boire me conuie ;
Mais pour le moins, ie te prie,
Ne me trouble le cerueau.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Je ne perdz poinct la raifon
Pourtant a force de boire,
Et ne vay point en cholere
Tempefter a la maifon.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Voifin, ne fonge en procès ;
Pren le bien qui fe prefente.
Mais que l'homme fe contente,
Il en a toufiours affez.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Eft pas ceftuy la logé ?
En eft il demeuré goutte ?
De la foif que ie redoubte
Je me fuis tres bien vangé.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

To follow the courfe you propofe.
For when I fall in with good wine,
To leave it I fhrewdly decline!

XVIII.

At us the Frenchman often laughs;
But yet fometimes, for all his cry,
The cider of our Normandy
Is more than worth the wine he quaffs.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Your excellence, O cider brave!
Leads me a draught of you to choofe;
I only beg you won't confufe
The wits my fober brain may have.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Neither do I lofe all my wit,
When I indulge in drink I love,
Nor yet tempeftuoufly move
About the houfe, difturbing it.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Don't dream of any lawfuit, friend:
Juft take the good that comes to thee;
Let man with that contented be;
Then Heav'n enough doth always fend.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Well down has all that cider paft?
Does there remain one fingle drop?
My thirft I have contrived to ftop;
I'm well avenged on it at laft.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

XIX.

Diſons a Dieu aux gentilz Vau de Vire :
Le temps n'eſt plus qu'on les doibue chanter,
Puiſqu'on nous faict tant de maux ſupporter.
Noz deuanciers n'auoient tant de martyre.

La paix eſtoit & nous auons la guerre ;
Et ſe chaſſoit la ſoif a bon marché ;
Mais du depuis que s'eſt creu le peché ;
On void ſouuent infertile la terre.

Chacun faiſoit a Vire marchandiſe,
Et les marchandz eſtoient en grand honneur ;
Ores chacun s'eſtime grand ſeigneur,
Aymant l'orgueil, pareſſe & friandiſe.

Des bons bourgeois les anciennes races
Sont en mépris & preſqu'a poureté :
Les eſtrangers leurs biens leur ont oſté,
Et leurs maiſons par procez & falaces.

Nous ne tenons plus rien de noz grandz peres,
Sinon la ſoif & boire tout d'aultant.
Mais nous n'oſons quand il nous couſte tant. . .
Beuuons cecy qui ne nous couſte gueres.

XX.

De ce Virois conſeruons la mœmoire,
A tout le moins a la table, en beuuant ;
Lequel ne beut jamais en rechignant,
Et qui nous faict ſi ioyeuſement boire.
Vne bonne boiſſon
Priſe auec marriçon
Par vn Saturnien
Ne luy faict poinct de bien ;
Mais le vin, honoré d'un gentil Vau de Vire,
N'apporte que ſanté, en ne beuuant du pire.

XIX.

Bid we adieu to the fweet Vaux-de-Vire,
The time no longer can their mufic bear;
We have, alas! fo many woes to fhare:
Our fires had no fuch martyrdom fevere.

Now there is war, where formerly was peace:
At a fmall coft men well could quench their thirft;
But now, fince wickednefs is at its worft,
The earth's fertility oft feems to ceafe.

At Vire the people all in commerce throve,
Its merchants were accounted of great fame;
But all now covet lordly rank and name,
And proud, luxurious indolence they love.

The ancient burgefs families fo brave,
Are now defpifed, almoft in beggary:
Strangers have robbed them of their property
And houfes, got by tricks of legal knave.

We nothing from our grandfathers poffefs,
Except our thirft, and waffail-bouts all round:
But ah! we dare not,—'tis too coftly found;—
Let us drink this, which cofts us far, far lefs.

XX.

Let us preferve remembrance of that fon of Vire,
At leaft while here we drink, this board around,
Who drinking grudgingly was never found,
And who taught us to drink with fuch rejoicing cheer
A goblet full,
By dotard dull
Drunk with a curfe,
Makes him ftill worfe;
But wine, if but a pretty Vau-de-Vire come firft,
Brings health to all, who drink not of the worft.

Plus eſt honneſte un Vau de Vire, en table,
Qui va louant hautement le bon vin,
Qu'en mal parlant dire de ſon voiſin
Quelque propos qui n'eſt poinct veritable,
Ou faire des diſcours
D'impudicques amours,
Ou quelque aultre deuis
Que tiennent les amis,
Quand ilz ſont aſſemblez pour follaſtrer & rire.
Il vaut bien mieux chanter, en ne beuuant du pire.

On peut bien boire & n'eſtre poinct yurongne :
On peut auſſi chanter ſans eſtre fol.
On priſe tant le chant du roſſignol !
Mais ces chanſons, qui ſont rougir la troigne
Par le vin ſauoureux,
Valent mille fois mieux.
Beuuons, chacun ſa fois,
Pour l'amour du Virois
Qui a faict ces chanſons. On n'en deuſt pas meſdire :
Ce fut vn bon garçon, qui ne beuuoit du pire.

XXI.

Dire touſiours vne chanſon
De Vau de Vire & beuuerie
M'apporteroit quelque ſubçon
Qu'on faſcheroit la compaignie.
Diſons en d'aultres, ie vous prie ;
Car j'entendz qu'vn tas de badaux
S'en vont diſant : " Ce n'eſt qu'yurongnerie
Que les Vau de Vire nouueaux."

Donc, pour tel ſcandale euiter,
Quel ſubiect prendrons nous pour rire ?
Eſcoutes, ie vous veux conter
Quelque choſe que j'ay ouy dire :
" Que chacun ores ne reſpire
Que fraude & que meſchanceté ;

At table nobler is a Vau-de-Vire, in footh,
Which loudly fings the praifes of good wine,
Than of one's neighbour, with unkind defign,
To tell fome fcandal which offends againft the truth;
Or themes to move
Of wanton love,
Or fuch as that
Unmeaning chat,
Which friends ufe, met in merry mood to quench their thirft.
'Tis better far to fing, and drink not of the worft.

A man may furely drink, and yet be clear in head;
A man may fing, and yet continue wife;
The vocal nightingale how much we prize!
But thofe fweet fongs that tinge the throat with blufhing red
By precious wine,
Are more divine.
Let each toaft here,
That fon of Vire
Who made thefe fongs. He truly ought not to be curft;
He was a comrade good, who drank not of the worft.

XXI.

Always to compofe a fong
Of the Vau-de-Vire and drink,
Might convict me of too long
Wearying the guefts, I think.
Other themes, then, let us try;
For fome witlefs ones, I hear,
Keep faying that,—" 'Tis mere debauchery
" To indite new Vaux-de-Vire."

Now, fuch fcandal to abate,
What gay fubject fhall be ftirred?—
Liften, and I will relate
A new ftory that I heard:
'Twas:—" That mortals now produce
" Nought but fraud and villany;

Que pour le gaing on veult s'entre seduire."
Peult estre dict on verité.

On parle aussi des aduocatz :
" Que ce n'est plus que tricherie."
Mais cela ne me touche pas ;
Je n'ayme plus la plaiderie.
Tauerniers, qui meslent la lie
Et qui font boire moictié d'eau,
Sont par sus tous d'vne meschante vie ;
Ils fussent bien dans le tombeau.

Mais, sans y penser, nous venons
Tousiours tomber sur le breuuage ;
Aussi tenir nous ne pouuons,
En table, plus propre langage.
Vault mieux suyuant le vieil vsage
Vn Vau de Vire caioler,
Que mal parler. Qui fera trop du sage
Pour ne l'ouïr, il s'en peut aller.

XXII.

En vn jardin d'ombrages tout couuert,
Au chault du jour, j'ay trouué Magdaleine,
Qui prez le pied d'vn sycomore vert,
Dormoit au bord d'vne claire fonteine.
Son lict estoit de thym & mariolaine.
Son tetin frais n'estoit pas bien caché.
D'amour touché,
Et tout gaillard, pour auoir beu chopine,
Incontinent je m'en suis approché :
Sus, sus ! qu'on se resueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui nen prent.

Je n'eus pouuoir, si belle la voyant,
De m'abstenir de baisoter sa bouche ;
Si bien qu'en fin la belle s'esueillant

"And that for gain they wilfully feduce."
Well, perchance 'tis verity.

So of Advocates they talk:—
"They think but of trickery."
That affecteth not my walk;
I've refigned law's drudgery.
Taverners who mix their wine,
And their drink half-watered fell,
Do, one and all of them, live lives malign;
Were they buried, it were well!

But, quite thoughtlefly, we come
Round again on drink to reft:
Thus, at table, in our home,
Ufing converfe that is beft.
I prefer, in good old wife,
Vau-de-Vire to carol gay,
Than friends to flander. He who would defpife
Such light mirth, may go away!

XXII.

In garden all trellifed with fhade,
At hot noon, I found Magdalene
Beneath a green fycamore laid,
Afleep, her young bofom half feen:
A bright fountain frefhened the fcene,
Where thyme with fweet-marjoram ftrove.
Touched with love,
And gay, having drunk a chopine,
Enraptured I ftole through the grove.
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beft!
That makes the ear prick up,
And fhames the fober gueft!

Such beauty I could not refrain,
Entranced by her lovelinefs rare,
From kiffing again and again.

Me regarda auec un œil farrouche,
En me difant : " Biberon, ne me touche ;
" Tu n'es pas digne auec moy d'efprouuer
" Le jeu d'aimer.
" Belle fillette a fon aife ne couche
" Auec celuy qui ne faict qu'yurongner."
Sus, fus ! qu'on fe refueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui n'en prent.

Je luy refpondz : " Ce n'eft pas defhonneur
" D'aymer le vin, vne chofe fi bonne.
" Voftre bel œil entretient en chaleur
" Et le bon vin en fanté ma perfonne.
" Pour vous aymer faut il que j'habandonne
" Le foing qu'on doibt auoir de fa fanté ?
" Fy de beauté
" Qui fon amant de deplaifir guerdonne,
" Au lieu du bien qu'il auoit merité."
Sus, fus ! qu'on fe refueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui n'en prent.

" J'ayme bien mieux l'vmbre d'vn cabaret,
" Et du bouchon de tauerne vineufe
" Que cil qui eft en ce beau jardinet."
La belle alors me refpond depiteufe :
" Tu ne m'es bon : cherche vne aultre amoureufe ! "
Puifque par toy i'ay perdu mes amours
Toufiours, toufiours,
Contre l'amour & la foif rigoureufe,
Je fois, bon vin, armé de ton fecours !
Sus, fus ! qu'on fe refueille !
Voicy vin excelent,
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui n'en prent.

Awaking, ſhe cried, with fierce air:
" Fie! Touch me not, drunkard! Forbear!
" Unfit thou art with me to prove
" Joys of love:
" Mere sottiſh wine-bibber can ne'er
" The heart of a fair maiden move."
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

I anſwer: " It is no diſgrace
" To like wine, a liquor ſo fine:
" I'm warmed by your exquiſite face,
" My health is ſuſtained by good wine.
" To love you, am I to decline
" Due meaſures my health to improve?
" And muſt love,
" For pleaſure which ſhould have been mine,
" In diſcontent cauſe me to rove?"
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

" I'd rather by far have the ſhade
" Of tavern, and buſh for its ſign,
" Than that in this trim garden made."
Then, frowning, that ſweetheart of mine
Said: " Go:—I will never be thine."
Then, ſince thou a traitor didſt prove
To my love,
Abide with me, O thou good wine,
Both love and dire thirſt to remove.
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

XXIII.

Eſt ce pas commettre vn grand vice
Qu'abreuuer les gens d'auarice?
C'eſt quand au pot ou au tonneau
Dans le boire on meſle de l'eau.

L'eau eſt de mauuaiſe nature;
L'eau met les pieux a pourriture.
Qui faict un catharre? C'eſt l'eau.
J'en ſuis tant malade au cerueau!

Gaſter bon vin d'eau de fonteine
Faict perdre au vigneron ſa peine.
Aſſez ſerons arrouſes d'eau,
Quand ſerons portés au tombeau.

En feſtins, en nopces & feſtes,
Qui, voulant traicter gens honneſtes,
Leur feroit boire du ſidre eau
Seroit trop auare ou trop veau.

Voicy qui a tres bonne mine:
J'en vay boire a vous, ma voiſine!
Certes il n'y aura poinct d'eau,
S'il eſt auſſi bon qu'il eſt beau.

Tel boire il ne croiſt ſur ma terre! . .
Voila le cul! . . . Je dis du verre.
Du voſtre il vous faut acquiter,
Et vn Vaudeuire chanter.

XXIV.

Faulte d'humeur noz chous ſont mors,
En noz jardins par ſechereſſe;
Faute d'abbreuuer bien mon cors,
Si j'allois mourir, que ſeroit ce?

Sangoy! je ne m'y ſiray pas.
Mourir ſec, a faute de boire,

XXIII.

Do they not practife monftrous vice
Who quench folks' thirft with avarice?
They do fo, who in tun or pot
Mix water with the drink we've got.

Water is of an evil ftamp;
Foot-rot originates in damp.
What gives a cold? Water, again.
It enervates my very brain!

With water, good, found wine to fpoil,
Waftes the vine-dreffer's time and toil.
Enough of water we fhall have
When we are carried to the grave.

He who, at feftivals, to treat
His friends, or weddings, where they meet,
Made them drink cider half-and-half,
Were a great mifer, or great calf.

Here's fome that hath a favour true:
I'll drink it, my fair friend, to you!
Certes, there is no water there,
If it be good as it is fair.

None fuch there groweth on my land!
I turn the glafs up in my hand!
You too muft take your bumper here,
And carol forth a Vau-de-Vire.

XXIV.

For lack of rain, our garden-ftuff
    Has died, becaufe 'tis over-dry;
And, fhould I fail to take enough
    Of drink within me, fo might I!

I could not warrant the event.
    Of thirft, for want of drink, to die,

C'est vn tres malheureux trespas,
Et de tres funeste mœmoire.

A boire, a boire vistement !
Je veux tenir ma gorge humide,
De peur de mourir pourement,
Comme noz chous, sec & aride.

Toutes fois moy & mon jardin
Nous differons en vne chose :
Je me veux abbreuuer de vin,
Et d'eau nostre courtil s'arrose.

XXV.

Grand soulas m'est d'ouïr aux tables
Chanter ces rouges museaux,
Auecques leurs grosses salles,
Ces Vaudeuire nouueaux.
Leurs gosiers sont les tuyaux
Qui ne sont pas animez
De vent comme les regales ;
Mais de ces vins bien aymés.

Celuy qui faict du criticque
Et du Raminagrobis,
Mesprisant ceste musicque,
En table, auec ses amis,
Pour ses serieux deuis,
Je ne le tiens poinct plus fin
Que celuy la qui praticque
Ces chansons sur le bon vin.

Je serois fort bien du sage
Comme luy, si ie voulois ;
Mais on diroit qu'au mesnage
Ou en mal je songerois.
Rechigner ie ne pourrois
Auec ceux qui sont ioyeux,
Je ne mancque de courrage :
Voyons qui boira le mieux !

Is dreadful difembodiment,
And of moft tragic memory.

For mercy's fake, bring me a draught!
Let me my throat keep wet enough;
That I may not, with cup unquaffed,
Die poorly, like dry garden-ftuff.

Yet in one thing we don't confent,
I and my garden, to agree:—
Water's my garden's element,
And wine I want to moiften me!

XXV.

At the table I delight
Lips of rofy dye to hear,
With great jowls in purple dight,
Singing thefe new Vaux-de-Vire.
Still their throats like organs flow,
Which no wind-blafts ventilate
Such as diapafons blow,
But thefe wines moft delicate.

He who criticifm tries,
And fuch Pharifaic ends,
But contemns our minftrelfies,
When at table, with his friends,—
Him, though on deep things he pore,
I account not more renowned
Than that other, who his lore
In good wine and fongs has found.

I, like him, could act the fage,
Were I to fuch temper brought;
But they'd murmur, I engage,
That I nurfed fome felfifh thought.
Never could I hefitate
With boon comrades to be free:
My good fpirits ne'er abate:
Who will drink the beft, let's fee!

Je ne m'enquers de l'affaire
Du Turc ny de ses voisins,
Des poles ny de la sphere,
Mais seulement des raisins.
Les sorciers sont si malins !
On dict qu'ilz les font perir :
Ces meschans, qui le bon boire
Perdent, on deust bien punir !

XXVI.

Hardy comme vn Cesar, je suis en ceste guerre,
Ou l'on combat, armé d'vn pot & d'vn grand verre.
Plustost vn coup de vin me perce & m'entre au cors,
Qu'vn boulet, qui cruel rend les gens si tost mors.

Les cliquetis que j'ayme est celuy des bouteilles.
Les pippes, les baraux, pleins de liqueurs vermeilles,
Ce sont mes gros canons, qui batent, sans faillir,
La soif, qui est le fort que ie veux assaillir.

Je trouue, quant a moy, que les gens sont bien bestes
Qui ne se font plustost au vin rompre les testes,
Qu'aux coups de coutelas, en cerchant du renom :
Que leur chault, estans mortz, si on en parle ou non ?

De trop boire frappée, vne teste en rechappe ;
Sent bien vn peu de mal, lorsque le vent la happe ;
Mais, quand on a dormy, le mal s'en va soudain.
A ces grandz coupz de Mars, tout remede y est vain.

Il vaut bien mieux cacher son nez dans vn grand verre,
Il est mieux asseuré qu'en vn casque de guerre.
Pour cornette ou guiddon, suyure plustost on doit
Les branches d'hyerre, & d'yf, qui monstrent ou l'on boit.

Il vaut mieux, prez beau feu, boire la muscadelle,
Qu'aller sur vn rampart faire la sentinelle.
J'ayme mieux n'estre poinct en tauerne en deffaut,
Que suyure vn capiteine a sa breche, a l'assaut.

I care nought the news to hear
  Of the Turk or his defigns:
Of the Poles, or of the Sphere,
  Only of the cluftered vines.
Sorcerers fuch tricks will try!
  They are faid to blaft the grape:
Villains who make vines run dry,
  Never fhould their doom efcape!

XXVI.

I am brave as a Cæfar, in wars where they fight
With a glafs in the left hand, and jug in the right.
Let me rather be riddled by drinking my fill,
Than by thofe cruel balls that fo fuddenly kill.

'Tis the clafhing of bottles to which I incline;
And the pipes and the rundlets, all full of red wine,
Are my cannon of fiege, which are aimed without fault
At the thirft, the true fortrefs I mean to affault.

For my own part, thofe people are fools, I opine,
Who don't rather prefer a good headache from wine,
Than compete for renown by a cutlafs and blow;
If they're killed, what care they if men praife them or no?

Should the head after revelry ache in cold wind,
A prefcription is always moft eafy to find;
For your headache will flee after sound fleep at night:
But Mars' fatal difafters nought ever fets right.

'Tis far better in tumbler to fhelter one's nofe,
Where 'tis fafer than in a war-helmet from blows.
Better leader than trumpet or banner is fign
Of the ivy, and yew-bufh, that fhow where there's wine.

It is better by firefide to drink mufcadel,
Than to go on a rampart to mount fentinel.
I would rather the tavern attend without fail,
Than I'd follow my captain the breach to affail.

Neantmoins, tout excez je n'ayme & ne procure,
Beuueur quant au renom, mais non pas de nature.
Bon vin, qui nous fais rire & hanter noz amis,
Je te tiendray toufiours ce que ie t'ay promis.

XXVII.

He ! qu'auons nous affaire
Du Turc, ny du Sophy ?
Don, don.
Pourueu que j'aye a boire.
Des grandeurs je dy : Fy !
Don, don.
Trincque, feigneur ; le vin eft bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Qui fonge en vin ou vigne,
Eft un prefage heureux,
Don, don.
Le vin, a qui rechigne
Rend le cueur tout joyeux,
Don, don.
Trincque, feigneur ; le vin eft bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Mefchant eft qui te brouille :
(Je parle aux tauerniers)
Don, don.
Le breuuage a grenouille
Ne doibt eftre aux celiers,
Don, don.
Trincque, feigneur ; le vin eft bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Que ce vin on ne couppe ;
Ançois qu'on boiue net,
Don, don.
Je pry toute la trouppe
De vuider le goddet.
Don, don.

All exceffes, however, I hate and difclaim,
Not a toper by nature, but only in name:
Jolly wine, bringing laughter and friendly caroufe,
I have promifed, and ever will pay you my vows.

XXVII.

Ho! wherefore need we vex our brain
About the Turk or Sophy?
Dong, dong.
If ample wine to me remain,
I covet no grand trophy.
Dong, dong.
Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

To dream of wine, or of the vine,
Is a moft happy prefage:
Dong, dong.
To moping foul, a vintage fine
Conveys a cheerful meffage.
Dong, dong.
Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Accurfed be he who mixeth thee;
(I fpeak to hofts of tavern):
Dong, dong.
Frogs' beverage to all is free,
But fuits not cellar-cavern.
Dong, dong.
Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

This wine fhould all unwatered be,
And pure go down the throttle:
Dong, dong.
I beg that all the company
Will finifh out the bottle.
Dong, dong.

Trincque, ſeigneur, le vin eſt bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

XXVIII.

Je ſuis beaucoup irrité
Contre toy vin deſloyal ;
Tu m'as faict beaucoup de mal ;
Tu m'as mis a poureté,
Et nous as faict diſputer bien ſouuent, ma femme & moy . . .
C'eſt a vous a qui ie boy !

Vin tu me ſembles ſi bon,
Que tu m'as faict vendre mon clos,
Pour payer tous mes eſcots
Et engager ma maiſon.
Tout le monde ne ſçait pas encor ce que ie doy.
C'eſt a vous, a qui ie boy !

Nous verrons lequel ſera
De toy ou moy le plus fort.
Je feray tout mon effort ;
Si ie puis, tout coulera.
Entre dans mon goſier : ie me veux vanger de toy.
C'eſt a vous, a qui ie boy !

XXIX.

J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en eſt bleſmie.

Les harencs toſt perdent la vie
Quand ilz ſont hors l'eau de la mer ;
De meſme ie ne puis durer,
Lorſque la boiſſon m'eſt faillie.
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en eſt bleſmie.

Hob-nob, ſir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

XXVIII.

I bear an angry thought
Againſt thee, traitor wine;
In poverty I pine,
By thee upon me brought:
Thou very oft haſt made my wife fall out with me.
I drink, O wine! to thee.

Wine, who appeared ſo juſt,
And made me ſell my field
Payment of ſcores to yield,
And put my houſe in truſt;
Not ev'ry one, as yet, knows all the claims on me.
I drink, O wine! to thee.

Soon we ſhall better tell
Which of us is more ſtrong.
I'll wreſtle well and long;
I hope all will go well.
Enter within my throat, I'll be revenged on thee.
I drink, O wine! to thee.

XXIX.

I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paſt!
Alas! ſo long how could I laſt?
My looks are changing rapidly.

The herring's breath is quickly ſpent
When he is taken from the ſea;
Such too is the reſult to me
If ſtarved of vinous nutriment.
I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paſt!
Alas! ſo long how could I laſt?
My looks are changing rapidly.

Mais comme vn haranc n'ay enuie
D'auoir toufiours le bec en l'eau ;
Mais me faut tenir le mufeau
En quelque bonne maluoifie.
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en eft blefmie.

Perdrons nous, pour femme & mefgnie,
De boire a tirelarigot ?
Faut il laiffer tout plein le pot ?
Voicy fi bonne compaignie.
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie,
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Voicy fi bonne compaignie.

XXX.

Il faut boire, comme on dict, qui fa mere ne tette.
Puifque fommes tous feurés, beuuons donc de ce bon piot.
En rainceant noz gofiers, aualons noz miettes.
Eft vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

Il n'eft pas encore temps de fonner la retraicte.
Quand on s'en va fur fa foif, ce n'eft jamais vn bon efcot,
En rainceant noz gofiers, aualons nos miettes.
Eft vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

J'ay toufiours cinq folz ou foif ; mais l'argent que j'appette
Ne me vient pas fi fouuent que la foif que ie hay fi fort.
En rainceant noz gofiers, aualons nos miettes.
Eft vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

Yet as with herring, not with me;
His mouth in water always thrives;
Whereas my muzzle ever ftrives
To plunge in fome good Malvoifie.
I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paft!
Alas! fo long how could I laft?
My looks are changing rapidly.

Muft we, for wife and family,
Ceafe to caroufe and ring Rigault?
Are we from full wine-pot to go?
Here is fuch pleafant company!
I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paft!
Alas! fo long how could I laft?
Here is fuch pleafant company.

XXX.

He muft drink, it is faid, whom his mother won't fuckle.
So let us, who are weaned, to this good liquor buckle.
As our crumbs pafs, drain we the glafs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

For it is not the time yet to beat our retreating,
And it were an ill reck'ning to thirft after meeting.
As our crumbs pafs, drain we the glafs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

I have always five fous, or elfe thirft; but that treafure
Comes to me far more feldom than thirft without meafure.
As our crumbs pafs, drain we the glafs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

J'engagerois bien plus toſt mon ſoye & ma jacquette
Que j'endure plus ce mal ; je le veux noyer dans ce flot.
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.
Eſt vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

XXXI.

Jadis Agamemnon,
Pour, deuant Ilion,
A ſes heros complaire,
Leur faiſoit boire vin,
Vray nectar, que Juppin
Donne aux dieux dans Homere.

C'eſt grande charité
Que remettre en ſanté
Vne gorge alterée.
Luy donnant, au matin,
Du jus incarnatin,
Pour charmer la brouée.

Les vers il faict mourir :
J'en prens, pour m'en garir,
Et nettoyer mon ventre.
Au ſoir, eſtant couché.
Suis malade & tranché,
Si quelque vin n'y entre.

Aux loix eſtudiant,
Mon compagnon voyant
Ses rougeaſtres rubricques,
Cerchoit ſoudain liqueur
Qui fuſt de leur couleur,
Aux tauernes publicques.

T'imitant, compagnon,
Ne me faut de jambon

I would fooner pledge jacket and all, than I ever
Could endure this vile thirft, which I'll drown in this river.
As our crumbs pafs, drain we the glafs ;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault !

XXXI.

Agamemnon, to give joy
To his comrades before Troy,
Made them freely drink of wine :
Ganymede, with fervice due,
Poured to gods that nectar true,
As is told in Homer's line.

Charity beftows its wealth
In reftoring to good health
Throat in thirftinefs that pined ;
Giving it, at morning-fhine,
Viny juice incarnadine :
So mift flies before the wind.

Vermifuge, it makes worms die :
Cures me of that malady,
Renovating my infide.
And at nightfall, on my bed,
I feel fick with aching head,
If no draught of wine betide.

When I ftudent was of laws,
My companion thought, becaufe
Rubrics were of rofy dye,
That fome liquor fhould be found
Of like hue ; and fought around
Ev'ry public tavern nigh.

So, like thee, companion mine !
I want no ham fuperfine ;

Pour m'inciter a boire :
J'ay bientoſt auallé.
Sans d'vn ſergeant ſallé,
Attendre vn compulſoire.

Es tu pas, gentil vin,
De triſteſſe & chagrin
L'heureuſe ſepulture ?
Les fais tu pas mourir,
Affin de maintenir
En ſanté la nature ?

XXXII.

J'auois chargé mon nauire
De vins qui eſtoient tres bons,
Telz comme il les faut a Vire,
Pour boire aux bons compagnons.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Nous eſtions bonne troupe,
Aymans ce que menions,
Qui ayans le vent en pouppe
L'un a l'aultre en beuuions.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Deia, proches du riuage,
Ayans beu cinq ou ſix coups,
Nous fiſmes triſte nauffrage
Et ne ſauuaſmes que nous.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Il fuſt mieux en noſtre gorge
Ce vin, que d'eſtre en la mer :
Quand chacun chez ſoy le loge,
Il eſt hors de tout danger.

Forthwith I to quaff proceed;
Nor the ſpicy warrant, wrung
From a ſaucy bailiff's tongue,
To incite my thirſt I need.

Gentle wine, then, art thou not
Of a lone and diſmal lot
Beatific ſepulture?
Sorrow doſt thou not deſtroy,
That, for nature, health and joy
Thou may'ſt pleaſantly enſure?

XXXII.

My ſhip was laden on the flood
With wines of excellency rare,
Such as at Vire by comrades good
Are wanted to make merry there.
Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

A jolly crew, we ſailed our craft,
With that delicious cargo fraught,
And, while freſh breezes blew right aft,
Drank to our healths the wine we brought.
Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

The land we neared: upon the deck
Ourſelves were half-ſeas-o'er, or ſo;
When the ſhip ſtruck, became a wreck,
And, all ſave us, ſank down below.
Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

'Twas better, therefore, that yon wine
Went down our throats, than down the ſea:
Lodgers at home are, I opine,
From all miſhap and danger free.

Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

XXXIII.

J'ayme parfaictement
Vn breuuage excelent,
Qui aux gens endormis reſueille le courage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Boiray ie ſimplement
Ce que boit ma jument ?
Je penſe que ce n'eſt le faict d'vn homme ſage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

On n'en peut proprement
Faire vn appoinctement :
On ne faict, beuuant l'eau, jamais bon mariage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Turc ne feray vrayment,
Car l'Alcoran deffent
Le vin, qui n'eſt creé que pour l'humain vſage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Le bon vin & l'argent,
C'eſt bon aſſortiment.
Sans eux, ie ſuis honteux comme vn regnard en cage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Helas ! il me ſouuient
D'vn qui fut mon parent :
A boire ainſi j'appris de ce bon perſonnage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

XXXIII.

I ſet a price immenſe
On drink of excellence,
Becauſe it makes dull mortals' courage riſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

To drink horſe-drink, it thence
Follows by conſequence,
Is not the duty of a man that's wiſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

He can't with providence
Make ſettlements : and hence
The water-drinkers find poor marriage-ties.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

From Turk, be my defence !
The Koran takes offence
At wine, which as a gift of God we prize :
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

Good wine, and ample pence,
Suit my intelligence ;
I'm ſhamed without them, as a caged fox lies.
Who water-drinking tries
Has got no common-ſenſe.

I think with love intenſe
On parent, long gone hence,
From whom I learned to drink in fitting guiſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

Vous laiſſes longuement
Ce vin cueillir le vent.
Beuues, voiſin, d'aultant; car vous en eſtes d'aage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

XXXIV.

Je ne trouue en ma medecine
Simple qui ſoit plus excelent
Que la bonne plante de vigne,
D'ou le bon vin clairet prouient.

Il n'y a chez l'appothicaire
Cirop que ie cheriſſe mieux
Que ce bon vin qui me faict faire
Le ſang bon & l'eſprit ioyeux.

Qu'on ne m'apporte poinct de caſſe,
Et qu'on ne courre au medecin:
De vin qu'on rempliſſe ma taſſe,
Qui me voudra rendre bien ſain!

En mon recipe *qu'on ordonne*
Que ie boiray vin d'Orleans:
La recepte me ſera bonne;
Les medecins, honneſtes gens.

Mais s'ilz m'ordonnent de l'eau douce
Ou la ptiſane ſimplement,
Sont gens qui veulent tout de courſe
Me faire mourir pourement.

Je ne veux ny laict ny fruictage:
De cela je ne ſuis friand;
Mais je vendrois mon heritage,
Pour auoir de ce vin riant.

Cold winds o'er wine difpenfe
A vapid influence.
Drink freely, neighbour; you are old likewife.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-fenfe.

XXXIV.

In pharmacopœia of mine,
No fimple I find of more worth
Than that noble plant of the vine,
Whence good rofy wine iffues forth.

No chemift poffeffes a drug
Whofe virtues more highly I prize,
Than good wine from bottle or jug,
Which makes health and fpirits to rife.

Away with your caffia! Don't go
To fummon phyfician for me:
Let wine in my goblet but flow,
And found as you pleafe I fhall be!

For *Recipe*, let them indite
That Orleans wine I muft drink:
I'm fure fuch prefcription is right,
Such doctors are honeft, I think.

But fhould they the cold-water-cure
Or fimple tifane on me try,
Such gentry, I vow, will be fure
To caufe me directly to die.

No milk nor fruit-diet be mine:
'Twould ne'er fet my malady right:
To have fome of that laughing wine,
I gladly would fell my birthright.

O! que c'est dure departie
De ma bouche & de ce bon vin!
A tous ceux la ie porte enuie,
Qui en ont encor verre plein!

XXXV.

J'ayme la compaignie
Ou sont mes bons amis;
Mais le festin m'ennuye,
Ou n'y a point de ris.
Ces vieux auares refformés
Vous feront perdre,
De dueil de les veoir rechigner,
Vn bon disner.

Nous debuons noz grandz peres
Suyure (ce m'est aduis),
Qui laissoient les affaires,
En table o leurs amis;
Au soir en s'entre visitans,
Sur le fourmage,
Les chastaignes ou le jambon,
Beuuoyent du bon.

Auecques leurs comperes
Et voisins, en hyuer,
En brazillant les poires,
S'artoyent a deuiser;
Chacun faisant du temps passé
Quelque beau compte;
Se recreans, sans mal talent,
Honnestement.

Femmes traictoyent les hommes
Sans les oser tancer,
Mais, au temps ou nous sommes,
Ne font plus que rosser.

O parting I tolerate ill,
When lips from good liquor I pull!
I envy all thofe who have ftill
Before them a glafs that is full!

XXXV.

I like thofe meetings beft
Where my good friends repair,
But banquets I deteft,
If joy be abfent there.
Thofe old reforming mifers
Are very little worth:
At fight of fuch a doleful crew,
You food efchew.

As our fires did, fo we,
I think, would find it good
From our feftivity
All bufinefs to exclude.
When they their ev'ning vifits
Exchanged, then with their cheefe,
And with the ham, and cheftnuts fine,
They drank good wine.

In winter, as they ftewed,
With neighbour and with friend,
The pears, came interlude
Of ftories without end.
Each told fome brave tradition
Of times long fince gone by;
Amufed in eafy, cheerful way,
With harmlefs play.

Then women loved the men,
And never dared to fcold:
But times are changed fince then,—
They beat us,—grown fo bold!

Elles mefmes alloyent perfer
Du meilleur fildre,
Joyeufes de veoir leurs maris
Bien refiouis.

Femmes ne font plus telles
Qu'elles eftoyent jadis.
Ceux qui fe paffent d'elles
Font bien, a mon aduis.
Toutes fois, veu le bon racueil
De noftre hofteffe,
Elle tient encor des anciens
Tant bonnes gens.

Noftre hofteffe, ie treuue
Voftre fildre loyal ;
Et, quoy que l'on en boyue,
Ne vous faict poinct de mal.
Si voulez a voz feruiteurs
En laiffer boire,
Je feray, ie vous le prometz,
De voz valetz.

XXXVI.

J'ay encor a cheminer
Et faire vne longue traicte.
Bon fildre, entre en mon gofier,
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
Arrefte, arrefte !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu poinct la tefte ?

Quiconcque veut trauailler,
Faut tenir fa gorge neite,

They went themſelves to open
The choiceſt cider-butt,
Pleaſed to ſee mirthfulneſs and eaſe
Their huſbands pleaſe.

Women are no more ſuch
As they were wont to be:
He who avoids them, much
Accords in mood with me.
Yet from the pleaſant welcome
That our kind hoſteſs gives,
Her breeding ſtill recalls our good
Old neighbourhood.

Hoſteſs, the tap you keep
Of cider, is moſt pure;
And, though wè drink it deep,
Does you no harm, I'm ſure.
If you'll but let your ſervants
Drink ſome of that fine tap,
Your varlet, tapſter of that caſk,
To be, I'll aſk.

XXXVI.

My journey ſtill is long
Far over hill and plain.
Hail, cider good and ſtrong!
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein!
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuſe my brain?

He who has toil in view,
To cleanſe his throat is fain,

Et bien souuent la mouiller ;
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
Arreste, arreste !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu poinct la teste ?

Bon sildre, oste le soucy
D'vn procez qui me tempeste,
Quand tu passeras par cy ;
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
Arreste, arreste !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu poinct la teste ?

Il faut, pour l'amour des gens,
Ne fust ce qu'vne gouttette
Boire, puisque ie te tiens ;
Mais non pas que tout i'y mette.
Arreste, arreste !
Car ie croy,
Si ie boy,
Car ie croy,
Si ie boy,
Que tu m'y troubleras la teste.

XXXVII.

Je suis né Bas Normand, mais ma bouche auinée
Dict estre d'Orleans,
Et que le vin clairet, qui est de sa contrée,
Je doibs loger ceans.

Oft moiſt'ning it anew;
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein!
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuſe my brain?

Remove, O cider clear!
My lawſuit's vexing pain,
While you refreſh me here;
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein!
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuſe my brain?

For the hoſt's ſake, I'll taſte
One drop: then on again,
Good cider, I muſt haſte;
The whole cup I won't drain.—
Draw, draw the rein!
For I think,
If I drink,
For I think,
If I drink,
Your fumes will much confuſe my brain!

XXXVII.

Low-Norman born, this vinous mouth of mine
Of Orleans boaſts to be;
And I muſt lodge therein the roſy wine
That comes from that countrie.

Mon gofier dict auffi qu'il a pris fa naiffance
Du terroir des bons vins,
Et qu'il ne peut durer, s'il n'a de l'accoinctance
Auec eux, fes voifins.

Mon eftomach auffi me dict que fa nature
Ne fe peut pas changer;
Le chargeant de pommé, qui n'eft fa nourriture,
Que c'eft l'endommager.

Doncques, quictant le vin, j'ay fur moy (dont je tremble),
Trois mortelz ennemis.
Que feray ie a cela? Faictes nous boyre enfemble,
Et nous rendez amis.

Bouche, eftomach, gofier; je voudrois, ie vous iure,
Rendre vn chacun contant;
Mais du fidre il faut boyre & changer de nature,
N'ayant guere d'argent.

Car le vin eft trop cher; l'impoft, les quatriefmes,
Pefte des biberons,
Faute d'un peu de vin feront mourir de rheumes
Les poures compaignons.

XXXVIII.

Je ne me puis defgoufter
De hanter
Ces bons cerueaux de tauerne,
Qui, pour goufter les bons vins,
Sont bien fins,
Sachans comme on les difcerne.

Vin d'vne oreille aux gens vieux
Et gouteux
Sert de laict & nourriture;
Mais qui le vermeil boira
Bien fera:
Il gaignera la teincture.

My throat, too, ſays that it was born and bred
In land of wine that's good;
And that it can't ſurvive unleſs 'tis fed
From its own neighbourhood.

My ſtomach, too, ſays it can never move
From its own way a whit;
If filled with liquor from an apple-grove,
That would do harm to it.

If I quit wine, I thus have, (dreadful thought!),
Three mortal enemies:
What muſt I do? Let's all, together brought,
Drink, then good friends ariſe.

Mouth, ſtomach, throat, I gladly would arrange
To make you all content:
But cider you muſt drink, your nature change,
For lack of pleniſhment;

For wine's too dear: "the impoſt," and "the fourth,"
The drinker's miſery,
Will cauſe poor topers, periſhed for the worth
Of a drop wine, to die.

XXXVIII.

I cannot bring myſelf to hate
To congregate
With thoſe good fellows of the pot,
Whoſe aptneſs for diſcerning wine
Becomes ſo fine,
By frequent teſting of the lot.

To gouty old folks, wine, if good,
Is milk and food,
Preſerving them from atrophy;
He who the roſy fort will take,
Makes no miſtake:
He ſoon will catch its vermeil dye.

Le blanc endort & fuſt bon,
Ce dict on,
A ces femmes ſi cruelles ;
Quand il les endormiroit,
On n'auroit
Au logis tant de querelles.

Le bon ſildre en dict on rien ?
Il vaut bien
Que quelque choſe on en die ;
Et certes, qui m'en croiroit,
On n'auroit
Aultre boire en Normandie.

Le breuuage compoſé
N'eſt priſé.
Auſſi ie laiſſe la biere
Aux Anglois & Allemans
Et Flamans,
Qui ont l'ame roturiere.

Jamais pour bon n'aduouray
Le poiray :
C'eſt vn nuiſible breuuage.
Toutes fois ie le permetz
Aux valetz,
Leſquelz n'ont ſoing du meſnage.

De la ſoif on nomme l'eau
Le bourreau,
Qui la faict mourir martyre.
Breuuage de pœnitent,
Qui le prend
N'a pas bien cauſe de rire.

Au beuueur d'eau, qui criroit :
" Le roy boit "
Feroit vn roy de grenouilles.

The white is drowſy, and were beſt
    To cauſe to reſt,
'Tis ſaid, harſh women from their toils ;
When they were once all put to ſleep,
    That wine would keep
The houſehold free from many broils.

For cider is there nought to ſay?
    I think we may
Some panegyric of it try ;
And, if my verdict you'll believe,
    You won't receive
Another drink in Normandy.

Mixtures of divers qualities
    Men do not prize.
With my conſent is beer reſigned
To Engliſh, Germans, and to ſuch
    As, with the Dutch,
Bear only a commercial mind.

To perry ne'er will I aſſign
    The rank of fine :
It is a drink injurious,
And only fitting to be quaffed
    As lackeys' draught
Who have no charge about the houſe.

Water they chriſten as the worſt
    Headſman of thirſt,
As martyr cauſing it to die.
O beverage of miſery !
    Who doth thee try,
Hath no good cauſe for jollity.

To water-drinker, to exclaim
    " The King drinks ! " name
Of King of Frogs would give alone.

Festin qu'on destrampe d'eau
N'est poinct beau :
Faut que de vin tu le mouilles.

S'il y a sildre excelent,
Bien souuent
On l'aime sur tout breuuage.
Tu es, bon sidre orangé,
(Tout songé)
Vn bon meuble en vn mesnage.

XXXIX.

L'amour ie laisseray faire
Et les dames courtizer.
Il ne me faut plus qu'a boire
D'autant, & me reposer.

Deia le poil me grisonne ;
Deia la goutte ie sens.
Je veux traicter ma personne
Auec les Galle Bontems.

Si j'auois tousiours en caue
Vn muy de vin sauoureux,
Fust d'Orleans ou de Graue,
Je me tiendrois bien heureux.

Sans me soucier d'vsure,
Qui n'a jamais bon succez,
J'irois le veoir, ie vous iure,
Plus souuent que mes procez.

Car j'ay vn mal de nature :
Mon poulmon tout sec deuient ;
Et mourrois par aduenture,
Si ne beuuois bien souuent.

Ceste couppe est toute pleine ;
J'en vay lauer mes poulmons.

A feaſt with water-bottles dreſt,
Is all unbleſt :
It muſt your wine's kind preſence own.

Cider, if it be ſuperfine,
Above all wine
Men oft prefer in their carouſe.
Fine orange-tinted cider, thou,
(We muſt allow),
Art a good chattel in the houſe !

XXXIX.

To love I do not much incline,
Nor bend to dames' beheſt.
I only want to drink my wine,
And then to take my reſt.

My hair's already growing gray,
Already comes the gout.
I fain would paſs my time away
With joyous comrades ſtout.

If in my cellar I could have
Always a fragrant caſk
Of wine of Orleans, or Grave,
No better I ſhould aſk.

For uſuries I ſhould not care,
Which never well ſucceed ;
I'd oftener try that caſk, I ſwear,
Than in the law-courts plead.

For an in-born defect have I :
Throat-thirſtineſs is mine ;
And peradventure I might die,
Unleſs oft drinking wine.

Before me ſtands a brimming diſh ;
My cheſt ſhall have its fill :

C'eſt le chauld & la ſaline,
Ce n'eſt pas nous qui beuuons.

XL.

Las! ie voy bien que m'a quiĉté m'amie!
Elle m'a diĉt que ie boy trop ſouuent
Et que cela m'abbregeroit la vie.

Je m'en vay donc en vn deſert ſauuage.
Ne beuuant vin ny ſildre aucunement,
J'y paſſeray le reſte de mon aage.

Si je n'y boy que de l'eau toute pure,
Bien toſt ainſi ie finiray mes jours
Car tel boire eſt contraire a ma nature.

Ce me ſera tres dure pœnitence.
Ainſi mourray regrettant mes amours,
Comme vn hermite, en faiſant abſtinence.

Puiſqu'aux deſertz on ne boit rien qui vaille,
Laiſſer ne veux ce bon vin dans le pot.
J'en boy a vous, premier que ie m'en aille.

Appres ma mort, faut ſur ma tombe eſcrire:
" Cy giſt qui a bien aymé le piot:
" C'eſt grand dommage aux tauerniers de Vire."

XLI.

La bouteille c'eſt ma cuirace,
Mon caſque c'eſt le gobbelet,
Et le jambon mon piſtolet.
Qu'on me rempliſſe ceſte taſſe;
J'en veux (le cueur poinĉt ne me fault)
Combatre la ſoif qui m'aſſault.

It is the heat and the falt-fifh,
It is not we who fwill.

XL.

Too well I fee that me my Love has left!
She told me I too oft my thirft affuage,
And that I foon fhall be of life bereft.

I go, then, in a defert lone to pine,
And there to pafs the remnant of my age,
Tafting no more of cider nor of wine.

If there I but of water pure partake,
My days will thus end very fpeedily.
Such drink would ne'er my thirfty nature flake,

And would to me be grievous penitence.
Thus, fadly mourning o'er my love, I'd die,
Like eremite, performing abftinence.

Since in the defert no fine wine is got,
I'll drink your health before I take my flight.
I won't leave this good liquor in the pot.

On my tomb let this epitaph appear :—
" Here lies one who in wine did much delight :
" One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire."

XLI.

The wine-bottle is my cuirafs,
A goblet for helmet I choofe.
A ham is the piftol I ufe.
Come, fpeedily fill up this glafs ;
I fain, (and my courage ne'er fails),
Would combat the thirft that affails.

Bien mieux qu'a Sainct Denis, en France,
On qu'a la bataille de Dreux,
Parmy les potz combatray mieux
Et auecques plus d'asseurance:
Rien ie ne turay de ce coup
Que la soif, que ie hay beaucoup.

Je hazarderois bien ma vie
Prez de la bouche des canons,
Si au lieu de poudre & de ploms
Ilz sont chargés de Maluoisie:
Aultrement ne me parlez poinct
De perdre le moulle au pourpoinct.

Il n'est que mesnager sa vie,
Et chanter, viuans bien contans,
Les Vaudeuire du vieux temps,
Et faire tousiours chere lie.
Quand le bon compagnon mourra,
Paye ses debtes qui voudra !

La soif me tenoit a la gorge:
Je luy ay bien liuré l'assault;
Je luy ay faict faire vn beau sault !
Toustes fois, s'elle ne desloge,
Ce verre remply, ie pourrois
L'oster peut estre a l'aultre fois.

XLII.

Laissons viure malheureuses
Ces ames ambitieuses,
Et ioyeusement viuons
De si peu que nous auons.

L'vsurier, par grand' misere,
Craignant trop cherement boire,
Meurt de soif vilainement
Pour amasser de l'argent.

More brave than at French St. Denys,
More brave than on Dreux's battle-field,
I'd fight among wine-pots, nor yield
To any contending with me.
I'd kill only thirſt by ſuch wound ;
Thirſt, hated with hatred profound.

My life would be ventured by me
Cloſe up to the guns, if, inſtead
Of powder and bullets of lead,
They were charged with Malvoiſie :
Don't otherwiſe aſk me to chooſe
My ſurcoat's lay-figure to loſe !

We've only to manage our life,
And ſing, in the midſt of content,
The olden-time Vaux-de-Vire, ſent
To keep us unſaddened by ſtrife.
On a boon companion's deceaſe,
Thoſe ſettle his debits who pleaſe !

I've had a ſharp ſtruggle with thirſt :
I've well cannonaded his ſtrength,
And captured his fortreſs at length !
But even if I get the worſt,
With full glaſs at ſome other time,
I hope to his caſtle to climb.

XLII.

Let fouls that ambitious be
Paſs their lives devoid of glee ;
But let us find joyaunce brave
In the little that we have.

Miſers, through their wretched cheer,
Fearing that drink coſts too dear,
Die of thirſt,—a dreadful end !—
Hoarding what they would not ſpend.

Qui trop au mesnage pense
Et qui conte sa despence,
N'ayant en l'esprit repos,
Ne peut viure bien dispos.

La goutte vn drolle n'affronte,
Qui boit sans songer au conte ;
Auares en sont saisis,
Qui ont les escus moisis.

Les miens ne moisissent guere,
Pourueu que ie troune a boire.
Je sçay qu'aprez le trespas
Plus ne seruent les ducatz.

Si j'estois vn jour en France
Quelque officier de finance,
Verres, bouteilles, tonneaux,
Seroyent mes meubles plus beaux.

Flacons pleins de Maluoisie
Seroyent ma tapisserie ;
Vn logis n'est bien paré,
Ou l'on demeure alteré.

Remplissez moy ceste couppe :
Que ie boiue a ceste trouppe !
Verre vuide ne vaut rien
Parmy tant de gens de bien.

XLIII.

Le temps iadis, on se fouloit esbattre,
Estant, l'huys clos, la neige & les glaçons ;
Pres vn beau feu, trois a trois, quatre a quatre,
Ensemble au soir estoient les bons garçons.
En repetant les viroises chansons,

He who thinks too much of pence,
Ever counting his expenfe,
Having no repofe of mind,
Never can contentment find.

Gout attacks not merry fot,
Coft of drink who counteth not;
Mifers are of gout difeafed,
Who have crowns by mildew feized.

Mildew feldom feizes mine,
If I get enough of wine.
Well I know, when life is o'er,
Ducats profit us no more.

Were I, fome day, made in France
An official of finance,
Glaffes, bottles, cafks, fhould be
Grandeft furniture for me.

All my gorgeous tapeftry
Should be flafks of Malvoifie;
Manfions are adorned the worft,
Where the tenants live in thirft.

Brimming fill for me this cup:
To your healths I'll drink it up!
Empty glafs we ne'er fhould view
In fo worfhipful a crew.

XLIII.

Of yore, the folks amufed themfelves in-doors,
When winter came, and icicles, and fnow;
Boon friends, in threes and threes, or fours and fours,
Near blazing fire, fate in their ruftic row.
In order then the fongs of Vire would flow,

Sans detenir aucun mauuais langage,
Ou fur la poire ou bien fur le fromage,
Paffoient ioyeux le temps honneftement.
S'il y auoit chez eux de bon breuuage,
L'habandonnoient fort volontairement.

Mais maintenant (ce qui beaucoup m'eftonne)
Chez fon voifin on ne hante, non plus
Que fi c'eftoit quelque eftrange perfonne :
Les Vau de Vire on eftime eftre abus.
Leur feul foulas, c'eft d'auoir des efcus.
Pour vn amy on ne veut rien defpendre :
Qui a bon fildre, il le garde pour vendre,
S'il encherift en l'arriere faifon.
Vn chacun veut, foutonnier, pres fa cendre,
Se mal traictant, enrichir fa maifon.

Le bon vieil temps enfuyuons, ie vous prie :
Efcus ne font que crainte & penfement ;
Mais que puiffions bien paffer cefte vie,
Qu'eft il befoin nous damner pour l'argent ?
Auec repos, auec contentement,
Vfons des biens que le Ciel nous enuoye.
Il ne faut pas, faute d'vn peu de ioye,
Le bec en l'eau, nos jours precipiter.
Les anciens nous ont monftré la voye :
Faict il pas bien qui les peut imiter ?

XLIV.

Lorfqu'on perfe chez mon voifin
Vn tonneau de bon fidre plein,
Ou de bon vin,
Me femble qu'on me fiance :
J'ay bonne efperance
D'en boire vne foupirance
Soir ou matin.

Without a word that could offend the ear,
And o'er the pears, or cheefe, their homely cheer,
They paffed the time in harmlefs joyoufnefs.
If in the houfe fome goodly drink ftood near,
They quitted it with perfect readinefs.

But now,—(to me, I own, a wondrous change),—
Men pay no vifits to their neighbours, more
Than if their lives had been entirely ftrange:
The Vaux-de-Vire as follies they deplore,
Their only joy is hoarding more and more.
For a friend's fake, they won't incur expenfe:
But hold good cider, for the gain of pence,
Till the price rife in the late feafon's days.
Each crouches o'er his hearth, with craft intenfe
Starving himfelf, his houfe's wealth to raife.

Let us reftore the good old time, I pray:
Money does nought but fear and trouble wake;
To make this life pafs happily away,
Muft we deftroy ourfelves for money's fake?
In reft and fweet contentment let us take
The bleffings Heav'n deigns lovingly to fend:
And not, for lack of what fome joy can lend,
By water-drinking, death anticipate.
Our fires have fhown us the right way to wend:
Is not he wife, who them can imitate?

XLIV.

When, at his own houfe, neighbour mine
Taps a full cafk of cider fine,
Or of good wine,
I feem betrothed to be:
Forefhadowing with glee
At eve, or morn, for me
Some tafte divine.

Il se plaist d'ouir vn cas nouueau
Quelque romant ou conpte beau
De mon cerueau.
J'en forge & luy en vay faire
Pour auoir matiere
De faire tirer a boire
De son tonneau.

Mon voisin ie tiendrois vn an
Sur le vin, lorsque du grand Cham
Ou du Soldan
Je luy compte quelque fable
Qu'il croit veritable,
Ou que ie parle a sa table
Du Prestre Jan.

Luy & moy, si c'est en hyuer,
Nous nous mettons prez du fouyer
A deuiser
Du temps de son feu grand pere,
Sans cesser de boire,
Comme j'en vais la maniere
Vous demonstrer.

C'est ainsi comme nous faisons,
Luy & moy, quand nous deuisons
Prez des tisons,
Detestans melancholie
Et chiquanerie
Qui puisse estre forbannye
De noz maisons.

XLV.

Louons l'Eternel,
Bibimus satis,
Et l'hoste, lequel
Nos pauit gratis,

He loves to hear the ſtory new,
The old romance, the ballad true
My fancy drew.
Of them I fabricate
Such ſtore for him, that ſtraight
His ſpiggot turns: till late,
The draughts enſue.

My neighbour would a whole year hang
Over the wine, when the Great Cham,
Or the Soldan
Adorns my fable well,
On which, as true, he'll dwell;
Or at his board I tell
Of Preſter John.

In winter, he and I oft ſit
Beſide the hearth, to chat a bit,
Trying to hit
The time of his grandſire;
Still drinking by the fire,
Juſt as I now deſire
To ſhow you it.

'Tis thus his hours and mine go by,
When we in fond garrulity
The embers ſee;
We gloomy themes abjure;
And in our homes, be ſure,
We never could endure
Chicanery.

XLV.

Give God the praiſe,
Bibimus ſatis;
Hoſt in kind ways
Nos pavit gratis:

Et ſans rechigner
Onerans menſas
De metz delicas.

Il nous ayme bien,
Hoc patet nobis ;
Car ſon meilleur vin
Deprompſit cadis,
Et nous en a faict
Vſque ad oras
Remplir nos hanaps.

Les fraiz ne ſoient grands
Coram amicis.
Faut s'entre hanter
Sumptibus paucis ;
Mais touſiours le vin
Lauet gingiuas
Apres le repas.

Qu'on en donne donc
Cunctis conuiuis ;
A l'hoſte boirons
Pateris plenis,
Le remercians :
A vingt ans d'icy,
Puiſſions faire ainſi !

XLVI.

Medecin de ma triſteſſe,
Remply mon verre, echançon
Mourray ie de ſechereſſe,
Tant prez d'vn ſi bon garçon ?
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Choiſis les potz, car du pire
Si tu me venois verſer

He with fuperb fare
Onerans menfas
In his good-will.

He loves us well,
Hoc patet nobis ;
As his beft wines tell
Deprompfit cadis ;
Bidding us with them
Ufque ad oras
Our beakers fill.

Be the coft fmall
Coram amicis.
Merry in hall
Sumptibus paucis ;
Yet, after meat, wine
Lavet gingivas
Long as we fwill.

Be it, then, poured
Cunctis convivis ;
Toaft our landlord
Pateris plenis,
Thanking him warmly.
Twenty years hence,
Let's recommence !

XLVI.

Phyfician of my mournfulnefs,
Fill up my glafs, O fenefchal !
And I to die of thirftinefs
With fuch good comrade at my call ?
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Choofe well the wine-pots ; for if juice
Inferior you were to pour,

Et pourement me feduire,
Ce feroit pour me chaffer.
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Je fçay bien que ie te garde,
Si me vas fauorifant.
A la perfonne veillarde
Mauuais boire eft il duifant ?
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Boire bon, pluftoft moins boire,
Nous faict fuir a mille maux.
Mon cors n'eft pas lauatoire,
Ou l'on iette toutes eaux.
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Eft ce du vin de ton maiftre
Que tu m'as icy verfé ?
Dormirois ie poinct peut eftre
Si j'en eftois bien bercé ?
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

XLVII.

Meffieurs, voulez vous rien mander ?
Ce bateau va paffer la mer,
Chargé de bon breuuage.
Le matelot le puiffe bien mener
Sans peril & fans nauffrage !

Il va couler icy aual :
Pourueu qu'vn pilleur defloyal
Ne le prenne au paffage,
Et que le vent ne le meine point mal,
Il va defcendre en Brouage.

Helas ! ce vent n'eft guere bon.
Nous fommes perdus, compagnon !

And me fo ſhamefully ſeduce,
You thus would drive me from your door.
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

I well know that I won't leave you,
If you my happineſs regard,
Of him whoſe future years are few,
Is nauſeous drink the due reward?
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

Though we drink little, goodly drink
Makes us eſcape a thouſand woes.
My body's not a common ſink
Wherein all refuſe water goes.
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

Pray, is this draught you pour, as fine
As for your maſter's ſelf you keep?
If ſoundly cradled in this wine
Might I procure no wink of ſleep?
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

XLVII.

Sirs, have ye no commands to-day?
This veſſel ſoon will ſail away,
Well laden with good wine.
The ſailor ſkilfully her courſe can lay,
In ſafety o'er the brine.

On ſhe will ſail at eaſe:
If no rude pirate ſeize
On her as ſhe doth go,
And if ſhe meet not with an adverſe breeze,
To Brouage there below.

Alas, we're tempeſt-toſt.
My ſhipmates, we are loſt!

Vuider faut ce nauire,
Et mettre tous la main a l'auiron. . .
Regardez comme je tire !

Si vous tires autant que moy,
Bien toſt ainſi, comme ie croy,
Gaignerons le riuage.
Il eſt bien prez ; car deia ie le voy. . .
Compagnon, prenons courage !

XLVIII.

Me voulez vous garir de la berlue ?
En vn verre bien net
Faut ſeulement mettre deuant ma veue
De ce bon vin clairet,
Qui chaleur donne a l'ame morfondue.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !

Me voulez vous, quand je ſuis en cholere,
Regaillardir le cueur ?
Tant ſeulement il me faut faire boire
Cete bonne liqueur,
Qui le chagrin eſchange en bonne chere.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !

Me voulez vous faire conter & dire
Mille propos ioyeux ?
De ce bon vin dictes moy que je tire
Quelque bon coup ou deux ;
L'homme ſongeart il faict cauſer & rire.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !

Bale out our veſſel full:
All hands to man the pumps muſt take their poſt;—
Look you how I can pull!

If you will pull like me,
In ſhort time we ſhall be
The harbour drawing near.
It is not far already, I can ſee;—
Shipmate, away with fear!

XLVIII.

Would you free my eyes from daze?
In glaſs bright and clean
Only be before my gaze
That fair red wine ſeen,
Which inſpires dull ſouls with praiſe.
Bring one full chopin more;
One chopin more!

Would you my ſwift choler ſlake,
Raiſe my ſpirits up?
Juſt prevail on me to take
That good wholeſome cup
Which can ſad hearts cheerful make.
Bring one full chopin more;
One chopin more!

Would you have me joyous thought
Gaily intertwine?
Then to me let there be brought
Draughts of this good wine,
With loud mirth for dreamer fraught.
Bring one full chopin more;
One chopin more!

XLIX.

Mon mary ha, que ie croy,
Par ma foy,
Le gosier de chair salée :
Car il ne peut respirer
Ny durer
Si sa gorge n'est mouillée.

Lorsqu'il est en grand courroux,
Voulez vous
Luy addoucir le courage ?
Faictes luy tant seulement
Promptement
Boire quelque bon breuuage.

Pourueu qu'il ne vende rien
De son bien,
S'il boit, j'en suis resiouie ;
Car j'ay tout au long du jour
Son amour,
Et sommes sans fascherie.

J'ay vn peu gousté en fin
Ce bon vin :
Or, viue ce bon breuuage,
Qui mon homme en santé met
Et nous faict
Viure en paix en mariage !

L.

Monsieur de ceans,
Ces honnestes gens
Ne vous pourroient ruiner
A chopiner ;
Car le sidre ne vaut plus
Qu'vn carolus.

XLIX.

My hufband has, as I conceive,
    And do believe,
His gullet cured with brine:
For he can neither thrive
    Nor live
With throat unfoaked in wine.

When he is in a tow'ring rage,
    Would you affuage
And make his wrath decline?
You've only got to make him tafte,
    In hafte,
A pitcher of good wine.

If he would only not abate
    His good eftate,
When he drinks, I am glad:
For all day long I duly prove
    His love,
And we are never fad.

I have juft tafted, once or twice,
    That wine fo nice:
And I fay:—"Long live wine;
"Which does my hufband's health improve,
    "And love
"With wedded life entwine!"

L.

Kind Sir, you need not fear
That thefe good people here
Could ruin you by a defign
    On too much wine;
For cider only cofteth us
    A Carolus.

Quant eſt pour la chair,
Il couſte trop cher
A traicter les gens de paons
Et de phaiſans.
Auſſi, pour garder ce poinct,
N'en auons poinct.

Nous auons pourtant
Tout noſtre contant
De metz, pour noſtre repas,
Bien delicatz ;
Mais nous n'auons pas la faim
De longue main.

Doncq, permettez nous,
(Je parle pour tous)
De n'eſpargner ce pommé
Si bien aymé,
Sauf a boire, ſur la fin,
Vn peu de vin.

Il vaut bien vrayment
Son peſant d'argent.
Or, ie ne fay plus de cas
De tous ces platz ;
Approchez pluſtoſt le pot
Prez de l'eſcot.

Je n'euſſe chanté,
Si ce n'euſt eſté
Ce bon boire, qui bien vaut
Qu'on chante hault
En depit de noz voiſins,
Gens trop chagrins.

Mais qu'a ton perdu ?
Ce qui leur eſt deu
Les met en grand penſement
Inceſſamment.

As butcher-meat would come
To a much larger fum,
So peacocks, pheafants, for the pot
Cannot be got :
Neither, to fettle that affair,
Do we much care.

Yet not without a difh
Are we, that fuits our wifh,
For our repaft, elaborate
And delicate ;
Only we do not underftand
The hungry hand.

Then pray, permit us here,
(For all, I crave your ear,)
To fpare not this good apple-wine,
So very fine ;
Sure that, at laft, we fhan't efcape
Some wine of grape.

Its worth I eftimate
At filver of like weight.
I feel that now no more I care
For all that fare ;
Rather, fay I, bring us the pot,
Then pay the fhot.

My voice I'd ne'er have raifed
But for that cider praifed,
To which doth rightfully belong
A lufty fong
In defpite of our neighbours' frown,—
Folks too caft-down.

What is it they have loft ?
They always dwell the moft
On what they ought by rights to have ;
For ever grave.

Que m'en chaut, ſi ie n'ay pas
Tant de ducas ?

Cinq ſolz ſont autant,
Quand on eſt contant,
Et qu'on iette les ennuis
Derriere l'huis,
Que d'eſcus les ſacz tous pleins
A ces vilains.

L'hoſte, s'il vous plaiſt,
Voila voſtre arreſt :
De voſtre ſidre on boira
Tant qu'on voudra ;
Nous nous tiendrons bien contans
Pour les deſpens.

LI.

Ma femme ſe dict mal pourueue,
Que ie perdz les biens & la veue,
A force de boire du bon ;
Mais ne faut qu'elle s'en tourmente ;
Car c'eſt vne choſe excelente
Qu'vn venerable biberon.

On dict que ſes ans il abbrege ;
Ainçois il a grand priuilege :
Car, cependant qu'il boit d'autant,
Il ne crainct poinct que la pepie,
Qui aux pouletz oſte la vie,
Le faſſe mourir a l'inſtant.

Il n'eſt meurtrier ny ſanguinaire :
Car tout le feu de ſa cholere,
Beuuant bien, il trampe & deſtainct ;
Mais que celuy la on redoubte,
Qui ne beuuant que goutte a goutte
Frappe quand on n'y penſe poinct.

If ſcantier my ducats be,
What is 't to me?

Five ſous are as great ſtore,—
If men behind the door
Would only caſt their cares away,—
As great, I ſay,
As are the bags all full of crowns
Of thoſe dull clowns.

For you, hoſt! if you pleaſe,
The laws we make are theſe:—
We'll drink your cider, *quantum ſuff.*
And long enough,
And feel that we with ſpirits gay
The coſt can pay.

LI.

My wife complains of want of pelf,
And ſays I waſte ſight, goods, myſelf,
By drinking wine that's mellow;
She need not vex herſelf a jot:
Becauſe a venerable ſot
Is really a grand fellow.

They ſay that he'll abridge his days;
But then he gains in other ways:
For, long as he keeps drinking,
He fears not leſt dyſpepſia,
Which carries chickens off, they ſay,
Will kill him too, unthinking.

He's not bloodthirſtily inclined:
For all the choler of his mind
His long draughts quench and ſoften:
Him rather they have cauſe to fear,
Who drinks a little there and here,
And, unforeſeen, ſtrikes often.

Helas ! que faict vn pauure yurongne ?
Il se couche & n'occit personne ;
Ou bien il dict propos ioyeux ;
Il ne songe poinct en vsure.
Et ne faict a personne iniure.
Beuueur d'eau peut il faire mieux ?

LII.

Mes bons seigneurs, ie pense, a mon aduis,
Que s'entre veoir & visiter souuent,
C'est ce qui faict tousiours les bons amis.
Vsons les vns des autres librement,
Et que chacun, sur ce boire excelent,
Laue son cueur de toute hypocrisie. . .
Aux Alemans bien boire est courtoisie.

En table, on est pour boire & pour manger,
Et son repas prendre ioyeusement.
Or sus ! afin de vous encourager,
Je vay le mien vuider premierement.
C'est vn fourrier qui va tant seulement
Pour les autres le logis recongnoistre. . .
Tousiours ma soif ne cesse de renaistre.

Je voudrois bien en assaillir quelqu'vn
De ceux qui vont, ce semble, rechignant.
Il faut laisser le chagrin importun,
A tout le moins a la table en beuuant.
Cecy s'en va droict au Pont Ecoulant :
C'est a Guibray d'icy la droicte voie. . .
Que ce bon vin rafraischit bien le foye !

LIII.

Mon cher soucy, o bouteille m'amie,
Secourez moy !
Vienne mouiller vostre douce liqueur
Mon gosier sec & garir ma pepie !
Ennuouy !

Poor topers do but what they can ;
They go to bed, but flay no man ;
Or with gay converfe end it.
They never dream of ufury.
They do no one an injury.
Can water-drinkers mend it?

LII.

Kind Sirs, I venture to advife
That frequent vifits greatly tend
To caufe good friends to fraternife.
Let's vifit, then, as friend with friend ;
And, in this fine wine, each attend
To wafh off all hypocrify :—
Drinking is German courtefy.

At table we fhould drink and eat,
And our repaft take joyoufly.
To aid you by example meet,
My glafs I'll empty inftantly.
'Tis but a fcout, who pryingly
Is by the reft fent on before.—
My thirft at once revives for more.

O were that thirft to him but fent
Who feems to grumble at his cheer !
Away with haunting difcontent,
At leaft while we're caroufing here.
To Pont-Ecoulant this will fteer :
To Guibray hence the fhorteft way.—
How this good wine doth thirft allay !

LIII.

My bottle, my moft trufty friend,
Be my ally !
Come, let thy dulcet liquor blefs
My throat, and my dyfpepfy end !
Enneovoy !

Longtemps y a qu'a haute voix je crie :
" Secourez moy ! "
D'vn peu de vin reconfortez mon cueur,
Ou aultrement ie vay perdre la vie. . .
Enneouoy !

Je fuis armé contre mon ennemie :
Secourez moy !
Faictes ainfi : fervez moy de fecond !
Serez vous poinct, voifin, de la partie ?
Enneouoy !

Vn bon amy n'attend pas qu'on luy die :
" Secourez moy ! "
Vn verre plein, & fuft il tres profond,
Je vuide bien, auant que l'on m'en prie.
Enneouoy !

Tirez vn coup, ayez l'ame hardie ;
Secourez moy !
Deia d'vn coup que j'ay mis prez du cueur
Ma foif en a prefque perdu la vie.
Enneouoy !

Mon cher defir, o bouteille m'amie,
Secourez-moy !
Vienne mouiller voftre douce liqueur
Mon gofier fec & garir ma pepie !
Enneouoy !

LIV.

Meffieurs, maintenant delaiffez
Tous vos procez.
Affez vous aurez d'aultre temps
Pour d'auarice
Faire exercice
Sur les cliens.

Long unto thee my cries afcend :
"Be my ally !"
Cheer with fome wine my heart's diftrefs,
Elfe end my life and happinefs.
Enneovoy !

From foe I now myfelf defend :
Be my ally !
Be my ftout fecond in the fight !
My neighbour, won't thou, too, attend ?
Enneovoy !

True friend waits not till call we fend,
"Be my ally !"
Full glafs, and deep, 'tis my delight,
Unafked, at one good draught to end.
Enneovoy !

With a frefh draught, frefh boldnefs blend :
Be my ally !
The draught will bring heart-happinefs,
And to my thirft deftruction fend.
Enneovoy !

My bottle, well-beloved friend,
Be my ally !
Come, let thy dulcet liquor blefs
My throat, and my dyfpepfy end !
Enneovoy !

LIV.

Ceafe, gentlemen, a little while,
Your lawfuits' guile.
Sufficient time will yet remain
For avarice
To exercife,
On clients, gain.

Les aduocatz qui n'ont repos
Sont mal difpos ;
On les void bientoft grifonner.
Le perfonnage
Qui eft bien fage
Ne veut plaider.

Je n'ayme point dillation
Sur la boiffon.
On ne prend poinct fur moy deffaut
Ny contumace,
A pleine taffe
Quand boire il faut.

Mais il faut, quand j'ay beu mon pot,
Payer l'efcot.
D'vn client vous auez les fas,
Qui vous deffraye,
Et le vin paye,
Qu'il ne boit pas.

Mais je ne fuis pour cenfurer
Voftre meftier ;
Tous eftatz tendent a l'argent.
Cefte iournée
Soit celebrée
Joyeufement !

Fefte qui vient au mois de may
Rend le cœur gay ;
Et puis voicy bonne liqueur :
Qu'elle foit beue,
Et qu'on falue
Noftre majeur !

A vous, monfieur noftre majeur,
De fort bon cueur !
Prenez le mal que font les dens

Thofe Advocates who never reft,
Are fouls unbleft;
We fee their hairs grow gray with fpeed.
The perfonage
Who is moft fage,
Will never plead.

No dilatory pleas love I,
When drink I try.
They don't catch me malingering,
Nor outlaw found,
When goblets round
Have their full fwing.

But, when I've turned my wine-pot o'er,
How clear the fcore?
Your client's bags, crammed to the brim,
Will you well pay;
And wine defray,
Not drunk by him.

But I'm not here to difapprove
The trade you love;
'Tis money governs ev'ry ftate.
Let us, at leaft,
This day with Feaft
Now celebrate.

A Feftival that comes in May
Makes the heart gay;
And here there is good wine for cheer:
Quench, then, your thirft,
Saluting firft
Our Major here!

To you, our Major, thus our love
We gladly prove!
Submit to toothache, if it bore,

En patience,
Et non vengeance
Sur les cliens.

LV.

Ne hantant point le monde
Je ne ſay que reſuer ;
Ma femme au logis gronde
Ne ceſſant de crier ;
J'en ſuis melancholicque ;
Mais pour fuir le chagrin
Faut que ie communicque
Auecques mon voiſin.

L'hyuer, durant la pluye,
Au ſoir nous nous hantons ;
Prez beau feu, la roſtie
Dans le vin nous trampons.
Nous ne parlons d'affaires,
Mais de diſcours plaiſant,
Cependant que les poires
Et marrons vont cuiſant.

Si le vin, apres rire,
Nous deffault, volontiers
Aux courtz feſtus on tire
A qui payra ſon tiers.
Si ſçauons en tauerne
Quelque bonne boiſſon,
On dit : " Pren la lanterne,
" Apportez en, garçon ! "

La voiſine s'eſgaye,
Et ne ride ſon front,
Lorſque ſon mary paye
Comme les aultres ſont.
Elle ſucre la poire,
Diſant le petit mot,

Quite patiently :—
Not cruelly
To clients poor !

LV.

Far from the world, my life
In dreaminefs goes by ;
At home, my fcolding wife
Is ever in full cry ;
In melancholy mood,
Such wearinefs to mend,
I feel it muft be good
To go and fee my friend.

On rainy winter night
Affembled, guefts and hoft,
By good fire's blazing light,
In wine we dip the toaft.
We talk of no affairs,
But jocund themes alone ;
While cheftnuts and the pears
Are roafting on hearth-ftone.

If, after mirth, our wine
Run fhort, in pleafant way
We draw ftraws, to divine
Who for fome more fhall pay.
If a good tap we know
In tavern kept hard by,—
" Boy, take the lantern, go,
" Fetch hither fome,"—we cry.

Our neighbour's wife is gay,
Her forehead fhows no frown,
Although her hufband pay,
Like all the reft, cafh down.
She fugars o'er the pears,
She chatters fmall-talk ftill ;

Nous aide mesme a boire
Et se met de l'escot.

Lorsque me presse l'heure,
Je retourne au logis ;
Ma femme est la qui pleure,
Ainsi qu'il m'est aduis,
Et me dict en cholere :
" Que fay ie seule au lict ?
" Est il seant de boire
" Ainsi jusqu'a minuict ?"

De peur d'auoir querelle,
Et d'estre martyré,
Je me couche aupres d'elle,
Faignant d'estre alteré.
Peu a peu ie la baise,
Ne disant mot pourtant :
Vne femme mauuaise
On dompte en la flatant.

Messieurs, ie vous suplie
Que ie boyue a vous tous :
Les femmes ie n'oublie,
Car je crains leur couroux.
Bon vin, quand ie me couche,
Si j'auois ton pareil,
Pour en lauer ma bouche,
J'aurois vn bon sommeil.

LVI.

Ne laissons poinct secher
Le passage des viures.
Mais que nous soyons yures,
Nous nous irons coucher.

Yea, ſhe our drinking ſhares,—
She pays with us the bill!

When late the hour appears,
Returning to my home,
My wife is there in tears,
As I hear when I come.
She greets me teſtily:—
"I lie a-bed, alone:
"Do you thus ſhameleſſly
"Carouſe till midnight's gone?"

To ſave all angry ſtir,
And ſhun a martyr's fate,
I lay me down by her,
Feigning my thirſt is great.
Her, by and by, I kiſs,
But not a word ſay I:
A termagant like this
Is tamed by flattery.

My friends, I'm now inclined
To drink to you all here;
I bear our wives in mind,
Becauſe their wrath I fear.
Good wine! when ſleep I get,
Had I ſome one like thee,
My thirſting mouth to wet,
Sound would my ſlumbers be!

LVI.

Dry not the channel up
Through which our food is led;
When drunk, we'll go to bed
After our maſter-cup.

Noyans nostre soucy
En ce doux d'Agorie,
Beuuons tous, ie vous prie,
A l'hoste que voicy !

Il n'a poinct de regret
Au sidre qu'il nous donne ;
En eust il vne tonne,
Il l'habandonneroit.

Voulez vous rien mander
La bas a la riuiere ?
Y auez vous affaire ?
Les trippes vay lauer.

O soulas des gosiers,
O tres bon ius de pomme !
Prions pour le bon homme
Qui planta les pommiers.

LVII.

Nous sommes vne grande trouppe
D'infortunez,
Qui, pour auoir trop mis la couppe
Dessoubz le nez,
Sommes malades au cerueau
Du mal de pippe,
Qui prend ceux qui breuuage d'eau
Ne mettent dans leur trippe.

On nous dict : Comme de nature
Le scorpion
Mesme est bon contre sa blesseure
Pour garison ;
Qu'il faut retourner aux bons vins
Comme a la beste
Qui nous a mis ces tintouins
Et ce mal dans la teste.

Let us our forrows drown
In this fweet D'Agorie ;
To our hoft's welfare, we
Will fwallow bumpers down.

Not at all does he grieve
Over his cider-cafk ;
Nor, of a tun, would afk
That we a drop fhould leave.

Down at yon river-fide
Do you no errand need ?
Thither I'll now proceed
To wafh my inner-fide.

Throat-folace, hail to thee,
Apple-juice, dear to thirft !
Pray for his foul, who firft
Planted the apple-tree !

LVII.

We're a great troop, alas !
Oppreffed by many woes,
Becaufe we've held the glafs
Too oft beneath our nofe ;
Such qualms our brain confufe,
As ftrike, from pipes of wines,
Thofe who no water ufe
Within their inteftines.

As fcorpion, (they fay),
Is naturally fure
His venom to allay
By fympathetic cure,
So we muft feek again
Good wine, the beaft that bred
In us this aching pain,
This buzzing in the head.

C'eſt le ſubiect pourquoy nous ſommes
Venus de loing.
Secourez donc ces paoures hommes
En leur beſoing,
Et nous donnes, pour nous garir,
Ce bon breuuage,
Qui redonne plus de plaiſir
Qu'il n'a faict de dommage.

Loge, bon vin, en ma poictrine,
Entre chez moy !
Puiſque me ſers de medecine
Quand ie te boy !
Qui me verra tout avaller
Ne s'en eſtonne !
Il ne ſe faut poinct eſpargner
Pour guarir ſa perſonne.

LVIII.

N'approche, auarice chiche,
De ma table aucunement :
Tu fis mourir pourement
Mon voiſin, quoy qu'il fuſt riche.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

Dedans ſa maiſon fermée
Tous les iours il ſe cachoit ;
Sa cheminée il bouchoit,
Craignant perdre la fumée.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

Il portoit a ſa ceincture
Ses ſouliers qu'il eſpargnoit ;
De ſon poil il reſerroit
Et des ongles la rongneure.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

That is the reafon why
We poor men come from far.
Give, then, your charity
To us who patients are,
And grant us for our cure
That goodly liquid charm,
Which, if it hurt, will, fure,
Far more than heal the harm.

Lodge in my breaft, good wine,
O enter into me,
Serving as medicine
When I refort to thee!
Let him who fees me take
The whole, be not furprifed!
Since, for my perfon's fake,
Self muft be facrificed.

LVIII.

Vile avarice, get hence!
My table come not nigh:
Thou madeft my neighbour die,
Though rich, in indigence;
Out on a wealthy mifer!
No, no: I will be wifer.

He every day would ufe
In his clofed houfe to hide;
He ftopped his chimney wide,
Left he the fmoke fhould lofe.
Out on a wealthy mifer!
No, no: I will be wifer.

His fhoes, their foles to fpare,
He at his girdle wore;
Nail-parings he would ftore,
And croppings of his hair.
Out on a wealthy mifer!
No, no: I will be wifer.

S'il donnoit, au jour de feste,
A deux paouures vn denier,
Ce n'estoit sans rechigner ;
Encor demandoit son reste.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

Pour ne perdre l'eau salée
Du merlut, quand il bouilloit,
De la souppe il en faisoit
Dont il passoit la journée.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

D'estrain & de chaneuotte
Se chauffoit tous les hyuers :
Il eust vendu volontiers
La graisse de sa calotte.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

Mais, quant est de son breuuage,
Ayant vin a plein tonneau,
Il ne beuuoit que de l'eau.
S'il est mort, est ce dommage ?
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

Cecy serue d'exemplaire !
Et beuuons sans chicheté
Bon vin pur pour la santé,
Tel qu'il est né de sa mere.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.

LIX.

N'abregeons poinct nostre vie
Par trop nous attedier :
Cent ans de melancholie
Ne payront pas vn denier.

If, on a feſtal day,
He gave two poor one mite,
He, grudging, would delight
To make them change repay.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

To ſave the ley ſaline
Of ſtockfiſh, when he boiled,
At ſoup thereof he toiled,
And but on it would dine.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no; I will be wiſer.

Hemp-litter, void of ſap,
Warmed him in winter's cold:
He gladly would have ſold
The greaſe of his ſkull-cap.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no; I will be wiſer.

Then, for his drink, inſtead
Of his well-filled wine-caſk,
Water alone he'd aſk.
'Tis a good thing he's dead.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

Let him a warning be!
And let us well incline
To quaff good wholeſome wine,
Pure-born of vintage-tree.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

LIX.

Short life do not conſume
In diſmal hankering:
An hundred years of gloom
Will not one penny bring.

Attendons a rechigner,
Quand nous ferons malades,
Qu'on viendra nous ordonner
Des breuuages ſi fades.

Ores, que ſommes alaigres,
Et en ſanté, Dieu mercy,
Laiſſons la ces ſildres aigres ;
Je trouue bon ceſtuy cy.
Il eſt ſain & chauld auſſi
Au ventre & a la bouche :
Auſſi l'hoſte que voicy
En boit, quand il ſe couche.

Il traicte la compaignie
Certes aſſez proprement.
Si nous eſtions a la pluye,
Nous ſerions bien pirement.
Je hay naturellement
L'orage & la tourmente.
Mais le vin incontinent
M'en oſte l'eſpouuante.

L'eau qui nourriſt la grenouille,
Me refroidit trop les dens ;
J'ayme mieux qu'elle me mouille
Par dehors que par dedans.
A vous, monſieur de ceans !
Plegez moy, je vous prie :
Voicy vn doux paſſe tems,
Mais qu'il ne vous ennuye.

LX.

Nous ſommes trop long tems icy ;
J'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !

Put off your looking ill
Till doctors ſhall preſcribe:
You then will have your fill,
But nauſeous draughts imbibe.

But now, while we are gay,
With, thank God! no diſeaſe,
Thoſe four drinks caſt away;
This cider does me pleaſe.
'Tis found, and warm it makes
The mouth, and eke the cheſt:
'Tis what our landlord takes
When he retires to reſt.

He treats the company,
I'm ſure, to all that's right;
Out in the rain we'd be
In very much worſe plight.
By nature I deteſt
The ſtorm and hurricane;
But wine is quickly bleſt
In calming me again.

Water will frogs ſuſtain,
But makes my teeth to grin:
I like it to remain
Outſide me, not within.
Good health, my friend, to thee!
Pledge me with heartineſs.
'Tis pleaſant paſtime; free,
I truſt, of wearineſs?

LX.

Too long we have ſtayed here;
You're tired of us, I fear!
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

Monſieur noſtre hoſte, grand mercy !
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy :
Monſieur noſtre hoſte, grand mercy !
Couurez vous, ie vous prie !
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

Vous auez par trop grand ſoucy,
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy :
Vous auez par trop grand ſoucy
Traicté la compaignie.
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

A vous, du reſte que voicy !
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy :
A vous du reſte que voicy !
Il eſt fol qui s'oublie !
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

S'il vous plaiſt, vous ferez ainſi !
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy !
S'il vous plaiſt, vous ferez ainſi !
Chacun vous en ſupplie.
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

LXI.

Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
A l'arme ! a l'aſſaut ! a l'aſſault !
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

Il ſemble que le cueur vous fault :
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !
Il ſemble que le cueur vous fault,
Car vous faictes piteuſe chere.
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

La trompette a ſonné bien hault :
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !

Beſt thanks, our landlord dear!
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
Beſt thanks, our landlord dear!
I beg your hat you'll wear.
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

You have, as we can ſwear,
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
You have, as we can ſwear,
Regaled us far and near.
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

Your health, with what's left there!
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
Your health, with what's left there!
'Twere fooliſh to forbear!
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

Pray do ſo, with like cheer!
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
Pray do ſo, with like cheer!
Each one entreats you here.
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

LXI.

We are armed againſt all harms.
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one show how he can fight!

You appear to feel alarms:
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
You appear to feel alarms,
Judging by your appetite.
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms:
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!

La trompette a ſonné bien hault,
Encor premier nous faut il boire !
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

Nous en aurons le cueur plus chault ;
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !
Nous en aurons le cueur plus chault,
Et vaincrons mieux noſtre aduerſaire.
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

A vn j'ay faict faire vn beau ſault !
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !
A vn, j'ay faict faire vn beau ſault !
Vous en ferez en la maniere.
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

LXII.

Oſtes moy ce medecin
Qui veult que de l'eau ie boyue
Et que ie quicte le vin,
Vne liqueur ſi ſoucfue !
Penſant ainſi me garir
Il me veut faire mourir.

L'eau eſt a mon naturel
Vn element tout contraire ;
Et ce medecin cruel
Me vient conſeiller d'en boire !
Fy, fy de ſon recipe !
Je n'y ſeray plus trompé !

Si ce meſchant i'euſſe creu,
Las ! ie ſerois mort tout roidde ;
Si ſeulement i'euſſe beu
Sa ptiſane & ſon eau froidde.

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
We muſt drink before we fight!
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

Now our heart with courage warms.
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
Now our heart with courage warms,
And the foe we'll put to flight.
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

I've brought down one of their ſwarms!
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
I've brought down one of their ſwarms!
Do the ſame, and you'll do right.
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

LXII.

Send off that phyſician of mine
Who orders me water to take,
And bids me give over my wine,
Which my thirſt would pleaſantly ſlake.
Thus thinking my illneſs to cure,
He'd very ſoon kill me, I'm ſure.

For water an element is
Entirely diſcordant with me;
Yet that cruel counſel of his
Preſcribes it my potion to be!
His *Recipe* how I abhor!
I won't be deceived any more!

If I had put faith in that knave,
Alas! I'd been ſtiff under mould;
'Tis well I ne'er took what he gave,—
His tiſane, and water ſo cold.

Quand ce bon vin j'ay gousté,
J'ay recouuert ma santé.

Beuuant du bon, ie ne crains
Jamais vne maladie ;
En depit des medecins,
Je viuray toute ma vie.
Je sçay bien ce qui m'est bon :
J'en boy a vous, compaignon !

LXIII.

On va disant que j'ay faict vne amie,
Mais je n'en ay encore poinct d'enuie :
Je ne sçay pas a bien pindariser :
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiser.

Quand j'aurois beu, elle voyant ma trongne
M'iroit disant : "Je ne veux poinct d'yurongne :
"Je veux amy plus propre a courtizer."
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiser.

Tous mes deuis seroient de beuuerie ;
Et, quand on a maistresse assez iolie,
D'aultres discours il luy conuient vser.
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiser.

Faisant l'amour, ie ne sçaurois rien dire
Ny rien chanter, sinon vn Vaudeuire.
Ce seroit trop vne fille abuser :
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiser.

Je m'en vay boire a celles qui cherissent
Ceux qui de vin, non d'eau, leurs cors remplissent.
Ce sont ceux la qu'on deburoit mieux priser.
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiser.

As ſoon as I taſte this good wine,
Freſh vigour recovered is mine.

If good wine I drink, I can dare
To baffle diſeaſe, never fear!
And, ſpite of all medical care,
I'll live all my life in good cheer.
I know what is wholeſome for me:
And drink it, my comrade, to thee!

LXIII.

They often tell me I've a ſweetheart got,
But as it is, as yet I want one not:
A fine Pindaric bard I could not be:
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

When I had drunk, ſhe would eſpy my ſtate,
And would keep ſaying,—"I a drunkard hate:
"I like a ſwain more fit for gallantry."
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

My goſſip all to drinking-bouts would tend;
And if one have a very lovely friend,
One ought to talk in quite another key.
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

In courtſhip, I ſhould ignorant appear,
Nor could I ſing, ſave but a Vau-de-Vire;
Treating a maiden far too ſlightingly:
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

Thoſe girls I now will toaſt, whoſe loves incline
To water-drinking leſs than drinking wine:
'Tis they who ought the more eſteemed to be.
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

LXIV.

O tintamare plaisant
Et doucement resonnant
Des tonneaux que l'on relie !
Signe qu'on boira d'autant !
Cela me faict resiouir.
O belle harmonie !
Las ! sans toy, j'allois mourir
De melancholie.

Comme moy, tout bon beuueur
Au maillet & au chasseur
Met les deux mains sans vergongne,
Et s'employe de bon cueur
A releuer ses tonneaux,
Et luy mesme congne ;
Pour remplir tost ses vaisseaux,
Haste la besongne.

Vignes sans fruict & pommiers
Auoient dedans noz gosiers
Trop laissé la sechereſſe
Et aux tonneaux & celiers.
Cest an, par fertilité,
Nous donne largeſſe :
Ne crions plus la cherté.
A vous, nostre hosteſſe !

Voicy bon sidre nouueau.
Je croy qu'il est faict sans eau :
Il est chauld a la fourcelle,
Et donne jusqu'au cerueau.
Le Dameret excelent
Ha la couleur telle.
Si j'en beuuois bien souuent,
Faudroit la hardelle.

LXIV.

O refonance moft fweet,
Glad din of cafks complete
With hoops which men apply!
Sound with much drink replete!
I'm filled with ecftafy.
O lovely harmony!
Alas! without thee, I fhould die
Of fheer melancholy.

Each drinker, good as I,
Does mallet, chifel try,
And, in unblufhing-wife,
Both hands in carpentry
Employ, to hoop his cafks.
His axe his own arm plies;
Hogfheads well filled, and foon, he afks,
Intent on fuch a prize.

Bare apple-trees, bare vines,
Had left our throats the figns
Of thirft from over-drought;
Cafks, cellars, drained of wines.
This year's fertility
With wealth to us is fraught:
Don't any more cry fcarcity;
Hoftefs! your health is fought.

Here's cider, prime and new;
I think, no water-brew:
It warms the throat like fire,
And brain; a cordial true.
Such tints, fo bright and foft,
Good Damerets attire.
Were I to drink it very oft,
A fweetheart I'd defire.

Au prix d'antan, vn chacun
Dict qu'on ha trois potz pour vn.
Bon marché! pour vne chofe
Qui donne vn fi bon parfum!
Je trouue en toy plus d'odeur
Qu'au mufq & la rofe.
Baife moy, mon paouure cueur;
Et de moy difpofe!

LXV.

On plante des pommiers aux bors
Des cymetieres, prez des mors,
Pour nous remettre en la mœmoire
Que ceux, dont la gifent les cors,
Ont aymé comme nous a boire.

Si doncq de nos predeceffeurs
Il nous fault enfuyure les mœurs
Ne fouffrons que la foif nous tue:
Beuuons des pommiers les liqueurs
Ou bien de la plante tortue.

Pommiers, croiffans aux enuirons
Des tombeaux des bons biberons,
Qui ont aymé voftre breuuage,
Puiffions nous, tandis que viurons,
Vous veoir chargez de bon fruictage!

Ne fongeons plus aux trefpaffez;
Soyons gens de bien, c'eft affez;
Au furplus, il faut viure en ioye.
Que feruent les biens amaffez,
Au befoing qui ne les employe?

LXVI.

Or fus, beuuons! Que nous fert de plorer?
En attendant qu'on oye publier
La douce patience,
Il faut de ce bon vin lauer fa confcience.

Three pots for one, they ſtate,
Compared with laſt year's rate.
Cheap! for what yields the noſe
A ſcent ſo delicate!
Fragrance I find in thee
More than in muſk or roſe.
Poor darling ſweetheart, come, kiſs me,
And of myſelf diſpoſe!

LXV.

Apple-trees are grown beſide
Churchyards where the dead abide,
That we may be kept in mind
How thoſe mortals, ere they died,
Drank like thoſe they've left behind.

If we do, then, as we ought,
What our predeceſſors taught,
Let not thirſt us ever kill.
Drink we juice from orchards brought,
Or from plant of vine-wreathed hill.

O ye apple-trees, around
Tombs of worthy topers found,
Who of yore eſteemed your juice,
May we ſee, alive and ſound,
You fair fruitages produce!

Dream not of thoſe now no more;
Be virtuous; 'tis ample ſtore;
So live all your days in joy.
What avails the hoarded ore,
Which men do not well employ?

LXVI.

Come, come, let us drink! of what comfort are tears?
While waiting to welcome the herald who bears
The news of ſweet truce,
Abſolve we our conſcience with this good grape-juice.

Car auſſi bien que ſeruiront noz biens?
Aux heritiers on laiſſe des moyens
Dont ilz font chere lie:
Faiſons la, cependant que nous ſommes en vie.

Ne ſoyons poinct ſi vilains & hagardz,
Que de laiſſer ce bon vin aux ſoldardz
Qui nous font tant d'oultrage!
S'ilz le beuuoient ſans nous, ce feroit grand dommage.

Laiſſons, voiſin, ces meſſieurs deuiſer:
Je boiray tout, ſi tu me veux pleger;
Mais aprez, n'en fay doubte,
Tu ſortiras dehors, ſi tu en laiſſes goutte.

On ne diroit qu'vne mouche y euſt beu:
Or, boy, ainſi que boire tu m'as veu,
En depit de la guerre;
Cela ne nuira poinct a ceux qui ſont en terre.

LXVII.

O gentil ioly mois de may,
Qui es le plus beau de l'année.
Ta dix & neufieſme journée,
Dy moy quand ie la reuoiray,
Celle qui eſt tant a mon gré?

La feſte qui faict oublier
Les procez aux gens de practicque,
Pour vuider vn verre authanticque,
Nettoyans leur plaideur goſier
Tout raucque a force de crier.

Que les auares aduocas
Gaignent a ſe rompre la teſte:
Pourueu qui ie ſois de leur feſte,
Certes ne me ſouciray pas
De leurs procez ny de leurs ſas.

For pray of what ufe will our property be?
We leave it to heirs, who in revels make free
Our favings to fpend:
Let's do fo ourfelves, ere we come to our end.

Don't let us fuch villains and haggards be found
As leave this good wine to the plunderers round,
Who outrage us fo:
That they drank it without us, 'twere pity to know.

Such gentry may plot, and may plan, my good friend:
If you will but pledge me, I'll drink to the end:
But then, without doubt,
If you leave a drop in, you will foon be put out.

You fwallow fo little, you drink like a fly:
You've feen me drink often,—do you drink as I,
In fpite of war-ftrife;
It won't hurt the fallen, no longer in life.

LXVII.

O fweet and lovely month of May!
The faireft that in all the year
Comes round, to me be pleafed to fay
How foon once more thy nineteenth day
Shall dawn, a day to me fo dear?

The Feaft, when counfellors refign
Their law, and practice abrogate,
To quaff authentic flafk of wine,
And lave their throats, which pleadings fine
Had rendered hoarfe with fhrill debate.

Let Advocates who luft for gold
Make lucre of their bawling tafk:
I certainly fhall lightly hold
Their bags, and briefs which they enfold,
If to their Feaft they will me afk.

Mieux vaut vuider & affaillir
Un pot qu'vn procez difficile.
Au moins cela m'eſt plus vtile ;
Car les procez me font vieillir :
Le bon vin me faict raieunir.

A vn bon biberon jamais
Calotte en teſte ne fut veue.
A vous, meſſieurs de la cohue !
Faictes ainſi, & me pleges,
Et plus ne vous entre manges.

LXVIII.

Puiſque bon temps ne dure plus,
Je veux le ſiecle habandonner :
En vn monaſtere reclus
Mes jours il me faut confiner,
Ou ceux qui le vin vont crier
Je ne puiſſe oüir ny entendre ;
Car, pour mon vieil amy trouuer,
Faudroit le froc quicter ou vendre.

Tous les droles, mes compaignons,
Quand d'eux me viendra ſouuenir,
Auront part en mes oraiſons ;
Mais de vin s'il fault s'abſtenir,
Helas ! on me voira gemir,
N'en beuuant a leur ſouuenance :
Mais pourray ie poinct obtenir
Pour ceſt effect quelque diſpence ?

Au couuent encor ie ne ſuis ;
De cecy ie puis bien gouſter :
J'en vay boire a vous, mes amis !
Dictes moy : " Grand mercy, frater ! "
Las ! comme pourray ie quicter
Vne ſi douce compaignie ?
Et qui viendra reconforter
Au couuent ma dolente vie ?

'Tis better to affail and drain
A wine-pot than a ftiff law cafe.
Lawfuits make me grow old amain,—
The good wine makes me young again ;—
Let me, at leaft, the wine embrace !

No true boon comrade e'er was found
With covered head. In mode polite,
Hats off !—Law gentlemen all round,
Your healths !—And pledge me as you're bound ;—
And,—don't each other tear and bite !

LXVIII.

Since forry times are rife,
Reclufe I mean to dwell :
And pafs my monkifh life
In monaftery cell,
Where I can't hear nor fee
The criers of the wine ;
Nor, till from cowl fet free,
Rejoin that friend of mine.

All my companions rare,
When thoughts of them crofs me,
My orifons will fhare ;
But if wine there can't be,
Alas ! they'll fee me moan
Over the vacant pot :—
Could not for me alone
Be difpenfation got ?

My convent life here ends :
I well can tafte this wine :
I drink to you : my friends,
Say ;—" *Frater*, thanks be thine."
Alas ! how could I leave
So fweet a company ?
In convent, did I grieve,
Who'd foothe my mifery ?

Voila le fondz tout apparent :
Voyez : je n'y ay rien laiffé.
Ce feroit dommage vrayment
Que ce beau verre fuft caffé
Par quelque valet infenfé,
Ou chambriere mal apprife.
Bon vin en verre bien raincé
Boire d'autant ! *c'eft ma deuife !*

LXIX.

Puifque, beaux bafilicz, qui tuez par la veue,
Je tiens ma liberté que j'eftimois perdue,
Beaux yeux, affeurez vous qu'on ne me voira pas
Retomber en voz lacs !

L'experience ores me deburoit faire fage :
On euite les lieux ou l'on a faict nauffrage.
Sage n'eft le marchand qui eft encor allé
Par ou l'on l'a volé.

Pour n'y retomber poinct, que me fault il donc faire ?
Eft ce poinct le meileur de ne fonger qu'a boire,
Si ces beuueurs, lefquels font toufiours fur le vin,
N'ont poinct l'amour au fein ?

Pour chaffer ceft amour, lequel me fantafie,
Je ne veux efpargner ny vin ny Maluoifie,
Me deuft il faire mal ! Petit mal j'ayme fort,
Qui plus grand mal endort.

J'ayme mieux employer en beuuettes gentilles
L'argent qu'il faudroit mettre a courtifer les filles.
Vn beau tainct rouge & fraiz par Bacchus on acquert ;
Par Venus, on le pert.

I've drained it now. In fact,
Nothing is left within.
To have that fair glafs cracked,
Were truly a great fin,
By lacquey,—ftupid afs!—
Or maid, not over-nice :—
"*Good wine, in well-rinfed glafs,*
"*Drink out!*"—is my device!

LXIX.

Since, beauteous bafilifks, who by a fingle glance can kill,
My liberty, which I thought loft, I find is with me ftill,
Bright eyes, be fure that ne'er again for me need any net
Henceforth by you be fet.

Experience henceforth, I know, will render me more wife;
We dread the place where fhipwreck lately loft our merchandife :
That merchant is not fage who would the pathway travel o'er
Where he was robbed before.

What then have I to do, to try of damage to beware?
Would not the wifeft plan be found, for drink alone to care,
If thofe good fellows who the joys of wine do always prove,
Have hearts fecure from love?

To exile far away this love, which grieves my fantafy,
I will not fpare the beft of wine, nor yet of Malvoifie;
Can that hurt me? If fo, I far prefer a little ill,
If it the greater kill.

I'd rather ufe in pleafant taverns, of the better fort,
The money which I fhould expend were I fair girls to court;
For Bacchus gives the rofy tint and countenance of joy,
Which Venus would deftroy.

K

LXX.

Plusieurs, en se scandalisant
De noz chansons du Vau de Vire,
Secrettement s'en vont disant
Qu'elles ne sont que nous induire
A boire d'autant & a rire
Et faire en table maint excés.
Mais telles gens, qui ne sont que mesdire,
Sur rien fonderoient vn procés.

Quand vn Vaudeuire est chanté,
A boire on ne contrainct personne,
S'il n'a soif & necessité.
Je suis d'aduis que l'on ordonne,
Pour ces gens qui trouuent l'eau bonne,
Et veulent sur tout censurer,
Ayant chanté, que pour boire on leur donne
De l'eau, de peur de s'enyurer.

Quand nous disons vne chanson,
Qui de boire nous admoneste,
De peur qu'en aucune façon
Le vin ne nous trouble la teste,
Honnestement faisons requeste
Qu'on ait a nous en dispenser,
Or n'en beuuons, sinon vne goutette,
Si de boire on nous veut presser.

L'autheur de ces chansons icy
Ne les fist pour contraindre a boire,
Mais pour chasser de luy soucy,
Quand il n'estoit a l'auditoire.
Il ne pensoit rendre notoire
Son nom, quand il les composoit :
Au moins, messieurs, ne blasmes sa mæmoire,
Si quelque yurongne en abusoit.

LXX.

Some furly perfons, menacing difgrace
To our poor carols of the Vau-de-Vire,
In fecret whifper all about the place
That they teach nothing elfe than, as they hear,
To drink too much, and make too merry cheer,
And, when at table, to commit excefs.
But fuch folks, who do nothing elfe than fneer,
Would found, on no good grounds, litigioufnefs.

When Vau-de-Vire is fung in company,
No gueft is ever unto drink conftrained,
If he thirft not, nor feel neceffity.
I think, indeed, that it fhould be ordained,
For thofe who water's virtues have maintained,
And feek, above all things, to ban and blame,
That when they've fung, pure water fhould be drained
By them. They won't get drunk upon the fame.

When we, too, fing a hearty drinking-fong,
Admonifhing us ftill to drink the beft,
Left any-wife, in any fafhion wrong,
Our head might by the liquor be oppreffed,
We make, in loyal manner, our requeft
That we may be excufed, of courtefy:
Or drink, at moft, but a mere drop, if preffed,
Out of politenefs and civility.

The author of thefe fongs which here you find,
Compofed them, not to teach debauchery,
But to chafe care from his own lonely mind
When he was abfent from the company.
He never dreamed of notoriety,
When fo he wrote them, for his humble name:
So, Sirs, at leaft don't charge his memory,
If drunkard fhould abufe them, with fuch blame.

LXXI.

Que Noé fut vn patriarche digne !
Car ce fut luy qui nous planta la vigne
Et beut premier le ius de ſon raiſin.
O le bon vin !

Mais tu eſtois, Lycurgue, mal habile,
Qui ne voulus qu'on beuſt vin en ta ville.
Je ne ſcay pas ou tendoit ton deſſein,
O le bon vin !

Qui boit bon vin, il faict bien la beſongne.
On voict ſouuent vieillir vn bon yurongne,
Et mourir jeune un ſçauant medecin.
O le bon vin !

Le vin n'eſt poinct de ces mauuais breuuages
Qui beus par trop ſont faillir les courages :
J'ay, quand j'en boy, le courage herculin.
O le bon vin !

Puiſque Noé, vn ſi ſainct perſonnage,
De boire bien nous a monſtré l'vſage,
Je boiray tout. Fay comme moy, voiſin !
O le bon vin !

LXXII.

Que l'on faſſe cet' eau ſeruir
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,
Ou a tramper la mourue !
Icy n'en entrera ia !
L'eau le monde ſubmergea,
Et la terre en fut perdue.

Qu'on en arrouſe le iardin !
Mais d'en aller gaſter ce vin,
Seroit ce pas grand' offence ?

LXXI.

Noah was truly a patriarch good !
Planting the vine after days of the flood,
He the firſt drank his own grape-liquor fine.
O the good wine !

But, O Lycurgus, how fooliſh wert thou,
Wine in thy city who didſt diſallow,—
What upon earth could have been thy deſign ?
O the good wine !

He who drinks good wine doth happineſs ſeize.
Jolly old topers oft live at their eaſe,
While he dies young who pores over med'cine.
O the good wine !

Wine is no liquid of qualities queer,
Which in exceſs will make gallant men fear.
Drinking it, Hercules' courage is mine.
O the good wine !

Since ſuch a holy man taught us the lore
How to drink well, I will drink all the more.
Pray let my practice, O neighbour, be thine.
O the good wine !

LXXII.

Be this water put to uſe
Kettle-boiling to produce,
Or to ſteep ſalt codfiſh in !
Here ſhall none of it be found !
For by it the world was drowned,
And the earth deſtroyed for ſin.

Fill the garden wat'ring-pot
With it ; but this wine ſpoil not.
That would be a high offence.

Quand ie boy le vin tout pur,
C'eſt tout vn : ie n'ay pas peur
Que pour ce ma femme tance.

C'eſt, c'eſt mon vray roſſignolet,
Qu'vn crieur de bon vin clairet :
L'eau ne faict que mal au ventre.
Quel bien faict elle aux goſiers,
Qui n'en faict pas aux ſouliers
Et bottes, quand ell' y entre ?

Que l'on faſſe cet' eau ſeruir
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,
Ou a tramper la mourue !
Icy n'en entrera ia.
L'eau le monde ſubmergea,
Et la terre en fut perdue.

LXXIII.

Qui eſt comme moy bon beuueur
Ne crainct tant trouuer vn voleur
Comme vn mauuais breuuage :
Car d'vn voleur on ſe deffend ;
Mais celuy qui mauuais vin prend
Perd bien toſt tout courage.

Je voudrois, mauuais vin beuuant,
Me veoir la gorge au meſme inſtant
Bien courte deuenue ;
Mais, quand le bon vin je boirois,
Que le col i'euſſe encor trois fois
Auſſi long qu'vne grue.

Quant a l'eau ne me parlez poinct
D'en boire, ſi n'y ſuis contrainct,
Ou ſi ne ſuis hermite ;
Encor faudroit il quelquefois
Que vin ie beuſſe dans les bois,
Ou ie mourois bien viſte.

When the wine I drink is pure,
Then I dread not to endure
My wife's ſcolding virulence.

He's true nightingale of mine,
Who ſings out good roſy wine:
Water-drink the ſtomach hates.
Why ſhould throats that fluid uſe,
Which does harm to boots and ſhoes,
When inſide it penetrates?

Be this water put to uſe
Kettle-boiling to produce;
Or to ſteep ſalt codfiſh in!
Here let none of it be found!
For by it the world was drowned,
And the earth deſtroyed for ſin.

LXXIII.

He who, like me, drinks well and long,
Fears leſs to meet with robber-wrong
Than with bad tap of wine:
Againſt a robber we can fight;
But him who drinks bad liquor, fright
Soon brings to woe condign.

I wiſh, when drinking wine that's bad,
That my throat on a ſudden had
Become of ſhorteſt ſtrain;
But when I drink of wine that's nice,
Then I could wiſh my neck were thrice
As long as that of crane.

For water-drinking, don't to me
Speak of it, unleſs forced I be,
Or I as hermit live;
And even then, unleſs I ſhould
Drink wine ſometimes amid the wood,
I could not long ſurvive.

Je ſcay bien que ie bois des mieux.
Mais j'en reſſemble a mes ayeux ;
Il faut ſuyure noz peres.
En laiſſant les vieilles façons,
Jamais ſi bien que nous penſons
N'iront droiƈt noz affaires.

LXXIV.

Quand ſuis ſans verre & breuage,
C'eſt ſans cocque vn limaçon,
Sans liurée, c'eſt vn page,
C'eſt vn eſcolier ſans leçon.

C'eſt vn chaſſeur ſans ſa trompe,
Sans braguette vn lanſquenet,
C'eſt vn nauire ſans pompe,
C'eſt vn berger ſans flageolet.

C'eſt vn ſoldat ſans panache,
C'eſt ſans pifre vn tabourin,
C'eſt vn charpentier ſans hache,
C'eſt vn orpheure ſans burin.

Sans vin ie perds contenance :
C'eſt ce qui mieux me conuient,
Comme au cheualier la lance,
Et la baguette a vn ſergeant.

Je vous annonce la guerre ;
Pour l'amour de mon amy
Que voicy dedans ce verre,
Je ne boiray poinƈt a demy.

LXXV.

Qui eſt celuy qui eſt giſant
Soubz ceſte froidde ſepulture ?
— Vn riche auare qui viuant
Ne beuuoit que l'eau toute pure.

I well know that I drink good ſtore.
So did my anceſtors before;
Whom we ſhould imitate.
If we forſake the good old ways,
Never, whate'er our fancy ſays,
Will our affairs go ſtraight.

LXXIV.

Without my glaſs and beverage,
I am an unſhelled ſnail;
Without a livery, a page;
Student, where leſſons fail.

A hunter, but without his trump;
A breeches-leſs recruit;
A veſſel, but without a pump;
A ſhepherd, without flute.

A warrior, without a creſt;
A fifer without fife;
A joiner, of no axe poſſeſt;
A goldſmith without knife.

Wine-leſs, I feel as in a trance:
Wine-full, I'm right again,
As to the knight is his good lance,
To ſergeant is his cane.

A war I now proclaim to thee;
For love of my dear friend,
Whom in this drinking-glaſs you ſee,
Half-meaſures will not end.

LXXV.

Who is he that lies below,
Under this cold ſepulture?
—A rich miſer; who, we know,
Drank in life but water pure.

Quelle mort l'a faict trepaſſer ?
—Il eſt mort d'vne ſoif cruelle,
Pour n'auoir voulu rechauffer
D'vn verre de vin ſa ſourcelle.

Pourquoy ne croiſt ſur ſon tombeau
Que du chardron qui l'enuironne ?
—Qui n'a jamais beu que de l'eau
Ne produict herbe qui ſoit bonne.

Pourquoy eſt ce vn Pater noſter
Que pas vn ores ne luy donne ?
—Pour ce qu'ayant vin en chantier,
Il n'en faiſoit boire a perſonne.

Eſt il mort ſans eſtre ploré ?
—Quel dueil voulez vous qu'on en faſſe ?
Qui comme luy meurt alteré,
Il faict trop grand' honte a ſa race.

Vrayment tu es bien ou tu es :
Tes heritiers comme ie penſe,
De ton bon vin faiſant gros nez
Laueront bien leur conſcience.

LXXVI.

Roſſignolet muſicien,
Au printemps tu chantes fort bien,
Quand tu vas ſaluant l'aurore ;
Mais ſi j'eſtois roſſignolet,
Beuuant de ce bon vin clairet,
Je chanterois bien mieux encore.

Vray eſt que moy qui ſuis inclin
A dormir a l'aiſe au matin,
Ne chanterois de ſi bonne heure ;
Mais ayant vn peu ſommeillé
Puis de vin ma ſale mouillé,
Ma chanſon ſeroit bien meilleure.

What difeafe brought on his end?
    —Of a cruel thirft he died ;
Since no wine did e'er defcend
    To enliven his infide.

Wherefore grows upon his grave
    Nothing fave thofe thiftles bare?
—Water-drinkers' corpfes have
    Never borne a plant that's fair.

Why no *Pater Nofter* faid?
    Why no mafs, nor holy hymn?
—Of his wine, in cellar laid,
    No one got a draught from him.

Did none forrow for his death?
    —Pray, what mourning would you have?
Who dies parched like him, his breath
    Yields for a difhonoured grave.

Where you lie, you are well placed :
    Your executors, I think,
Your choice wines will freely tafte,
    And abfolve themfelves in drink.

LXXVI.

Nightingale, mufician fweet,
Thou doft well the fpring-time greet,
    Bright Aurora welcoming ;
But, were nightingale's voice mine,
Drinking of this rofy wine,
    Far more fweetly I fhould fing.

True it is, that I, who love
In the morn long fleep to prove,
    Should not quite fo early trill ;
But if I could fometime fleep,
And my throat wine-moiftened keep,
    My fong would be better ftill.

D'auffi bon matin toutes fois
Que toy, leuer ie me pourrois,
Selon le vin qu'il faudroit boire :
Car pour bien me defendormir,
Du bon vin qu'on me vienne offrir,
J'ouuriray bien toft la paupiere.

LXXVII.

Sur mer ne veux par folie
En hazard mettre ma vie,
Pour augmenter mes moyens.
Pourueu qu'a mon grè ie boyue,
Et que mon peu ie conferue,
Ça bas ie ne veux plus riens.

Plus toft quicterois ma terre
Que le pot & que le verre !
Je fuis deia vieillard gris,
Le vin tous mes maux appaife
Et m'ofte vne toux mauuaife
Qui me tient toutes les nuictz.

Le vin mes forces refucille :
Quand ie n'en boy poinct, ma vieille
En ha le cueur fort eftrainct ;
Car, au foir, quand ie me couche,
Je luy dy, s' elle me touche :
" Non, je ne le feray poinct."

Vien donc, vin de couleur belle,
Me rechauffant la fourcelle,
Garir mon rheume & ma toux !
Pour moy, qui fuis vieux bon homme,
N'eft fain le ius de la pomme :
Le vin eft propre pour nous.

And I could, at morning red,
Quite as early quit my bed,
    Juſt according to the wine.
Were I aſked good wine to take,
Soon my eyelid would awake :
    Quite as ſoon, O bird, as thine !

LXXVII.

I don't wiſh at all to be
Riſking life upon the ſea,
    To increaſe my ſtore.
Let me drink quite unreſtrained,
And, my little means retained,
    Here I want no more.

Rather let me loſe my land
Than the wine-cup leave my hand !
    Now I'm gray and grave,
Wine doth cure all my diſeaſe,
And a tireſome cough appeaſe,
    Which all night I have.

Wine invigorates my force :
When I drink not, then of courſe
    My old wife can tell ;
For at eve, when I take reſt,
She no longer is careſt,
    As I don't feel well.

Come then, wine of colour fine,
Warming up this throat of mine,
    Cold and cough to cure !
With an old good-man like me,
Apple-juice will not agree :
    Wine's the thing, I'm ſure !

LXXVIII.

Si noz malheurs bien toſt ne prennent fin,
Triſtes malheurs qui trauaillent la France,
J'ay peur, Oliuier Baſſelin,
Qu'on ne te mette en oubliance.

Las! Baſſelin, auecques le bon temps
Que tu auois, faiſant tes Vau de Vire,
S'en ſont allez les bonnes gens,
Leſquelz les ſouloient ſi bien dire!

Sur le bon vin ſi les voulois chanter,
L'vſurier tance, & l'auare en murmure,
Diſant que nous irons queſter,
Et, rechignez, nous font iniure.

Des bons beuueurs ioyeux ie fay grand cas;
Ilz n'ont jamais les ames ſi meſchantes
Que ces vilains, qui n'oſent pas
Boire, pour accroiſtre leurs rentes.

Or, nous allons, Oliuier Baſſelin,
Noz verres pleins vuider en ta mæmoire.
Puiſque bon nous trouuons ce vin,
Haut! hault le bras! Il faut tout boire.

LXXIX.

Si voulez que ie cauſe & preſche,
Et parle latin proprement,
Tenez ma bouche touſiours fraiſche,
De bon vin l'arrouſant ſouuent;
Car ie vous dis certeinement:
Quand i'ay ſeche la bouche,
Je n'ay pas plus d'entendement
Ny d'eſprit qu'vne ſouche.

LXXVIII.

If our misfortunes find not fpeedy end,
Thefe fad misfortunes, which in France we fee,
I fear, Olivier Baffelin, old friend,
That foon will come forgetfulnefs of thee.

Ah, Baffelin! with the brave olden times
When thou didft improvife thy Vaux-de-Vire,
The brave companions, too, are gone; thy rhymes
Who well could chant, their revelry to cheer!

When I would fing them now, o'er our good wine,
Ufurers fcold us, and the mifers cry,
Saying that we in beggary fhall pine;
Thofe louts infult us everlaftingly.

Ye joyous comrades, 'tis for you I care;
You never have fo niggardly a foul
As thofe malicious wretches, who won't dare
To drink, for fear of robbing their rent-roll.

But now, Olivier Baffelin! a glafs
We'll drain,—a full one,—to thy memory.
And, fince this wine for excellent may pafs,
Raife, raife the arm! To thee we'll drink it dry!

LXXIX.

If you want me to chat and preach,
And Latin fpeak correctly,
Keep my mouth watered, I befeech,
With good wine circumfpectly.
For unto this I ftick,
That when my throat is dry,
My wit is dull, my fenfe is thick,
No intellect have I.

Mais toſt mon eſprit ſe deſgele
Lorſque ie mouille le goſier ;
Et je me remetz en ceruelle
Potz & verres a manier.
Le bon vin me faict reſueiller,
Alors que ie ſommeille,
Et plus cauſer & jargonner
Qu'vne vieille qui teille.

Or demandez bien a ma mere,
Soit au ſoir ou ſoit au matin,
Alors que l'on m'a faict bien boire,
Si je parle pas bon latin :
Elle dira par Sainct Copin
Que j'y ſuis habile homme.
Qui me faict ſcauant ? C'eſt ce vin,
Et ce bon ius de pomme.

LXXX.

Si i'ay vn amy, quand ie boy,
Je voudrois qu'il beuſt auec moy
Du meilleur vin que l'on peuſt boire ;
Car, pour moy, ie le vay jugeant :
Plus grand bien on ne me peult faire
Que de bon vin en m'abreuuant.

Mais ſi j'auois vn ennemy,
Qu'il ne beuſt jamais qu'a demy,
Quoy qu'il euſt vne ſoif extreme ;
Encor que ce ne fuſt pas vin,
Que ſon breuuage fuſt de meſme
Ce qui faict tourner le moulin.

Ce luy feroit affliction
Plus grande, a mon oppinion,
Qu'aux Enfers n'eſt celle a Tantale ;
Encor plus grande, que ie croy,
S'il deſiroit oindre ſa ſale
De bon vin, autant comme moy.

But fpeedily my fpirit thaws,
If wine my gullet foften;
Then brain and wit awake, becaufe
The cups and cans come often.
Good wine drives off my fleep,
Quite wide-awake I feel,
And greater chatter keep
Than dame at fpinning-wheel.

Go, afk my mother:—Does fhe think,
At ev'ning, or at morning,
When I have had a hearty drink,
My Latin merits fcorning?
She'll vow, by Sainte Chopine,
I clever work produce.
Who teach me? 'Tis this wine,
And this good apple-juice!

LXXX.

If fate to me in drinking gave
A friend, then he fhould furely have
The very beft wine to be got;
Since of all things I hold it firft
That greater kindnefs you cannot
Show unto me when I feel thirft.

But if it were an enemy,
Half-meafures only he fhould try,
Although extreme his thirft fhould rage;
And thofe, too, not of wine: but ftill
Should have, as his fole beverage,
The ftream that turns the water-mill.

He then would fuffer greater woe
Than Tantalus in fhades below,
Unlefs I very much miftake;
Still greater, if of his dry throat
He longed, like me, the thirft to flake
With that good wine on which I doat.

LXXXI.

Se treuuent trois lettres en vin,
Qui ſont Vigueur, Ioie, Nouriture,
Et denotent bien ſa nature,
Comme dict fort bien mon voiſin.

Le bon vin redonne vigueur
Et force au corps qui eſt malade,
Et chaſſe la triſteſſe fade ;
Nourriſt le corps, purge le cueur,

Faict de la bile eiection ;
Le ſang eſpois il ſubtiliſe,
Et noſtre appetit il aguiſe
Et aide a la diggeſtion.

Et bref, le vin, pris ſobrement,
Eſt touſiours vne bonne choſe.
Je n'en prendray que ceſte doſe :
Prenez la voſtre meſmement.

Je me ſens bien reconforté :
O belle & bonne creature !
Tu as, de ce coup, ie te iure,
Ma toux & mon rheume emporté.

LXXXII.

Tous les ſept ſages Gregeois
Beuuoient bien chacun deux fois ;
Nous en boirons doncq bien trois,
Qui tant ſages ne ſommes pas.
Il y en a qui ne ſont cas
Que d'hypocras.

Je n'ayme ſucre ni miel ;
Il n'eſt theriacque tel
Que vin en ſon naturel.

LXXXI.

Three letters which in VIN are found,
Mean *Vigour*, *Joy*, and *Nutriment*:
My neighbour well fays, thus are meant
Three gifts that in good wine abound.

Frefh vigour it will foon impart
To frame that long in ficknefs pined;
Cheer up the melancholy mind,
Nourifh the body, purge the heart,

Produce ejection of the bile;
Congefted blood 'twill render light,
Will fharpen up the appetite,
And help digeftion all the while.

In fhort, wine, drunk in fober guife,
Is always a good thing to take.
With this dofe only, thirft I flake:
My worthy friend, take yours likewife

Much comfort I already find:
O creature excellent and fair!
By that one draught, I have, I fwear,
Left all my cough and cold behind.

LXXXII.

All the feven Greek wife men
Drank, at leaft, each twice; fo then
We will thrice the goblet drain,
Who for minor fages pafs.
Some there are who prize, alas!
Nought fave hypocras.

Sugar, honey, are no treat
To me: nor is cure complete
Wanting wine of flavour meet.

Diray ie hypocras mal basti
Valoir mieux que vin de Sainćti ?
J'aurois menti.

Aux accouchées laissons
Ces doucereuses boissons :
Ce bon sildre caressons.
Mauuais vin, bon pommé le vault.
Vous sçauez ce que faire il fault,
Quand il faićt chault.

Varlet, qui bon maistre sert,
Doibt boire a luy, descouuert.
A vous, messieurs. S'il appert
Que je n'en laisse aucunement,
C'est signe que ce restorent
Est excelent.

LXXXIII.

Tout a l'entour de noz rampars
Les ennemis sont en furie :
Sauuez noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Prenez plus tost de nous, soldartz,
Tout ce dont vous aurez enuie :
Sauuez noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Nous pourrons au moins en beuuant
Chasser nostre melancholie :
Sauuez noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

L'ennemy, qui est cy deuant
Ne nous veult faire courtoisie.
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Au moins, s'il prend nostre cité,
Qu'il n'y troune plus que la lie :
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Hypocras to glorify
More than good wine of Sainčti,
Were to tell a lie.

Such ſweet drinks let us reſign
To ſick dames: this cider fine
Praiſe we as a drink divine.
Than bad wine it does leſs harm.
You know what will work a charm
When the weather's warm!

He who ſerves a maſter good,
Drinking to him, doffs his hood.
Your good healths! 'Tis underſtood
That if not a drop remain,
This refreſhing draught we drain
Is quite pure from ſtain.

LXXXIII.

The fierce beſieging hoſt
Preſs hot our ramparts round:
Keep our caſks ſafe and ſound!

Sooner all elſe be loſt
That plunderers have found:
Keep our caſks ſafe and ſound!

That with the wine-cup's flow
Mirth may again abound;
Keep our caſks ſafe and ſound!

But as th' advancing foe
Would fain our arms confound,
Drain our caſks ſafe and ſound!

That, if he take our town,
The lees alone be found;
Drain our caſks ſafe and ſound!

Deuſſions nous marcher de coſté,
Ce bon fildre n'eſpargnons mie :
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

LXXXIV.

Touſiours auecques moy je porte
Vn fort bon entonnoir a vin.
Je n'emprunte en aucune ſorte
L'entonnoir de noſtre voiſin.
Le mien m'a tant couſté d'argent,
Que c'eſt vne choſe infinie :
Auſſi m'a t il toute ma vie
Servy continuellement.

Goſier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laiſſe entrer en ma ſourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'eſt excelent !

J'ayme vne bonne compaignie
Plus volontiers qu'vn bon repas,
Pour paſſer ma melancholie
Qui m'aduanceroit le treſpas.
Prez mes amis honneſtement
J'ayme mieux boire & mouiller l'anche,
Que manger mon pain en ma manche,
N'ayant jamais contentement.

Goſier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laiſſe entrer en ma ſourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'eſt excelent !

J'ayme tant ceſte melodie
De nos Vau de Vire nouueaux !
Je ſçay juge la compaignie
Que les vieux ne ſont poinct plus beaux.

If we muſt march, quaff down
This cider, all around :—
Drain our caſks ſafe and ſound !

LXXXIV.

I always have by me
A funnel, prime for wine,
Nor any-wife make free
To borrow aught but mine.
Such ſums my funnel coſt,
That 'tis above all praiſe :
And throughout all my days,
It never has been loſt.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be !

I love good company
Better than grand repaſt,
To keep melancholy
From ending me at laſt :
To have my mouth-piece full
And moiſt, with friends, I own,
Than gnaw my cruſt alone,
And ſo be always dull.

O throat, whom Heaven's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be !

How ſweet this melody
Of our new Vaux-de-Vire !
Judge all the company,—
The old are not more dear !

Si j'estois vn homme opulent,
Je ferois chere magnificque
A tous ceux qui ceste musicque
Me chanteroient journellement.

Gosier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'est excelent !

Breuuage, rempli d'excelence,
Je te donne ton passeport :
Passe ! tu as toute licence ;
Resueille l'esprit qui s'endort.
Si ta force & vertu surprend
Et brouille nostre fantasie,
Faut dormir vne heure & demie,
Et ne cueillir poinct trop le vent.

Gosier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'est excelent !

LXXXV.

Voyant en ces valons Virois
Des moulins fouleurs la ruine,
Ou noz chantz prindrent origine,
Regrettant leur temps ie disois :
" Ou sont ces moulins, o valons,
" Source de noz chantz biberons ? "

Le traficq de nos peres vieux
Estoit iadis en drapperie.
Le bon Basselin, lors en vie,
Se resiouissoit auec eux.
Ou sont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de noz chantz biberons ?

Did I in wealth abound,
I ſhould in royal way
Feaſt thoſe who, day by day,
Would treat me to that ſound.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be!

Moſt goodly drink, depart:
Thou haſt thy paſſport: go!
Awake the ſleeping heart,
Paſs freely to and fro.
If thine excelling ſtrength
In dreams our wits ſhould ſteep,
An hour and half's ſound ſleep
Will ſet all right at length.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be!

LXXXV.

I ſaw, where Vire through valleys flows,
The fulling-mills in ruins laid,
The mills from which our ſongs aroſe;
And, mourning the paſt time, I ſaid:—
"Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
"The ſource of many a drinking-air?"

The traffic of our ſires of yore
Was in the cloth they made and fold.
Good Baſſelin,—(alas, no more!)—
With them his joyous muſic trolled.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The ſource of many a drinking-air?

Aux moulins qui fouloient leurs draps
Sur ceſte riviere iolie,
Beuuoient d'autant, par drolerie,
Pommé qui valoit hypocras,
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de noz chantz biberons?

Baſſelin faiſoit leurs chanſons
Qu'on nomma partant Vaudeuire,
Et leur enſeignoit a les dire
En mille gentilles façons.
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de noz chantz biberons?

Or bien ce bon temps eſt paſſé.
De toutes choſes vne poſe!
Va dans mon cors & t'y repoſe:
Benoiſt ſoit il qui t'a verſé!
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de noz chantz biberons?

LXXXVI.

Voicy tous gens de courage,
Leſquelz s'en vont en voyage
Juſque par dela les mons.
Faire ce pelerinage
Sans boire nous ne pouuons.

Que la bouteille on n'oublie,
En regrettant Normandie.
A l'ombre nous nous ſerrons,
Si le chemin nous ennuye,
Et l'vn a l'aultre boirons.

Beuuons! deia ie me laſſe.
Vn chacun ſa calabaſſe
Remplira par les chemins,
En diſant: "Donnez, de grace,
A boire a ces pelerins!"

In mills that fulled their drapery,
Where that bright river's currents pafs,
They deeply drank, in jollity,
Cider worth more than hypocras.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The fource of many a drinking-air?

Baffelin framed their drinking-lays,
As Vaux-de-Vire fo widely known;
And taught a thoufand charming ways
Of finging their melodious tone.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The fource of many a drinking-air?

But to that good old time, a clofe.
To all things human, cometh reft!
Within me, wine! take thy repofe:
May he who poured thee out be bleft!
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The fource of many a drinking-air?

LXXXVI.

Here we are all, of courage found,
Upon our pilgrim-journey, bound
For diftant hill and vale.
But if no drink be found,
Our pilgrimage muft fail.

Though we our Normandy regret,
The bottle let us ne'er forget.
We'll in the fhade repofe,
If long the road; while yet,
Around, our wine-cup flows.

Let's drink! already I'm foot-fore.
Let each his calabafh with more
Replenifh;—"Give, we pray,
"Thefe pilgrims drink in ftore,
"To help them on their way."

Compagnon, vuide la tienne,
Ainſi que j'ay faict la mienne !
Quelque chance nous viendra,
Mais que la ſoif nous reprenne,
Qui noz flacons remplira.

LXXXVII.

Viue le roy ! voicy la Patience :
Plus ne nous faut vainement redoubter
Ces Eſpagnolz, vieux ennemis de France,
Leſquelz vouloient ce royaulme vſurper ;
Car ilz s'en ſont retournez tous honteux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

Ces faux ligueurs nous nourriſſoient la guerre,
Qui nous a faict oublier noz chanſons.
Ilz ne nous ont rien laiſſé que la terre ;
Et, en vuidant noz tonneaux & poinſſons,
Nous ont oſté ce qu'aymions le mieux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

Mais maintenant qu'ilz ſont a vau de routte,
Et que failly ilz ont a leurs deſſeins,
Beuuons d'autant ! Ne nous chaille qu'il couſte !
Car noz tonneaux peut eſtre ſeront pleins,
Et l'an qui vient nous rendra tous ioyeux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

N'oublions poinct noz gentilz Vau de Vire ;
Honneſtement les faut encor chanter ;
Si tu en ſcais, voiſin, il les faut dire !
En attendant, vn peu ie vay gouſter :
Fay comme moy, tu en chanteras mieux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

Companion pilgrim, empty thine,
As I, a pilgrim, empty mine!
May fome chance blefs us ftill;
And, if we thirft, with wine
Our calabafh refill!

LXXXVII.

Long live the King! Peace comes to fword and lance:
And ne'er again regard we for an hour
The Spaniards, ancient enemies of France,
Who fain would have ufurped this kingdom's pow'r;
For they have back been driven fhamefully.
Alas! why can't thofe envious ones die?

Thofe leaguers falfe maintained the hoftile bands
Who made us all forget our poetry.
They now have left us nothing but our lands;
And, drinking all our cafks and rundlets dry,
Have pillaged our moft valued property.
Alas! why can't thofe envious ones die?

But meanwhile, fince in rout their caufe is loft,
And they have failed in all their foul defigns,
Let's freely drink! No matter for the coft!
Our cafks perhaps will foon be full of wines.
The coming year will blefs us joyoufly.
Alas! why can't thofe envious ones die?

Let us forget not our fweet Vaux-de-Vire;
Again let's carol them in honeft hafte;
If you know one, my friend, come fing it here!
Meanwhile, a goblet full I fain would tafte:
Do as I do; you'll fing more charmingly.
Alas! why can't thofe envious ones die?

LXXXVIII.

Voyant meſſieurs de Parlement,
Auec leur rouge accouſtrement,
Du bon vin clairet j'eus moemoire :
Mais conſeiller ny preſident
Ne me pria iamais de boire.

Je juray que dorenaduant
Je n'y ferois plus appellant
Qu'aux cabaretz les plus notables,
La ſoif, ma partie, intimant
Deuant les beuueurs, mes ſemblables.

J'ayme mieux y perdre vn proces
Que deuant tant de goſiers ſecs
Qui ne reſpirent que le code ;
Et puis, ſans faire ſi grandz frais,
En beuuant ſouuent on accorde.

Depenceons pluſtoſt noſtre argent
A nous donner bon traictement,
Sans aller courir a la Bouille.
L'hyuer il ne paſſe aiſement
Qui laiſſe a Rouan ſa deſpouille.

Mais, voiſin, changeons de deuis.
Vn Vaudeuire, a mon aduis !
Sans boyre, on ne peut bien conclurre.
J'y ſatisferay, ſi je puis,
Car j'ayme cela de nature.

Mouillons donc ; il faict bon ſecher.
Je veux, pour ma ſoif eſtancher,
Verre plein du bon vin que j'ayme.
Ceſtuy cy vous va deuancer :
Vous le voires en Angouleſme.

LXXXVIII.

Seeing the Peers of Parliament,
With all their red accoutrement,
"Good rofy wine!" thought I;
But neither Peer nor Prefident
Afked me a glafs to try.

Thenceforth, I thereon roundly fwore,
I fhould appeal my caufe no more
Save to beft taverners:
Summoning thirft to come before
Tribunal of my peers.

I'd fooner lofe fuits there, than try
To plead before thofe throttles dry,
Who breathe but ftatute-lore;
Men oft, without fuch robbery,
Drink and are friends once more.

Then let us rather money fpend
In feafts without an early end,
Than running to La Bouille.
His winter goes without a friend,
At Rouen who leaves fpoil.

But, neighbour, let us change the ftrain.
A Vau-de-Vire would fuit my vein!
Athirft, we nothing prove.
I'd fatisfy that, if I could,
For 'tis what I moft love.

Then drink: 'tis well to do fo, firft.
I fain would have, to quench my thirft,
Full glafs of wine, I own:
Make hafte, or you'll come off the worft,—
Through Angoulefme 'tis gone!

LXXXIX.

GRACES.

Nous congnoiſſons, grand Dieu, noſtre avoir & noz biens
Proceder purement de ta main nouriciere ;
Et, quoy que nous ſoyons vne race fautiere,
Bon pere, que c'eſt toy qui ſeul nous entretiens !

Graces nous te rendons de tes biens qu'auons pris !
Si auons excedé ce qu'il faut a nature,
Ne ceſſe toutes fois d'auoir de nous la cure :
Pour s'eſiouir ſans mal ne nous metz a mepris !

Fay que beuuans enſemble en vain ne prenions
Ton nom ; que ne ſoyons ny gourmandz ny prodigues,
Ny contempteurs de toy ; ains que tu nous inſtigues
A t'aymer & benir, pendant que nous viurons.

A l'hoſte quant & quant nous diſons : Grand mercy,
Qui, pour l'amour de nous, n'a rien mis en eſpargne !
Aduienne que bientoſt iuſtement il regaigne
Ce qu'il luy a couſté pour nous traicter ainſi !



LXXXIX.

THANKSGIVING.

We know, great Lord! that all our wealth and ſtore
Proceed entirely from Thy gracious hand;
And, though our race with ſin be clouded o'er,
Great Sire! we live but by thy ſole command.

We bleſs Thee for thy gifts' kind affluence!
If more than Nature's wants be thus ſupplied,
Still guide and guard us by Thy Providence:—
May we enjoy them without blame or pride!

Ne'er in our cups may we Thy name profane,
Nor may we gluttonous nor waſteful be:
Nor Thee deſpiſe: ſo may Thy mercy deign
To make us ever love and worſhip Thee.

And, as from time to time we thank our hoſt,
Who ſpares no kindneſs his eſteem to prove,
May he in Thy good time find nothing loſt
Of all his coſtly evidence of love!





CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

SECOND RECVEIL

I.

O vray & naturel François,
Beau & bon, tu as toutes fois
Mere grande mal faicte,
Qui a peau laide & cors tortu,
Et, sans appuy, n'a la vertu
De se soustenir droicte.

Sur ta mere il falut fouler,
Et sur le ventre luy piler,
Afin de te produire.
Pour ton bers, tu eus vn cuueau ;
Tu es sain ; mais abreuué d'eau
C'est alors qu'il t'empire.

Tu changes logis plusieurs fois.
En sortant d'vn logis de bois
Entres en vn de verre,
Ou vn d'estain, premierement ;
En nostre corps finablement :
Puis, retournes en terre.

Mais ta vertu ne vas monstrant,
Sinon en nostre corps entrant,
La ou tu fais merueilles ;
Mais qu'on t'y mette sobrement,
Tu nous rends gays incontinent,
Et l'esprit tu resueilles.



SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

SECOND SERIES

I.

O Frenchman true and native-born,
Fair, good, yet from a mother torn
Great and ill-formed to fight,
Uncouth of ſkin, in body bent,
And, unleſs ſome ſupport be lent,
Unfit to ſtand upright.

Thy mother had child-labour long,
And underwent convulſions ſtrong,
That she might thee produce.
Thy ruſtic cradle was a vat ;
Healthy thyſelf, thy force grows flat
From water-drink's abuſe.

Thou many times doſt change thy home.
Firſt from a wooden houſe to come,
To enter one of glaſs ;
Or, firſt into a pewter can,
Thence into body of a man :
Thence into earth to paſs !

Thy virtue, natheleſs, is unknown
Till in our body it be ſhown,
Where thou doſt magic make ;
If therein taken ſoberly,
Thou cheereſt us unfailingly,
And doſt our ſpirit wake !

Qui te prend ne peut rien celer :
Tu contrainctz chacun a parler
Et deuiser & rire.
Tu fais descouurir les humeurs,
Et congnoistre si les beuueurs
Sont benings ou pleins d'ire.

Sur tous, ceux la sont vicieux
Pour t'auoir, auaricieux,
Qui craignent le coustage :
Puisqu'apportant nostre santé,
En vn corps de maux agité
Tu remetz le courage.

On ne pourroit congnoistre mieux
Que tes effectz sont genereux,
Et n'est rien qui t'egale,
Qu'a ton blanc & incarnatin ;
Jamais n'est l'habit d'vn coquin
De ta pourpre royalle.

Mais t'ay ie poinct assez preschè ?
Me seroit il bien reproché
De n'auoir tenu compte
De loger vn hoste si bon,
Par charité, dans ma maison ? . . .
Ce me seroit grand'honte.

II.

On les a censurés
Les pauures Vau de Vire,
Et plusieurs rechignés
Ne cessent d'en mesdire.
Ce sont des morfondus
Qu'on ne void iamais rire.
Ilz sont les entendus
Et ne peuuent rien dire.

He who takes thee, can nought conceal:
Through thee, men hidden things reveal,
        And tell long tales, and laugh.
Men's humours thou doſt let us know,
And whether quick to wrath, or ſlow,
        Are thoſe good ſouls who quaff.

But moſt of all they ſhow keen zeal
To have thee: avarice they feel
        Indeed, who fear thy coſt:
Since our good health thou doſt reſtore,
And ſhattered frame inſpire once more
        With vigour that was loſt.

No better proof could we exact,
How generous thine ev'ry act,
        Unmatched in chivalry,
Than thy white and incarnadine;
No raſcal's coat could ever ſhine
        Like thy red royalty.

Have I enough thy merits broached?
Could I be juſtly now reproached
        With inſufficient heed
To giving charitable reſt
Within my houſe to ſuch a gueſt?—
        That were a ſhame indeed!

II.

They've cenſured them ſadly,
        The poor Vaux-de-Vire;
And louts who live badly,
        Inceſſantly ſneer.
They're all diſmal fellows
        Who merriment fear,
No good thing they tell us,
        But backbite and jeer.

Qui, ioyeux & gaillard,
Chantant, ne boit du pire,
Vaut mieux qu'vn vieux mulard
Qui toufiours eſt en ire.
C'eſt du vin de ceans
Que vous voyez reluire :
Gage qu'il eſt dedans,
Pourueu que ie le tire.

III.

Breuuage, amy ſouef,
Armé de verre,
Vne importune ſoif
Me faict la guerre.

Mais vien m'en deliurer,
Je te ſuplie,
Et faire deſloger
Ceſte ennemie.

Je ne crains tous les jours
Qu'elle m'aſſaille,
Pourueu que ton ſecours
Ne me deffaille.

Or, i'en feray vangé,
Je m'en conſole ;
Car j'ay fort bien chargé
Ceſte piſtolle.

Meſchante ſoif, rendz toy,
Ouure la porte,
Et vuide de chez moy,
Ou tu es morte.

Elle fuit maintenant,
Quictant la place.
O breuuage vaillant,
Je te rendz grace !

He, gallant and jolly,
Who ſings and drinks right,
Diſplays not the folly
Of muliſh old fright.
This liquor, believe it,
In bottle ſhines bright ;
And when you receive it,
I'm ſure 'twill delight.

III.

Sweet friend, O beverage,
Thy wine-glaſs wield ;
Thirſt with a reſtleſs rage
Taketh the field.

Swift to my ſuccour ſpeed,
Humbly I pray ;
And make that foe recede
Quickly away.

I will not be diſmayed
Though it aſſail,
If only thy good aid
Daily avail.

Now, I avenged ſhall be,
Comforting thought !
I have, well charged, with me
This piſtole brought.

Villain thirſt, render thee !
Open the gate :
Hurry away from me,
Or doom await.

Thirſt takes to flight,
Quitting the place.
O liquor, brave in fight,
Thanks for ſuch grace !

Je te veux demeurer
Amy fidelle,
Qui peux ſi bien vuider
Vne querelle.

Tu es d'auecques moy,
Touſiours, &, pource
Je ne craindray pour toy
Vuider ma bource.

Et je ne veux aymer
Vne maiſtreſſe
Qui me vouldra prier
Que ie te laiſſe.

IV.

Celuy qui, pour chanter le los
Du bon vin, fiſt ſa poeſie,
Auoit nom en grec Philinos,
Et Torexia *fut ſon amie.*

Sachant qu'eſcrire il ne pouuoit,
Et parler de choſes ſublimes,
Pour la maiſtreſſe qu'il aymoit,
Paſſant temps, il dreſſa ſes rythmes ;

Rythmes qu'il trampoit dans le vin,
Pour douces les faire & plus riches ;
Et jamais ne fut ſon deſſein
De les compoſer pour les chiches.

Car jamais auare alteré
Ne dira bien les Vaudeuire ;
Le ris ne luy vient point a gré ;
Il crainct les frais, & boit du pire.

But thou, I prithee, ſtay,
O faithful friend!
Thou who canſt an affray
So deftly end.

I will for ever be
Comrade of thine:
Ne'er ſhall be cloſed for thee
Purſe-ſtrings of mine.

Nor will I ever give
Miſtreſs my heart,
Who would aſk me to live
From thee apart.

IV.

He of goodly wine who framed
Praiſes in poetic lay,
Was in Greek *Philænos* named,
And his love, *Thorexia.*

Conſcious that in vain he ſtrove
To deſcant on things ſublime,
For the miſtreſs of his love
Playfully he built his rhyme;

Rhyme which he immerſed in wine,
That it might be ſweet and brave;
It was never his deſign
To compoſe it for the knave.

Never will a miſer's thirſt
Rightly chant the Vaux-de-Vire,
With unſmiling temper curſt,
He dreads coſt of jolly cheer.

Mais laiſſons la ces morfondus,
Parlons des fermiers de vilage
Qui viennent de gaſteaux cornus,
Aux Rois, eſtrener le meſnage.

C'eſt vn grand heur, en verité,
Qu'y trouuant la noix ou la febue,
On acquert vne royaulté :
C'eſt donc bien raiſon qu'on en boiue.

Ce petit regne ſans profit,
Qui dure a peine vne journée
Monſtre que bientoſt ſe reduict
Toute gloire humaine en fumée.

V.

Beuuons a la ſanté du Roy
Vin d'Orleans ou de Limoy !
Enſepueliſſons la moemoire
Des maux paſſés, & leur tombeau
Baſtiſſons d'vn pot de bon boire,
Tiré du plus friand tonneau.

On a ſubiect de s'eſgayer,
Quand on boit du bon, ſans payer :
La bourſe a ſouuent indigence.
Sans cela, pluſieurs eſpritz beaux
Eſueilleroient leur ſuffiſance,
Et, beuuans, diroient motz nouueaux.

Je feray vomir au matin
A vn pedant tout ſon latin ;
Par le vin je feray merueille :
J'eſmouueray mieux le caquet
D'vn aduocat, par la bouteille,
Que par l'argent, dans le parquet.

Leave we thofe dull fouls forlorn.
Sing we of the village clowns,
Whom, on Twelfth-night, cake with horn
As the reigning Monarch crowns.

When they find the nut or bean,
Truly they who win may laugh ;
Kings they fuddenly are feen :
Reafon good why they fhould quaff.

Brief, unprofitable reign,
Lafting fcarcely for a day !
Human glories, not lefs vain,
Soon in fmoke pafs all away !

V.

" Health to the King ! " drink we with joy,
In wine of Orleans or Limoy !
Of forrows paft, the memory
Entomb we ; and, above their grave,
To build a monument let's try,
With pot from the beft cafk we have.

To drink good wine with nought to pay,
Is matter for reflection gay :
The purfe is oft in want of pence.
Not feldom, elfe, fome witty one
Would waken up his affluence,
And, o'er his cups, invent new fun.

Till morn, I could a pedant teach
To pour forth all his Latin fpeech ;
And, in the forum of the law,
I could a cleverer debate
By bottle than by money draw
From fluent tongue of Advocate.

La femme, pour n'estre en deffault
De parler, boire il ne luy fault ;
Mais si le vin on luy adiouste,
Elle aide a bien vous confesser :
Vostre vie ell' vous dira toute,
Si lors vous la faictes fascher.

Mais ne blasmons personne icy :
Vn chacun a tousiours vn sy.
Prendray ie ceste medecine ?
Mon mal vous congnoisses fort bien
Ouy, ouy, ne prenons poinct la peine
D'en prendre aduis de Galien.

VI.

Las ! cher amy, je croy bien que la mort
Dure te fut, quand en l'eau te noyas ;
Car l'eau, viuant, tu haïssois si fort,
Qu'en ta boisson jamais ne l'employas.
Si la riuiere ou chetif tu tombas,
Eust eu ses flotz de vin ou Maluoisie,
Tu n'y aurois jamais perdu la vie.

Vne moindre eau pouuoit finir tes jours,
Ton naturel ayant cet element
Pour ennemy : au boire aussi tousiours
T'en abstenois, & faisois sagement ;
Pour ce subiect ie t'aymois cherement ;
Car le vin pur nous faisoit viure ensemble,
Et, pour ta mort, quand ie vois l'eau, j'en tremble.

Voudrois ie bien pour breuuage en mon cors
De mon amy la meurtriere loger ?
Si l'eau pourrit les pieux qui sont si fors,
Elle pourroit aussi m'endommager
En ma santé que je veux mesnager.
S'il est sans eau, je prendray ce breuuage.
Nostre hoste, a vous ! J'en boy de bon courage !

Woman alone can well difpenfe
With vinous aids to eloquence ;
But if to her you add fome wine,
She'll help you bravely to confefs ;
And your paft life tell, line by line,
If e'er you caufed her a diftrefs.

But let us here no one malign ;
All have their failings ; I have mine :
Am I to take this doctor's draught ?
(You know full well my malady).—
Yes, yes ; let it be duly quaffed,
Nor ftay for Galen's pharmacy.

VI.

Alas ! dear friend, I well believe thy death
Was fad, when thou wert in the water drowned ;
Water, fo hated with thy living breath,
That in thy drink it never yet was found.
Had but that fatal flood, inftead, been crowned
With waves of wine or of Malvoifie,
We had not now been fo bewailing thee.

In drinking, from thy foe thou didft abftain ;
And in fo doing didft thy wifdom prove.
That view, indeed, was common to us twain,
Therefore for thee I felt fo great a love ;
A like abhorrence did my fancy move,
For in pure wine we both took much delight,
And, fince thy death, I dread all water's fight.

What ! in my body could I choofe to take
To lodge, the vile affaffin of my friend ?
If water rot away the fturdy ftake,
It might me alfo haften to my end.
I muft my health with prudent caution tend.
If free from water, I will drink this draught.
Our hoft ! To you, with brave good-will, 'tis quaffed !

Nous ferons bien, aucques ceftuy cy,
Vne heure ou deux que nous ferons ceans.
Laiffons, Meffieurs, le chagrineux foucy ;
Feftoyons l'hofte aux defpens de fes biens.
Il ne faut pas eftre traiftre au dedans,
Et feindre vn ris qui n'eft que d'apparence :
Vraye amitié gift en l'experience.

VII.

A quelques hommes fans cerueaux,
C'eft vne couftume ordinaire
De faire rompre leurs manteaux,
Pluftoft que s'arrefter a boire.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

Ayant foif, la diffimuler,
C'eft par honte ou hypocrifie ;
Mais plus grand'honte eft s'en aller,
Refufant telle courtoifie.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

Offrir a boire, quand on boit,
C'eft chofe a l'Alemand tant belle,
Qu'a cil qui le refuferoit,
Il baftiroit vne querelle.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

J'ay perdu ceft' occafion
Plufieurs fois d'vne humeur peu caute ;
Mais ores puifque c'eft du bon,
Je ne feray plus telle faute.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

We ſhall be well content with this good wine,
An hour or two, while we are gathered here.
Let us, my friends, ceaſe longer to repine;
Pledge we our hoſt in liquor he holds dear;
No traitors to our boſom's inward cheer,
Nor ſmiles aſſuming that are feigned alone.
True friendſhip beſt by that ordeal is known.

VII.

Some men, in their fooliſhneſs,
Make it quite their common way
Rather to be ſtripped of dreſs,
Than at drinking-bout to ſtay.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

To diſſimulate our thirſt
Is ſhame or hypocriſy;
But to go away is worſt,
Spurning ſuch a courteſy.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Where men drink, to offer wine
Germans do ſo truly love,
That who ſhould ſuch grace decline,
Would a quarrel ſurely move.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Often, from a thoughtleſs mood,
I have loſt at ſuch a game;
But now, ſince this drink is good,
I will not reject the ſame.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Quand je te voy, le cueur me rid,
Beau fildre, & ma gorge fechée
T'attend, ainfi que, dans le nid,
L'oyfeau qui attend la bechée.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

Il ne faut manger du falé,
Afin qu'a te boire on s'inuite ;
Mais tu ne doibs eftre baillé
Qu'a ceux qui jugent ton merite.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

Ou l'on te boira fans excés,
J'eftime la place honorable ;
Tout efcot aura bon fuccés,
Pourueu que tu fois a la table.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

Les gendres, qu'on rendroit ioyeux
Auec des boiffons fi gentilles,
Ne deburoient, s'ilz font amoureux,
Rien prendre, en epoufant les filles.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

Bon boire n'a plus ces effectz ;
Trop regne a prefent l'auarice.
Je m'en vay defcharger ce fais ;
Puis vous dires qu'on le rempliffe.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.

When I ſee thee, I am bleſt;
My throat waits thee, cider good,
As the bird which, in the neſt,
Waiteth for its little food.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

No ſalt viand need they ſerve
To make me drink thee with haſte;
But thee only thoſe deſerve
Who can value thy fine taſte.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

To drink thee without exceſs
Is a mark of virtue rare;
Tavern-bill will have ſucceſs
If thou but be preſent there.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Sons-in-law who would enjoy
Being on ſuch liquids fed,
Should, if love their thoughts employ,
Not be portionleſs when wed.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Good drink now has feebler grown;
Avarice does too much reign.
This cup full I now ſend down;
You can have it filled again.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

VIII.

S'il faut proceder ſur le boire,
Je ne me veux jamais aider
De l'exception dilatoire.
Le jambon eſt vn acceſſoire,
Sur quoy ie voudrois me fonder.

En matiere de beuuerie,
Quant a moy, touſiours ie pretens
A anticiper ma partie,
Ceſſant toutes fois plaiderie,
S'il veut payer tous les depens.

Les raiſons ſur quoy ie me fonde
Sont touſiours la ſoif & le chauld.
Ma cauſe eſt en la taſſe ronde,
Qu'a vuider, combien que profonde,
Jamais ie ne tombe en deffault.

Le paragraphe & la rubricque
Ne valent rien pour decider
De quelque bouteille authanticque :
Je ne m'y ſers que de praticque,
Alors que ie la veux vuider.

Mais laiſſons proces, car j'en tremble,
L'oyant nommer, tant ie le crains !
Ce n'eſt pas ce qui nous aſſemble :
C'eſt pour ſçauoir ce qu'il vous ſemble
De ce dont les verres ſont pleins.

Comme gourmetz pleins de ſcience,
L'hoſte vous en veult conſulter.
Je dy, ſelon ma conſcience,
Que voicy bien de l'excelence,
Pourueu qu'il ne faille conter.

VIII.

If thirſt muſt indicted be,
Then I never wiſh to raiſe
Any dilatory plea.
Ham is an acceſſory ;
Upon which I found my caſe.

When a drinking-ſuit is mine,
Then I always would diſpenſe
With a contradicting line ;
And all argument reſign,
If they pay me my expenſe.

As my main ſubſtantial ground,
Thirſt and heat I mean to keep :
My caſe lies in goblet round ;
In default I'm never found,
Though the cup be ne'er ſo deep.

Rubric, paragraph, the taſk
Might attempt, but all in vain,
Trying ſome authentic flaſk :
Practice there is all I aſk,
When I would its contents drain.

Leave we ſuits, which I deteſt,
And their name fills me with fear !
Not for them have we profeſſed
Here to meet : but which is beſt
Of theſe wines, we wiſh to hear.

From Epicurean ſage
Such as you, the hoſt would learn
Your opinion : I engage,
Here is goodly beverage !
Let him note it in his turn.

Je veux de l'eau de Clitorie,
S'il faut d'eau ce bon vin tremper ;
Mais encore je ne me fie
En ceste fource d'Archadie.
Pline me pourroit bien tromper.

IX.

Pour fuir a mes ennuis, fans partir d'vne place,
Je pren le cor, la gaule, & m'exerce a la chaffe :
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

Mon gibier eft la foif, qui faict chez moy fon gifte ;
Non, pour l'auoir, je chaffe ; ains veux qu'elle me quicte.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

Le verre c'eft mon cor, que je fay par merueilles
Ronfler en l'embouchant ; mes chiens font les bouteilles.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

La table eft ma foreft & ma campagne verte,
Quand mes amis & moy nous la trouuons couuerte.

Bright Clitoria's ſtream let's try,
If we muſt mix this good wine:
Yet I rather would paſs by
That famed ſpring of Arcady:
Pliny might give erring ſign!

IX.

To flee from my ſadneſs, yet ſtay in one place
I take horn, and ſtaff, and I practiſe the chaſe.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

My game is the thirſt, which I don't want to catch;
But only to make it decamp with deſpatch.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

The goblet's my bugle, which ſplendidly ſounds,
When I luſtily blow; the bottles, my hounds.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip;

The table's my foreſt and hunting-field green,
When cloſe ſet with covers for friends and me ſeen.

Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

Que j'embouche ce cor, quelque ouruary qu'il faſſe,
La ſoif mourra ce coup, ou quičtera la place.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

O bon cor, doux ſouflet, aggreable a la bouche !
Ceſt exercice eſt bon, attendant qu'on ſe couche.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

X.

J'entre librement la ou ie ſcay qu'on boit ;
Car, ſans honte, vn malade doit
D'vn medecin entrer en la maiſon
Pour auoir gariſon.

La ſoif c'eſt vn mal dont ie ſuis pourſuiui,
Qui plus me preſſe & faičt d'ennuy.
Ses recipes faut il cercher ailleurs
Que parmy les beuueurs ?

Si ceux ſont amis, chez qui vous arriués,
Seront ioyeux, ſi vous beués ;

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it flip !

I blow on my bugle, and, loud though he cry,
Thirft foon will break cover, or elfe he muft die.
Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it flip !

O fweet-founding bugle, mouth-inftrument dear !
This paftime is charming when bed-time is near.
Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it flip !

X.

I enter a wine-fhop, unconfcious of blame ;
For patient may furely, without feeling fhame,
Go into the houfe of a medical man,
To be cured if he can.

The chronic diforder I fuffer is thirft ;
But though evermore by its prefence I'm curft,
Why fhould I abandon, for recipes new,
The caroufe of my crew ?

In meeting your friends, when you come where they dwell,
They drink with you kindly, and all paffes well ;

Ou accordés, quoy qu'ilz ſoient voz haineux,
En beuuant auec eux.

On dict qu'en beuuant, ſans excez toutes fois,
On void ſi vn homme eſt courtois.
Vilain, qui a des eſcus enterrés
N'a ſoing des alterés.

Entre tous les vins, je voy d'vn fort bon œil
Touſiours celuy qui eſt vermeil.
Comme on ſe trouue, vſer du blanc il fault
Quand le clairet deffault.

Le vin pour l'affault! Mais du pommé normand
Je n'vſe qu'en me deffendant;
Ou bien j'en boy, eſpargnant, ſi je puis,
Les frais chez mes amis.

XI.

Cæſar, des vaincus ennemis
Faiſoit tryomphe magnificque:
Moy, domptant la ſoif, j'ay promis
De faire vn tryomphe bachicque.

Porté ſur vn baril vineux,
Au lieu d'vn martial caroſſe,
Je meneray, victorieux,
La ſoif, ayant perdu ſa force.

Ceſte ſoif, qui m'a tant couſté,
Marchera, baiſſant les oreilles;
Prez d'elle, d'vn aultre coſté,
Les potz, les verres, les bouteilles.

Les droles, mes bons compagnons,
Qui m'ont faict aide a la combatre,
Auec ceruelatz & jambons,
Marcheront deuant, quatre a quatre.

Or if you meet foemen, in drinking, you know,
Angry thoughts you forego.

They fay that in drinking,—(in fobernefs, mind !)—
A man's polifhed manners are eafy to find.
A wretch who has buried his crowns in the ground
Pufhes no goblet round.

Of all the good wines I am ravifhed to fee,
The rofier fort is the liquor for me.
But if it fo chance that the red is all flown,
Then the white muft go down.

Wine, wine for the charge ! Norman cider I choofe
Not, except for defenfive precaution, to ufe ;
Or, perhaps, at friends' tables I drink it, at moft,
To diminifh their coft.

XI.

Grand triumphs o'er foes whom he beat,
Did Cæfar victorious raife :
Having vanquifhed my thirft, it were meet
To triumph in Bacchanals' ways.

Borne high on a jolly wine-tun,
In lieu of a battle-car brave,
Behind me a victor, fhall run
Thirft, captive in fetters, a flave.

That thirft, who my might fo defied,
Shall now pace with low-drooping ear ;
Clofe by, on the oppofite fide,
Pots, bottles, and glaffes appear.

The drolls, boon companions of mine,
Allies in my fight, four and four,
With hams and with faufages fine,
Shall gaily march onward before ;

En chantant muſicalement
Les Vaudeuire, en la moemoire
Du bon Denis tant excelent,
Par qui j'emporte la victoire.

Deſpit ferons a l'vſurier,
Qui, laiſſant le pauure a ſa porte
Mourir de ſoif, de ſon celier
Ne croit la ſerrure aſſes forte.

Ainſy deſcendre nous irons
Chez quelqu'amy bien volontere,
Ou la ſoif mourir nous ferons,
Sans compter pour la bonne chere.

XII.

Noſtre hoſte, s'il eſt vray que vous ſoit agreable
Ceſte trouppe d'amis, qui ſont a voſtre table,
Donnés nous du meileur qu'ayes dans le celier,
Et beuués le premier.

L'auare, qui craindra, comme vn Jan du meſnage,
Faire boyre chez luy de ſon meileur breuuage,
Lequel eſt ſeulement pour ſa bouche gardé,
C'eſt vn amy fardé.

Nous ne vous jugeons tel : mais que la bonne chere
Soit du conſentement de voſtre meſnagere ;
Pour faire a vne femme vn hoſte bien traicter,
Il conuient la flater.

De ce faire, meſſieurs, je vous laiſſe la charge.
Je vay de ce bon vin entendre au chariage :
On dict que bien ſouuent entre bec & cueiller
Il vient du deſtourbier.

In mufical chant they fhall raife
          The Vaux-de-Vire, hymning a ftrain
Of good Dionyfos in praife,
          Who makes me the victory gain.

The mifer fhall quake in his fhoes,
          Who leaves at his gateway the poor
To perifh of thirft; while he fcrews
          His own cellar's treble-locked door.

Thus on we fhall march to fome friend,
          Whofe kindnefs is far above pence;
There thirft to its doom we fhall fend,
          And not have to count the expenfe!

XII.

Our hoft, if it be true, that you with pleafure view
This troop of friends who now are come to dine with you,
Let what you from your cellar bring not be the worft,
          And you drink firft.

The mifer who would dread, as gaming-table's peft,
To give, in his own houfe, his friend the wine that's beft,
Which he for his own lips doth carefully intend,
          Is a falfe friend.

Such, doubtlefs, are not you: yet I fhould like to hear
The fanction of your fpoufe to this our goodly cheer;
To make a wife receive her lord's friends pleafantly,
          Needs flattery.

Of doing this, good Sirs, I leave to you the care.
For this good wine I hafte the tranfport to prepare:
They fay, that oft it haps, between the cup and lip
          There is a flip.

Pourueu que aucun de vous ſur le bras ne me touche,
Je pourray ſeurement le porter a la bouche.
Je croy bien, quand cè coup dans ma gorge entrera,
Que ma ſoif ſe rendra.

Pour l'hoſte, c'eſt profit qu'vne prompte victoire
On emporte ſur elle, & qu'on ceſſe de boire ;
Mais ſi d'vn coup ou deux on ne peut la dompter,
Il faut patienter.

Meſſieurs, comme ſergeant de Bacchus ie vous ſomme
De vous deſalterer ; de chez vn honneſte homme
Qui remporte la ſoif, pour boire a ſa maiſon,
Eſt priué de raiſon.

XIII.

On a verſé cecy, pour eſtre beu :
Il faut l'oſter, de peur qu'on ne le jette.
Voiſin, je vay tirer de jeu,
Puiſque noſtre partie eſt faicte.

Pour gaigner quinze, il faut mettre dedans,
Par ſur la langue, & non par ſus la chorde.
Pour nous juger voicy des gens
Leſquelz nous mettront a concorde.

Si je faiſois encor trois pareilz coups,
Le premier jeu j'aurois de la partie.
Tirés, maintenant c'eſt a vous ;
Car ma ſoif elle eſt amortie.

J'ay encor biſque a prendre ſur le jeu ;
Mais j'attendray que la ſoif encor vienne :
Quand le pot ſera preſque beu,
Il ſera temps que je la prenne.

Unlefs fome of you pull my fleeve, and fay, " Beware ! "
In fafety to my mouth I feel I could it bear.
And well I wot that when it down my throat fhall flow,
My thirft will go.

For the hoft, too, to gain fwift victory were beft,
That thus we all might ceafe, when thirft was laid to reft ;
But if a draught or two fhould fail to vanquifh it,
Then wait a bit.

As Bacchus' bailiff, Sirs, I fummon all of you
To quench your thirft ; for from the houfe of landlord true
To carry thirft away, to drink at home alone,
Were mad, I own.

XIII.

This wine was poured out for our thirft :
We muft take it, for fear it be loft :
My friend, I will ftrike the ball firft,
Our match is arranged with our hoft.

To fcore fifteen, drive it well home,
And in ; not half-way, nor afide ;
Thefe honeft byftanders are come
As umpires, the match to decide.

Thrice making a volley fo true,
I'd win the firft game of the fet.
The play is now ftanding with you ;
My thirft is dead, happily met.

The odds of a bifque I've ftill got ;
But wait, till my thirft come again :
When well-nigh you've emptied the pot,
'Twill be time :—till then, let it remain.

XIV.

Belle, a vous ie m'addreſſe,
Torexia, mes amours ;
Pour ma chere maiſtreſſe
Je vous auray touſiours.
Qui l'amour vous veut faire,
Ne s'acquert des ialoux,
Et faictes touſiours boire
Qui frequente auec vous.

Voſtre couleur vermeille
Me rend le cueur ioyeux,
Et ſouuent me reſueille
Du dormir ſommeilleux.
Quand on a bource pleine,
En chaſſant ſes ennuis,
Auec vous, ſur chopine,
On acquert des amis.

Soulas de nos miſeres,
Belle boiſſon ſans eau,
Les brouillemens d'affaires
Vous oſtes du cerueau.
Bons beuueurs ont diſpenſe :
Sergeant pour namps ne doibt
Prendre, par violence,
Les vaiſſeaux ou l'on boit.

A vn beuueur bon homme
Oſter le gobelet
Eſt vn tel peché, comme
Oſter a l'agnelet
La nourice tetine.
Laiſſes doncques, larron,
La boite a médecine
Au pauure biberon.

XIV.

O fair Thorexia,
To thee my love I vow ;
No other dame ſhall ſway
My boſom's troth but thou.
The ſuitor who thee woos,
Excites no jealouſy,
And, while he thee purſues,
Drinks, in thy company.

Thy hues of bluſhing red
My ſpirits cheerful make :
From drowſy ſleep in bed
They often me awake.
If full the purſe be ſeen,
Drive ſorrow from the door :
While drinking our chopine,
We gain friends more and more.

Sweet ſolace of our cares,
Fine drink, from water free !
From worrying affairs
Our brain is cleared by thee.
Good drinkers can diſpenſe
With fees : no bailiff may
Arreſt by violence
A drinking-cup for pay.

To ſnatch his cup of wine
From boon companion good,
Were to leave lamb to pine
For lack of milky food.
Then, thief, abſtain : do not
To rob that lamb incline ;
Nor take from the poor ſot
His cheſt of medicine.

Je ſcay vn moyen braue
Pour garder que le vin
Ne ſe coule en la caue.
Quand vous voudrez, voiſin,
Nous irons faire epreuue
De mon ſcauoir chez vous.
Je vous pry' qu'on n'y boiue
Tout le meileur ſans nous.

XV.

Vous qui aymez mieux le ſildre que le laict,
Grandz docteurs au jeu de palet,
Qui ne voulez jamais, en voz eſcotz,
Laiſſer le boyre aux potz.

Vous, gentilz cerueaux, bons garçons qui beuués
Touſiours ſur l'argent que iouez ;
Aux cabaretz auecques peu d'argent
Vous irez hardiment.

De ſildre a deux ſolz le pot, il n'en eſt plus ;
Il ne vault mais qu'vn carolus ;
Et neantmoins, prenans voſtre repas,
Ne vous enyurez pas.

Vous, qui aimes tant les tonneaux a vuider,
Apprenes a les relier ;
Car ce qui eſt enclos dans les tonneaux
Entre dans voz boyaux.

Les tonneliers ſont maintenant bien requis ;
Ilz ſont plus rogues que marquis.
Les preſſouriers, o leurs ſabotz de bois
Sont plus rogues que rois.

Mais beuuons a eux, & faire les laiſſons
Du bon breuuage aux bons garçons ;
Et les prions qu'au marc & au cuueau
Ilz ne mettent de l'eau.

I know a firſt-rate way,
    Neighbour, to keep wine tight
In cellar : and, ſome day,
    We'll try if it work right.
In your houſe let us teſt
    If it go pleaſantly.
And don't drink all the beſt
    Till I be ſtanding by !

XV.

Ye who than milk eſteem good cider more,
    Great graduates in pitch-and-toſs,
Who in the wine-pots of your tavern ſcore
        Take care to have no loſs ;

Ye, clever wits, boon comrades, who carouſe
    Always on money gained at play ;
Though ye be ſcant of funds, to public-houſe
        Now boldly wend your way.

The pots of cider at two ſous are paſt ;
    'Tis worth a Carolus :—no more.
Yet, as ye quaff it, during your repaſt,
        Don't you get half-ſeas-o'er.

Ye who ſo cheerily drink out the tuns,
    Should ſtudy how their hoops are bound ;
For all their contents, ye capacious ones !
        Will within you be found.

The coopers, meanwhile, are in high requeſt ;
    A Marquis muſt give place to them.
The cider-preſſer's wooden ſhoes are bleſt
        Above King's diadem.

Let's drink to them ; and leave them, after that,
    To make, for good lads, ſome good juice ;
And beg they will, whether in marc, or vat,
        No water introduce !

XVI.

Nous ſommes trois bons drolles,
Qui venons de Paris,
La bouteille a la main.
Du vin il n'y a plus !
Helas ! nous en ſommes perdus !

Les gorges auons cuites
De ſoif, & peu d'argent.
Rempliſſez viſtement
Nos vaiſſeaux & ſauuez
Ces drolles & les abreuuez.

Nous vous ferons de meſme,
Quand vous viendrez chez nous,
Le bon ſera pour vous.
Nous ſcauons bien comment
La ſoif eſt vn aſpre tourment.

Compagnons, ce qu'on donne
Ne le refuſons pas.
Si fuſſions advocas,
Souuent ferions garir
Cete ſoif qui nous faict mourir.

Je veux eſtre a l'office,
Si ie ſers vn ſeigneur,
Je prendray pour le cueur,
M'auiuant les eſpris,
Deux doigtz du vin de plus hault prix.

XVII.

Cheſnes, qui portoient le glan,
Aux celiers feront, ceſt an,
Pleins de bon breuuage,
Propre a noſtre vſage.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

XVI.

Here we, three good droll fouls,
From Paris come, a band
With bottle in our hand.
But all the wine's run dry !
Good ftars ! What mifery !

Our throats are parched with thirft,
And we have got no cafh :—
Quickly fome liquor dafh
Into our cups, and quench
Thefe drolls' thirft with a drench.

And when you vifit us,
We'll treat you in like wife,
And give you wine you'll prize.
Alas ! Too well we know
That thirft's a torture flow.

Friends, what they give to us,
Our need appropriates.
If we were Advocates,
We oft fhould cure the thirft
By which we are fo curfed.

I'd fain the fteward be,
If I ferved fome great lord ;
And to myfelf afford,
To keep my fpirits up,
Of grandeft wine a cup.

XVII.

Oak-trees, that acorns bore,
This year fhall hold good ftore
Of wine, to choofe
For our own ufe.
Let this year fee
The cellar free !

Varletz boyront du tonneau,
Qui beuuoient au pot a eau :
La feruante fine
Boyra fa chopine.
Ne foit cefte année
La caue fermée !

Les droles & bons garçons
Feront, chantans leurs chanfons,
Vn efcot honnefte,
A fix blancs par tefte.
Ne foit cefte année
La caue fermée !

Mais les vilains vfuriers,
Qui ont tous pleins leurs celiers
De vieil fidre a vendre,
Se voudroient bien pendre.
Ne foit cefte année
La caue fermée !

Ils font toufiours en peché.
Quand le peuple a bon marché
Peut auoir fa vie,
Ilz meurent d'enuie.
Ne foit cefte année
La caue fermée !

Or, beuuons, mais fans exces,
Et accordons noz proces.
Voicy, ce me femble,
Les voifins enfemble !
Ne foit cefte année
La caue fermée !

Varlets have hogſhead got
To drink, for water-pot :
The fair maid's lip
Chopine ſhall ſip.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free !

The drolls, and comrades brave,
Uplifting vocal ſtave,
Shall ſcore, till each
A penny reach.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free !

But miſers vile, who hold
Great ſtocks of cider old
Kept back to ſell,
Curſe their fate well.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free !

They always grind the poor.
If plenty's at the door,
Their ſchemes are riſe
To take folks' life.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free !

Let's drink, then, ſoberly,
And lay our law-ſuits by.
As neighbours, meet,
Each other greet ;—
Let this year ſee
The cellar free !

XVIII.

Voicy mon nauire qui nage :
Et vient a ce haure aborder.
Et vient a ce haure aborder.
Je luy donne toufiours fa charge
De bon vin fi j'en puis trouuer.
De bon vin, fi j'en puis trouuer.

Les bons garçons de ce riuage
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;
Mais par les pillardz & l'orage,
Las ! j'ay tout perdu fur la mer.
Las ! j'ay tout perdu fur la mer.

Sur la mer, fubiect a naufrage,
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :
Des taulpes deffus l'heritage
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.

Donnes, pour le mettre en courage,
A boyre au pauure marinier :
A boyre au pauure marinier :
Les compagnons du nauigage,
Ne les vueilles pas oublier !
Ne les vueilles pas oublier !

Voicy mon nauire qui nage :
Il vient a ce haure aborder.
Il vient a ce haure aborder.
Je lui donne toufiours fa charge
De bon vin, fi j'en puis trouuer.
De bon vin, fi j'en puis trouuer.

XVIII.

My ſhip comes floating o'er the brine,
    Brought to this haven by the wind.
    Brought to this haven by the wind.
I always freight it with good wine,
    When I ſuch welcome drink can find.
    When I ſuch welcome drink can find.

The boon companions of this land
    Waited, to have ſome wine from me ;
    Waited, to have ſome wine from me ;
But pirates, and ſtorm-beaten ſtrand,
    Have wrecked my all upon the ſea.
    Have wrecked my all upon the ſea.

Shipwreck's ſo rife upon the main,
    I will no more approach its brink :
    I will no more approach its brink :
While yet above the moles' domain,
    I'd rather have a houſe, and drink.
    I'd rather have a houſe, and drink.

Give the poor ſailor, to reſtore
    His courage, means to drink your health :
    His courage, means to drink your health :
His meſſmates, alſo, I implore,
    Remember kindly in your wealth.
    Remember kindly in your wealth.

My ſhip comes floating o'er the brine,
    Brought to this haven by the wind.
    Brought to this haven by the wind.
I always freight it with good wine,
    When I ſuch welcome drink can find.
    When I ſuch welcome drink can find.

XIX.

Je vay boire aux gentilz pommiers,
Qui ont faict mettre a six deniers
Le pot de sildre, ceste année,
Dont la soif sera ruinée.

Les sidres, a peine parez,
On faict boire aux gens alterez,
Et n'eussent ilz denier ny maille,
Pour remplir bientost la fustaille.

Le boisseau de fruict excelent
Ne vaut que six blancs seulement :
Des poires, on n'en scait que faire.
Qui mettra donc l'eau dans le boire ?

On releue les tonneaux vieux,
On y met des cercles tout neufz ;
On n'oit plus rien que reliages,
Chacun entend aux pressourages.

En donnant vn vuide tonneau,
Vn aultre de sidre nouueau
On vous emplira, sans coustage.
Bon temps est reuenu ; courage !

Courage ! drolles, bons garçons !
Encor on dira voz chansons ;
Encor feront, pour faire rire,
En bon credit les Vau de Vire.

L'an mil six cens douze, un garçon,
Bon pressurier, fist la chanson,
A qui tous ceux du voisinage
Venoient sur la mé faire hommage.

XIX.

I will drink the good apple-trees' health !
For this year they will yield cider-wealth
At a pot for ſix farthings ; whereby
Thirſt will ſurely be ruined, and die.

The new ciders, though hardly yet clear,
They beſtow on the thirſty folks near,
(And yet never a farthing will aſk !)
To fill quickly the home cider-caſk.

They will get but a penny, to ſell
A whole buſhel of fruit ripened well,
And they cannot get rid of the pears.
Therefore who to mix water now cares ?

They repair the old caſks, tight and true,
And re-bind them with hoops that are new ;
We hear nothing but hogſheads new-bound,
And the cider-mills preſſing around.

If you'll give them but one empty caſk,
They will fill you another, and aſk
Nothing more ; ſo good times, never fear,
Have come back. Bleſs the plentiful year !

Then rejoice, merry comrades all round !
For again ſhall your melodies ſound ;
And again, as gay chorus ye ſing,
Shall the fame of your Vaux-de-Vire ring.

Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time
When a good cider-lad made this rhyme :
All the neighbours, their homage to pay,
Came to viſit him throned on the may !

XX.

Je ne voy ſi volontiers
Les boutiques des groſſiers,
Comme j'ayme en chaque rue
Les bouchons des tauerniers.
Belle hyerre, que je ſuis
Joyeux, quand ma veue
Regarde en tant de logis
Ta branche pendue !

L'hyerre, c'eſt en tous lieux
L'arbriſſeau que j'ayme mieux :
Il m'enſeigne ou je doy boire,
Quand j'ay argent, ſi je veux.
Il faut argent ; car credit
On ne trouue guere,
Si on n'eſt bien fauorit
De la tauerniere.

Ne me parles nulement
D'aller jouer mon argent,
Ou, eſtant encor en vie,
D'en baſtir mon monument.
J'en veux baſtir ma ſanté.
Qui eſt amoindrie,
Quand de peu boire, en eſté,
Ma gorge s'ennuye.

Vn eſtat dont je fay cas,
C'eſt celuy des aduocatz.
Souuent o eux j'allois boyre,
Eſtant clerc, portant leurs ſas.
Le client leur conſultoit
Ainſi ſa matiere
Et, en beuuant, on mettoit
Sa cauſe en moemoire.

XX.

Not ſo lovingly I hail
Shops where goods are ſet for ſale,
As, in ſtreets, I ſee the fine
Buſh from countleſs taverns trail.
Beauteous ivy! How my heart
Leaps with joy, when branch of thine
I behold, in ev'ry part,
Gracefully its garland twine!

In the ivy-buſh I trace
Plant of moſt conſummate grace:
Showing me where I may fill
Goblets in a fitting place.
But one muſt have caſh: for wine
Finds ſcant credit in the bill,
Should the hoſteſs not incline
To view one with warm good-will.

Tempt me not with cent. per cent.
Got by gambling management;
Nor perſuade me, while alive,
To build up my monument.
To build up my weakened health,
I with wiſer aim would ſtrive;
Weakened, when ſmall drinking-wealth
To my thirſt hot ſummers give.

Very highly the eſtate
I eſteem of Advocate.
Oft with ſuch I uſed to ſwill,
Bearing bags, a clerk ſedate.
In that guiſe, upon the laws
Clients would conſult them ſtill;
And with merits of the cauſe
They their memories would fill.

Je vous diray le garçon
Qui a faict ceste chanson,
Quand toute la compaignie
Aura vuidé son guichon.
Ce fut un sergeant, n'aymant
Mal ny tricherie,
Non plus qu'vn vieil loup saillant
Dans la bergerie.

XXI.

Douces chansons, a tort on vous blasonne ;
Beaux airs pour boyre, a qui faictes vous mal ?
En collaudant vn breuuage loyal,
On ne faict tort ni dommage a personne.

Par vous, la soif de la bouche se tire,
Et d'un grand mal on se va deliurant,
Pourueu qu'on ait breuuage a l'aduenant.
Couste t il moins a rechigner qu'a rire ?

Mon gosier est comme pierre de ponce :
Il est plus sec que l'aire d'un four chault.
Gouste, gosier, si c'est ce qu'il te faut
Que ce breuuage, & m'en donne responce.

O le grand boire ! o la liqueur friande,
Qui, me flatant, coulle si doucement !
Voisin, prenez ce rafraichissement,
Et le vuides, de peur qu'il ne s'espande.

XXII.

Vous qui dans voz gosiers
N'aymez la secheresse,
Et chez les tauerniers
Passez vostre ieunesse,
Il faut que ie vous laisse :
J'y ay beu si souuent
Que ie n'ay plus d'argent.

I will tell you, before long,
Who it was that made this ſong,
When the preſent company
Shall have drained their flagons ſtrong.
'Twas a bailiff, loving things
Tinged with fraud or trickery,
No more than old wolf, who ſprings
Into ſheep-fold ſtealthily!

XXI.

Sweet ſongs, which ſome erroneouſly blame;
Soft drinking airs, whom is it that ye harm?
There is no wrong to any one, no ſhame,
In ſinging praiſes of good liquor's charm.

By you, the thirſting mouth is well relieved,
And from a great diſcomfort we're ſet free,
If but ſome fitting draught can be received.
Can ſcowls than ſmiles more profitable be?

My throat is like a porous pumice-ſtone:
And than a heated oven's air more dry.
Taſte, throat, and ſee if it be not alone
This drink you want, and give me a reply.

O the great drink! O the delicious draught!
Which, gently ſoothing, flows ſo ſweetly down!
Neighbour, by you be this refreſhment quaffed,
And drain it dry, before its ſtrength be flown.

XXII.

Ye who in your throats abhor
Sentiments of thirſtineſs,
And within the tavern-door
Paſs your time of youthfulneſs,
I muſt quit your pleaſant meſs:
There I've drunk ſo long and faſt,
That my funds no longer laſt.

J'estois tousiours premier
A tirer a la bource,
Pour les escotz payer
Trop liberal ; & pour ce
Me faut boire a la source ;
Car, n'ayant plus de quoy,
Aucun ne paye pour moy.

Donc, breuuage excelent,
Faut il que je te quicte
Pour n'auoir plus d'argent ;
Que les droles j'euite,
Et les brutes j'imite,
Beuuant comme vn cheual,
L'eau qui me faict du mal ?

Mettrai ie plus le nez
Et ma bouche alterée
En ces verres, comblés
De liqueur qui m'aggrée ?
Et ma bource vuidée
M'aura-t-elle reduict
A n'auoir plus credit ?

Puisque encor ie te tiens,
O bonne quintessence,
J'en vay lauer mes dens
Et boire a l'assistence ;
Puis, si je n'ay puissance
De payer tout l'escot,
Quictes moy pour mon pot !

XXIII.

Bon boire, on ne peut te louer dignement.
Tu m'as osté du grand tourment
De l'estude, que tu m'as faict quicter
Affin de t'accoster.

I was always foremoſt found
          To draw forth my purſe, and pay
For the company all round,
          With too generous diſplay:
          Hence muſt water now allay
My own thirſt; for when I'm poor,
No one comes to clear my ſcore.

Muſt I then, O liquor brave,
          Therefore leave this happy ſtate,
Since I no more money have?
          Boon companions abrogate,
          And the brute-beaſts imitate,
Drinking, as a horſe would do,
Water that deſtroys me ſo?

Shall I never put my noſe
          And theſe thirſting lips of mine
In thoſe glaſſes, wherein flows
          That *Elixir Vitæ*, wine?
          Does my purſe ſo ſadly dwine,
That I'm left the hopeleſs taſk
All in vain for loans to aſk?

Then, ſince in my hands I ſway
          Thee,—(quinteſſence, O how good!),—
I'll juſt waſh my teeth, and ſay,
          "Health to all this brotherhood!
          "If my poverty elude
"Means to pay the total ſcore,
"Pardon me this one pot more!"

XXIII.

Good drink, I can never thy kindneſs repay,
     Who me from the plague of my ſtudy didſt free,
And pleaſantly indicate which was the way
          Of meeting with thee.

Car, pour ma ſanté te prenant, ie fay mieux
Qu'en liſant vn codde ennuyeux ;
Et j'ayme mieux aux bons boires ſans eau
Aplicquer mon cerueau.

O ! que de bon cueur mes liures harderois
Pour les eſcotz ou tu ſerois,
Gentil breuuage ! Ah ! tu m'es trop amy,
Pour te boyre a demy !

Donc, vuidant cecy, ſans commettre un deffault,
J'en livre a mon voiſin l'aſſault.
Ne craignez poinct, voiſin : ce combat mien
N'eſt que pour voſtre bien.

Car, de ce duel ſi vous ſuyuez la loy,
Et beuuez ainſi comme moy,
Quand vous aurés ce breuuage auallé,
Vous ſerés conſolé.

XXIV.

O gentil joly vin clairet,
Qui ſers aux vieilles gens de laict,
Tu ſois bien venu ! Je deſire
Que chez moy tu prennes logis,
Comme vn de tes meileurs amis,
Et la raiſon ie t'en vay dire :

C'eſt pour mon grand mal appaiſer.
La nuict, je ne puis repoſer,
Tant la cholicque me tourmente !
On m'a dict, ſelon Galien,
Qu'on peut garir, par ton moyen,
Vne douleur tant vehemente.

Je veux vſer de ta bonté,
Sans aller cercher ma ſanté

Thy company better for health I have found,
Than o'er dreary ſtatutes my eye-ſight to ſtrain ;
I ſee that a waterleſs beverage found
Suits better my brain.

How willingly would I my law-reports burn,
For thoſe jolly reck'nings where thou doſt appear ;
Fair beverage ! Never from thee would I turn
Half-drunk :—never fear !

I empty this pot, no defaulter in wine,
And then challenge boldly my neighbour to quaff.
Fear not, my good neighbour : this duel of mine
Will but make you laugh.

For if you will notice the rules of this fight,
And follow preciſely the method I've done,
When you ſhall have ſwallowed this liquor downright,
You'll think it ſuch fun !

XXIV.

O lovely wine, in hue a roſe,
Whoſe ſtream like milk to old folks flows,
All hail to you ! I think it well
That in my houſe you make your home ;
To friend of your beſt friends you come.
The reaſon I will briefly tell,

Namely, my anguiſh to appeaſe.
At night, I get no ſleep nor eaſe,
The colic does me ſo torment !
But Galen ſays, (as told to me),
Your anodyne can ſet me free
From ſufferings ſo vehement.

Your charity, I think were beſt,
Without recourſe to chemiſt's cheſt,

Aux boetes des apoticaires.
Leurs drogues couſtent trop d'argent,
Je ne veux plus que toy, vrayement,
Pour me ſeruir en mes affaires.

Je ſcay comme il en faut vſer,
Sobrement, ſans en abuſer,
Que raiſon ne ſoit peruertie.
Ma femme aggrera volontiers
Qu'elle & moy en ayons vn tiers,
Tous les ſoirs, auec la roſtie.

Si m'eſchet ailleurs d'en gouſter,
Je n'iray pas luy raconter.
Elle me diroit en cholere :
" Tu as tant d'enffans a nourrir !
" Les veux tu, prodigue, appourir
" A ne ceſſer jamais de boire ?"

L'auare femme ſon mary
Rend ſouuent bien triſte & mary,
Et en a de mauuaiſes heures.
Mais changeons de deuis : bon vin,
Verſé on ne t'a pas, afin
Qu'au verre touſiours tu demeures !

Je pren donc ce qu'on m'a donné.
Perſonne ne ſoit eſtonné,
Si tout d'une fois je le vuide ;
Car, j'ay, pour boire, aſſez chanté.
Sus ! voiſin, a voſtre ſanté !
Viue vn goſier touſiours humide !

XXV.

Mareſchal, qui le rouge fer
Ba-bas ſur l'enclume en ta forge,
A force de batre & chauffer,
Te prend poinct la ſoif a la gorge ?

To renovate my ſhattered ſtate.
    Their coſtly drugs are far too dear;
    I want to have you only here,
In buſineſs to co-operate.

Your virtues I know how to uſe,
In ſoberneſs, without abuſe,
That reaſon's pow'rs be never loſt.
    My wife will be quite ſatisfied
    That ſhe and I a quart divide,
Each ev'ning, as we take our toaſt.

Should I by chance taſte you elſewhere,
I ſhould not mention it to her.
She would with indignation cry;—
    "You have ſo many babes to feed!
    "You prodigal, would you in need
"Leave them, nor ceaſe your revelry?"

A miſer wife oft makes her lord
Feel both aſhamed and greatly bored,
And hours of much diſcomfort paſs.
    But change we ſuch ungrateful lay:—
    Good wine, you were not meant to ſtay,
Poured out, for ever in the glaſs!

I take, then, what they've given to me.
And don't you be ſurpriſed to ſee
It drained at one good pull with glee;
    I've ſung enough to earn my draught.
    To your health, neighbour, be it quaffed!
Long live the throat from dryneſs free!

XXV.

Blackſmith, as you beat, beat,
    In the forge, the iron hot,
By the dint of blows and heat,
    Thirſt nigh chokes you, does it not?

Je ſuis ton valet, ſi tu veux
Faire, apres chacun martelage,
Que nous beuuons vn coup ou deux,
Pour nous rafreſchir l'hyſophage.

D'un pauure valet qui n'a beu
L'enclume n'eſt poinct bien batue :
A ſuer ainſi prez le feu,
De ſoif vne gorge eſt perdue.

Touſiours, s'il me faut trauiller,
De fort grand matin je m'eſueille,
Et ſcay auſſi bien a ſoufler
Au charbon, comme a la bouteille.

Donc, de la ſoif me garderes,
Et auec vous je veux bien eſtre.
Ça le vin du marché beuues !
Le breuage eſt bon ; a vous, maiſtre !

XXVI.

Gentil forgeur, au viſage noircy,
Sur ce fer chauld qui alles martelant,
Vous faut il poinct vn compagnon icy,
Qui ſoufle bien, & qui eſt bon battant,
Et qui ſcait bien boire d'autant ?

En noſtre accord vn article mettray,
Si vous voules qu'auecque vous ie ſois :
Chaque eſchaudée ou je trauailleray
Au gros marteau, vous me ferés courtois
Et me feres boire vne fois.

J'entendz que ſoit de quelque bon pommé,
Et non de vin, qui couſte trop d'argent,
Et je ne ſuis au vin accouſtumé.
Vous me voires, m'abbreuant bien ſouuent,
En la forge fort diligent.

I'm your fervant, if you think
That a cup or twain for us,
At each hammering, to drink,
Would refrefh th' œfophagus.

He muft anvil feebly beat,
Who ne'er drinks to cool his thirft :
Ever fweating in fuch heat,
A poor throat muft be accurft.

Always, when to work I go,
With funrife begins my tafk ;
And as ardently I blow
At the fire as at the flafk.

You will keep all thirft from me,
And your favour I would win.
Your health, Mafter ! We agree.
'Tis good wine I drink it in !

XXVI.

Honeft blackfmith, fwart of face,
Forging iron all a-glow,
Canft thou give a workman place,
Who can deftly ftrike, and blow,
And drink well of goblet's flow ?

In our contract, I infift
One condition fhall apply :
Ev'ry time that I affift
At the great forge, courtefy
Shall invite me drink to try.

It muft be fome cider fine,
Not wine, which entails expenfe,
And I'm not inured to wine.
See, if I'm oft fprinkled thence,
How I'll forge with diligence.

Si je ne boy, je ne puis trauailler ;
Car j'ay vn mal : la soif souuent m'assault.
Et c'est pitié que d'un pauure gosier
D'un compagnon alteré, qui a chauld,
Et n'a le remede qu'il fault.

Or, vous serés de moy bien satisfaict
Par ce moyen ; maistre, je boy a vous.
Voicy le vin de nostre marché faict.
Ce sildre est bon : mais ne soyés jaloux
De la maistresse ny de nous.

Ay je pas bien souflé pour vne fois ?
Il m'est entré dans la gorge vn charbon,
Et a l'estaindre, en beuuant, je taschois.
Faictes ainsy pour dire : Lariron !
Viue le gentil forgeron !

XXVII.

Tous ces vers biberons ie veux desaduouer,
Aduortons que j'ay faictz en ma jeune allegresse,
Quoy que ie n'eusse lors vne humeur beuueresse :
Mais on faict souuent mal, ne penseant que jouer.

Je crains que quelques vns ne vueillent en vser
Pour seruir de pretexte a leur gourmande vie.
Ces vers ne pecheront, mais bien l'yurongnerie :
Car de toute autre chose on peut bien abuser.

Je retracte pourtant les chansons qui seront
Scandale aux scrupuleux, & veux que sans les dire
Vn chacun les censure & bannisse de Vire,
Blasmant auec l'autheur ceux qui les chanteront.

Moy mesme j'en ay honte auec vn repentir.
Je voudrois que jamais elles n'eussent pris vie ;
Mais elles ont deia pris cours en la patrie,
Qui, malgré moy, les chante ; & me faut le patir.

I can't work, if I drink not;
One misfortune's mine:—'tis thirſt.
If poor fellow's throat be hot,
And with lack of drink he's curſt,
'Tis of miſeries the worſt.

Thus, your praiſe ſhall aye be mine;
Maſter, thus I drink to thee!
'Tis our foreſaid contract-wine,
Cider good. Don't jealous be
Either of thy wife, or me.

Have I not, for once, well blown?
In my throat a cinder ſtuck,
And I drank to cool it down;
Do the ſame, and ſing, for luck;—
"Long be ſuch good forging ſtruck!"

XXVII.

All theſe drinking-ſongs I would gladly diſown,
Imperfect attempts of my frolicſome youth;
When I wasn't addicted to drinking, in ſooth,
Yet miſchief may oft, though in jeſting, be done.

I fear leſt by ſome they perhaps may be uſed
As covers for veiling their epicure way.
Theſe verſes won't ſin; the debauchery may;
As all other things may be groſſly abuſed.

Such ſongs I retract as may poſſibly bring
To ſqueamiſh minds, ſcandal, offending the ear:
Let all men revile them, and baniſh from Vire,
And blame him who wrote them, and thoſe who may ſing.

Myſelf am aſhamed of them; vow I repent;
And wiſh that they never had come into life;
But now o'er the whole of the country they're rife.
'Spite of me they are ſung; and I muſt conſent.

Je ne laiſſeray pas a hanter mes amis,
Sans faire toutes fois excez ſur le breuuage,
Contre le mauuais temps leur donnant bon courage,
Et en le ſouhaittant tel qu'il eſtoit jadis.

Je vay boire d'autant pour finir ces chanſons,
Leſquelles ne ſont pas au gré de tout le monde ;
Mais quel dommage en ha tout homme qui en gronde,
Si, ſans haine & ſans mal, nous nous reſiouiſſons?



My meetings with friends I will never give o'er,
Though never committing excefs; in my rhymes
Exhorting my comrades to bear evil times,
And praying for days like the brave ones of yore.

To finifh thefe fongs, I'll now heartily quaff,
Though not with all taftes they go pleafantly down;
But how do they injure the cenfors who frown,
If we in pure innocence merrily laugh?





CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

DU MS. POLINIÈRE.

I.

Si ſouuent en nos repas,
A la façon ancienne
De nos peres gros & gras,
Nous chantons, chaſcun la ſienne,
C'eſt pour chaſſer le ſoucy
Qui nous peut donner ennuy.

Celuy qui n'a le cerueau
Capable de l'armonie,
N'eſt qu'vne teſte de veau
Remply de melancolie :
Vn homme ne chantant poinct,
C'eſt comme vn qui n'en a poinct.

Celuy qui ayme a chanter,
En beuant, le Vaudeuire,
Ne s'amuze a detracter
De ſon voiſin ny d'en rire ;
Mais bien heureux & content
S'amuſe a boire d'autant.

Ces beaux eſpritz, doux chantans,
Pendant que l'on diſne ou ſoupe,
Me ſont ſouuenir des chants
Dont l'on dit des dieux la troupe,
Parmy leur nectar vineux,
Se repaiſtre dans les cieux.



SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

FROM THE POLINIÈRE MS.

I.

If we oft, with feſtal cheer,
    Like our burly ſires of old,
Sing each one his Vau-de-Vire,
    Such as thoſe great heroes trolled,
'Tis to drive dull care away,
Leſt it damp our ſpirits gay.

He whoſe brain was never bred
    To enjoy ſweet harmony,
Is no better than calf's head
    Teeming with melancholy:
He who never ſings his part,
Has no harmony of heart.

He who takes delight to ſing,
    While he drinks, the Vau-de-Vire,
Finds no joy in ſlandering
    Friend or neighbour, nor in ſneer;
But rejoices in content,
And in jocund merriment.

Such glad ſouls, their carols ſweet
    Chanting while we ſup or dine,
Seem with thoſe clear notes replete
    Which, 'tis ſaid, with nectar-wine,
In celeſtial abodes,
Feaſt aſſemblies of the gods.

Imitons donc gayement
Ceſte muſique celleſte,
Et chantons enſemblement
Quelque Vaudeuire honneſte.
Sans contrefaire le fin,
Chaſcun boiue a ſon voiſin.

II.

Tu ſois le bien venu,
O ſidre delectable !
Tu vaux pour eſtre beu.
Vn preſſourier notable
T'a façonné. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Vn preſſourier vrayment
Eſt bien plus qu'on ne penſe.
C'eſt comme vn preſident ;
Quand le marc il agence,
C'eſt le premier. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Quand le marc eſt aſſis,
Preſſouriers vont repaiſtre,
Et diſner, au logis,
A la table du maiſtre.
Il faut du roſt. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Les grans ſabos aux piedz,
Le bonnet a la teſte,
Sur la may reſpectés,
Ils ſont toucher la beſte
A vn vallet. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Then fuch Paradife-like lay
Let us gaily rival here,
Singing in our choral way
Some good honeft Vau-de-Vire.
Our true feelings hiding not,
To friend's health drain we wine-pot.

II.

O delicious cider-draught,
Thou fhalt ever welcome be!
Some grand cider-preffer's craft
Muft have aptly fafhioned thee
So fit to drink. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourifh long!

To the cider-preffer 's lent
Greater fway than is fuppofed.
He is like a Prefident.
While he fees the marc difpofed,
He's Premier. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourifh long!

When the marc is left to reft,
Cider-preffers go to dine
With the mafter, on what 's beft,
At high-table, fuperfine.
They muft have roaft. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourifh long!

Wooden fabots on their feet,
On their head their bonnet kept,
Reverenced on the may-feat,
While they make the horfe be whipt
By fervant's hand. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourifh long!

A eux ſeulz appartient
De tout le preſſourage
L'entier gouuernement,
Et du grand couteau large
Tailler le marc. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Les jumelles, *la* viz,
Les cuues, *le* moullage,
Le mouton, *la* brebis,
La may *leur font hommage.*
Bref je vous dis : Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Dans le ſildre nouueau
Sont gens qui ont puiſſance
De mellanger de l'eau
Et nous faire nuiſance.
Diſons en bien. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Preſſouriers, je promets
Pinte de Maluoiſie,
Mais qu'au preſſoir jamais
L'eau n'entre, je vous prie.
Je boys a vous ! Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

III.

Farin Du Gas, tu es vn honneſte homme :
Par mon ſerment, tu es vn bon Gallois.
Eſtois tu poinct du temps que les Anglois
A Baſſelin firent ſi grand vergongne ?
Ma foy, Farin, tu es vn habille homme.

Mais quoy ! Farin, y a t il quelque choſe
Qui ſemble mieux a Baſſelin que vous ?
Premierement il beuoit tous les jours,

For all apple-management,
On them are the funƈtions laid
Of deſpotic government;
And with great broad-ſhapen blade
To cleave the marc. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

Double boards, and ſpiral ſcrew,
Streaming pipes, the mill, the preſs,
Table, floor, pay homage due
To the preſſer's mightineſs.
In ſhort, I ſay:—All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

While as yet the cider 's new,
There are folks who have a charm
To mix water in the brew,
And ſo work us monſtrous harm.
But bleſs we it. All handicrafts among
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

Cider-preſſers, I will give
You a flaſk of Malvoiſie:
But no water, as you live,
In your cider-preſs muſt be.
I drink your health! All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

III.

Farin Du Gas, thou art a goodly man:
Thou art, I ſwear, a choſen one of ten.
Wert thou not of that time when Engliſhmen
Did Baſſelin ſo ſhamefully trepan?
My troth, Farin, thou art a clever man!

But prithee, Farin, is there any thing
Which more than thou to Baſſelin is like?
Firſt, he kept drinking, ev'ry day alike;

Et toy, Farin, tu ne fais autre choze :
Ny jour ny nuict, chez toy on ne repoze.

Onc Baffelin ne voullut de laitage,
Et toy, Farin, le hais plus que la mort ;
Mais pour vider centz fois le gobelot,
Tu le ferois, & encor dauantage.
Si Farin meurt, ce feroit grand dommage.

Baffelin fut de fort rouge vifage,
Illuminé, comme eft vn cherubin ;
Et toy, Farin, tu as tant beu de vin,
Que maintenant tout ce l'on te prefage.
Si Farin meurt, ce fera grand dommage.

Raoul Baffelin fit mettre en curatelle
Honteufement le bonhomme Oliuier ;
Et toy, Farin, voys tu poinct Le Soudier
Qui, en riant, te faict mettre en tutelle ?
Ça, dict Farin, par ma foy, j'en appelle.

A Baffelin ne demeura que frire ;
Et toy, Farin, tu es bon mefnager.
Pour boire vn peu, ce n'eft pas grand danger :
C'eft de ton creu. Encore faut il rire.
Bois donc, Farin, & ne prens pas du pire.

IV.

Je congnois vn qui faict pitié,
Tant il fe defole & lamente,
Scachant qu'il perdra la moitié
Du prix de fon fildre a la vente.

Il fe plaint contre tant de fleurs
Qui nous promettent tant de pommes,
Et luy donnent mille douleurs,
Cefte bonne année ou nous fommes.

And thou, Farin, too, doſt no other thing:
Nor day, nor night, to thy houſe reſt doth bring!

Then, Baſſelin did milk for drink abhor;
And thou, Farin, doſt hate it more than death;
But as for draining hundred goblets,—faith,
Thou would'ſt do that, and even ſomewhat more.
Did Farin die, it were a pity ſore!

Baſſelin's viſage was of roſy dye,
Illumined, as a cherub's features ſhine;
And thou, Farin, haſt drunk ſuch floods of wine,
That a like fate for thee men propheſy.
It were a pity ſore, did Farin die!

The good Olivier was put in ward
By Raoul Baſſelin, diſgracefully.
And ſo, Farin, does not Le Soudier,
In jeſt, reſtrain thee by curator's guard?
Farin ſays:—"I appeal from ſuch award!"

To Baſſelin was left no bite of food;
And thou, Farin, art frugal of thy ſtuff.
To drink a little wine is ſafe enough.
'Tis thine own growth. Be gravity eſchewed.
Drink, then, Farin; and drink of what is good!

IV.

One, whom I know, makes ſad outcry,
Moſt pitiable moan and wail,
Over his loſs, ſince folks will buy
Cider for half-price at the ſale.

He raves againſt the burſt of bloom,
Whoſe teeming fruit our trees will bleſs.
But him to thouſand ſorrows doom,
In this our year of plenteouſneſs.

Il vendroit ſon ſildre aux voiſins,
(S'il n'en euſt eſté d'auenture)
A ſix blancs le pot & rien moins,
Et feroit petitte meſure.

Las ! faut il qu'il ait tant veſcu,
Et voir, malgré ſon auarice,
Pippe de ſildre a vn eſcu,
Et qu'il faut que le ſien aigriſſe !

Voicy la ſaiſon, goſiers ſecs,
Par vous tant de fois deſirée.
Ne beuez pourtant par exces,
Si la ſoif n'eſt immoderée.

Je penſe eſtre auec mes amis.
Je bois a vous & vous ſallue ;
Ce breuage icy n'eſt pas mis
Pour eſtre jeté dans la rue.

Quand vn homme eſt bien alteré,
Et que le ſidre le contente,
A mon aduis il eſt tiré
Des pommes de quelque bonne ente.

V.

Ma commere, ma mye,
Viſitons nous ſouuent,
Car beaucoup il m'ennuye
Que mon mary ne vient.
Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'eſt pas ſans raiſon,
Car je couche ſeullette,
Seulette a la maiſon.

Qu'a Rouen ſon affaire
Aye bientoſt bon ſuccés,
Je voudrois, ma commere,
Qu'il n'y euſt nul procés.

He would have sold to neighbours, round,—
(Had only the crop failed, by chance!),—
At pence the pot, nor cheaper found,
Which his short measure would enhance.

Why live so long, to see, with frown,
Spite of his avarice's power,
A pipe of cider for a crown,
And that his own must soon grow sour?

Ye thirsty throats, such blissfulness
Was oft by you desired of late.
But still, pray quaff without excess,
If thirst be not immoderate.

To you, the friends I dwell among,
I drink, saluting as we meet:
Because it would be clearly wrong
To throw this draught into the street.

When a man's thirst is well redressed,
And cider pleases him when quaffed,
I feel it must have been expressed
From apples of some noble graft.

V.

My friend, my gossip dear,
Let us oft visits pay:
So long the hours appear
While my good-man 's away.
If I his absence moan,
'Tis not mere fantasy,
For in the house, alone,—
Alas! alone I lie.

At Rouen may his cause
Right early have good end:
I would that by the laws
There were no law-suits, friend!

Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'eſt pas ſans raiſon,
Car je couche ſeullette,
Seulette a la maiſon.

Pourueu qu'il me maintienne
Sa foy & loyauté,
Attendant qu'il reuienne,
Je bois a ſa ſanté.
Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'eſt pas ſans raiſon,
Car je couche ſeullette,
Seulette a la maiſon.

VI.

Meſſieurs, je m'en vais boire a vous
De ce vin qui eſt ſi tres doux
Et ſauoureux.
Vous ferez en la manierre
Comme je vay faire ;
Or beuez donc, mon comperre,
Car c'eſt a vous.

J'ay beu d'autant, vous le voyez
Voiſin, c'eſt a vous en appres,
Et vous haſtez.
Prenez doncques voſtre taſſe
De cueur & de grace.
Ce vin vient de bonne place.
Vous en boirez.

Boire touſiours il nous conuient,
Et ſy mangeons pareillement
Du pain ſouuent.
Et faictes touſiours chere lie
A noſtre partye :
Beuons tous, je vous en prye,
Chaſcun d'autant.

If I his abfence moan,
          'Tis not mere fantafy,
For in the houfe, alone,—
          Alas ! alone I lie.

If he to me maintain
          His faith and loyalty,
Till he come back again,
          I'll toaft him lovingly.
If I his abfence moan,
          'Tis not mere fantafy,
For in the houfe, alone,—
          Alas ! alone I lie.

VI.

Your health, all the company round,
In this wine delicious and found,
          Of flavour renowned.
And, juft in the manner I do,
          Do each one of you.
Then drink, goffip true !
          Don't laggard be found.

I've heartily drunk, and I fend
The wine next to you, my good friend ;
          So prithee attend.
Enjoy your wine-cup with good grace,
          Not making a face :
'Tis from a choice place,
          Which you will commend.

To drink without ceafing, behoves :
And often to eat of our loaves
          As appetite moves ;
And aye to be merry and gay
          While chatting away :
Drink, each of us, pray,
          As much as he loves.

Quand nous ferons raffafiés
Des biens qui nous font prefentés.
Vous n'oublirez
A dire vne chanfonnette
Belle & jolliette,
Voycy ma vaiffelle nette. . . .
Vous n'en doubtez !

J'ay oublié a dire vn mot :
Y a t il plus rien en ce pot ?
Regardes toft.
C'eft de bonne Meruoifie,
Je vous le certiffye.
Chafcun vide, je vous prye.
Son gobelot.



When we ſhall be ſatisfied quite
With all the good cheer of to-night,
Give us the delight
Some canzonette pretty to hear,
That tickles the ear:
See, my glaſs is clear
Drunk out, honour bright!

One laſt parting word I forgot:
Does no wine remain in the pot?
Beware it do not!
The liquor 's right good Malvoiſie,
As I certify.
Drain goblets, ſay I,
Not leaving a jot!





APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

I.

VAUDEVILLE.

From "Le Mot et la Chofe," by M. Francifque Sarcey: Paris, 1863.

[M. Gaſté, in the Appendix to his "Jean Le Houx," has given the three firſt ſtanzas of this lively and graceful compoſition; adding:—"The whole piece ſhould be read. It "is impoſſible in a more exact or more charming manner to "tell the ſtory of the origin and the different transforma-"tions of the Vaudeville." Some of the very deſcriptive ſtanzas of M. Sarcey,—himſelf, we believe, a native of Normandy, and nurtured in that land of romance and ſong,—recall to our mind what the greateſt and moſt popular of the modern bards of France has ſung of ſome of the famous Vaudevilliſtes of former times:—

"Ces couplets comme on n'en fait plus,
"Où Favart peignait la tendreſſe,
"Où Panard frondait les abus.
"Contre l'humeur qui nous irrite
"Quels antidotes ſouverains!
"Leurs vers badins,
"Francs et malins,
"Aux moins joyeux faiſait battre les mains."

Thoſe ſongs,—there are no longer ſuch!—
Favart with his refrains of love,
Panard with his ſatiric touch;
Againſt our fretting diſcontent
What ſovran remedies!
Their ſportive glee,
Adroit and free,
Brought down applauſe from graveſt audiences.]

Au vieux temps où l'on aimait
Chanter, boire, et rire,
Baſſelin improviſait,
Sans ſavoir écrire,
De bons couplets bien chantants,
Que l'on répéta longtemps
Dans le val de Vire,
O gué
Dans le val de Vire.

Là fut jadis le berceau
Du vieux Vaudevire ;
Il naquit au bord de l'eau,
C'eſt cruel à dire.
Mais il n'en chanta que mieux
L'amour jeune et le vin vieux,
Dans le val de Vire,
O gué
Dans le val de Vire.

C'était un enfant malin,
D'humeur indocile ;
Il voulut voir un matin
Paris la grand'ville ;
Il laiſſa ſon nom Normand
Pour s'appeler noblement
Maître Vaudeville,
O gué
Maître Vaudeville.

De la ſatire il y prit
Le goût et le ſtyle,
Et charma par ſon eſprit
La cour et la ville ;
Il cribla de ſes refrains
Et frondeurs et mazarins,
Ce bon Vaudeville,
O gué
Ce bon Vaudeville.

Song, wine, mirth, in olden days
Did our fathers cheer;
Baſſelin unwritten lays
Improviſed by ear;
Vocal ſtanzas, very ſweet,
Which they ever ſince repeat
In the Val de Vire,
Ȯ gay!
In the Val de Vire.

Cradled there, of yore, in ſedge,
Was old Vaudevire;
Born beſide the water's edge,—
Cruel tale to hear!
But he all the better trolled
Love that's young, and wine that's old,
In the Val de Vire,
O gay!
In the Val de Vire.

With an artful fancy born,
Self-willed child was he;
He reſolved to go, one morn,
Paris town to ſee;
He left off his Norman name,
One of noble rank to claim,
Maître Vaudeville,
O gay!
Maître Vaudeville.

There he of ſatiric ſport
Caught the taſte and ſtyle;
His fine talent town and court
Often would beguile,
And, with ſharply-pointed wit,
Frondeurs, Mazarins, would hit:
That good Vaudeville,
O gay!
That good Vaudeville.

En ses chansons, du grand roi
Il refit l'histoire ;
La Vallière et Villeroy,
L'amour et la gloire,
Tout le grand siècle y passa,
Et sa perruque y dansa
Sur des airs à boire,
O gué
Sur des airs à boire.

Au temps de la Pompadour,
Comme à cette école,
De vin, de joie, et d'amour
La France était folle ;
D'un ton un peu plus salé
Il se livra chez Collé
A la gaudriole,
O gué
A la gaudriole.

Mais le théâtre à Paris
Est la grande affaire,
Un matin il y fut pris
De belle manière ;
Et sans crainte des sifflets
Il débita ses couplets
Devant un parterre,
O gué
Devant un parterre.

Pour théâtre, il eût longtemps
Celui de la Foire ;
Pour public, de bonnes gens,
Riant après boire ;
Il chantait avec Panard
A la franquette et sans art,
En narguant la gloire,
O gué
En narguant la gloire.

Next the great King's feats employ
His fong's plaftic mould;
La Vallière and Villeroy,
Love, and Fame, he told:
All that ftately age went paft,
His peruke there dancing faft
To wine-mufic old,
O gay!
To wine-mufic old.

In La Pompadour's funfhine,
Fafhioned in her fchool,
France, of joy, and love, and wine,
Frantic, ferved the rule;
He, beneath the lively fway
Of the volatile Collé,
Played in fong the fool,
O gay!
Played in fong the fool.

But at Paris the grand thing
Is dramatic wit:
Going on the ftage to fing,
He made quite a hit;
And, not fearing hifs or groan,
Stanzas in unfalt'ring tone
Spouted to a pit,
O gay!
Spouted to a pit.

All the theatre he had,
Was La Foire, a while;
All the audience, folks glad
Juft to drink and fmile:
With Panard, in frankeft ways,
He fang ruftic roundelays,
Aping no fine ftyle,
O gay!
Aping no fine ftyle.

Quand d'un théâtre à ſon nom
Plus tard il fut maître,
Il conſerva même ton,
Même façon d'être ;
Avec Merle et Déſaugiers,
Et tant d'autres chanſonniers,
Il ſe vit renaître,
O gué
Il ſe vit renaître.

Il chanta comme toujours,
La gloire et les belles ;
Les vieux vins et les amours,
Les amours nouvelles ;
Il mit Horace en flons flons ;
En avant les violons,
Et foin des cruelles,
O gué
Et foin des cruelles.

Mais enfin Scribe arriva,
Scribe, l'homme habile ;
De la ſcéne il éleva
Le ton trop facile.
Veuillez tourner le feuillet,
Vous verrez ce qu'il a fait
Du vieux Vaudeville,
O gué
*Du vieux Vaudeville.**

* In M. Sarcey's volume, this "Vaudeville" is followed by "Les "trois Scribe, Critique-Vaudeville en un acte, du Théatre de Madame."

When a theatre his name
Owned, in times of late,
He retained his tone the ſame,
And changed not his ſtate:
With Merle and Deſaugiers,
And a hoſt as good as they,
Quite regenerate,
O gay!
Quite regenerate.

True to early days, he trolled
Songs of Love, and Fame:—
Sang of wines of vintage old,
And Love's youngeſt flame.
To his deft Horatian ſtave
Violins ſweet muſic gave,
Cruel girls to ſhame,
O gay!
Cruel girls to ſhame.

But at length did Scribe appear;
Maſter-mind was he
Higher the ſtage-tone to rear,
Erſt too light and free.
On the next page, you will learn
How he gave a novel turn
To old Vaudeville,
O gay!
To old Vaudeville.

II.

OLIVIER BASSELIN.

Longfellow.

[We make no apology for here introducing the characteriftic and animated poem in which Mr. Longfellow has celebrated the fcenery of the Vaux-de-Vire, and the fongs,—and the mill,—of Olivier Baffelin; a poem which the good tafte of M. Gafté has felected as one of the principal ornaments of his volume on " Jean Le Houx." The charm of Mr. Longfellow's verfes will be little diminifhed by the recent difcovery as to the true authorfhip of moft of the fongs of the Vaux-de-Vire which have come down to us; and the name of Olivier Baffelin, fo generoufly praifed in the poetic ftrains of Jean Le Houx, ftill remains one " which " Fame will not willingly let die."]

In the valley of the Vire
Still is feen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-fill,
On the ftone
Thefe words alone:
" Oliver Baffelin lived here."

Far above it, on the fteep,
Ruined ftands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for fhelter or for fhow.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the fkies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,
From the neighbouring hill-ſide down
On the ruſhing and the roar
Of the ſtream
Whoſe ſunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darkſome mill of ſtone,
To the water's daſh and din,
Careleſs, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Baſſelin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a ſplendour of its own.

Never feeling of unreſt,
Broke the pleaſant dream he dreamed ;
Only made to be his neſt,
All the lovely valley ſeemed ;
No deſire
Of ſoaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breaſt.

True, his ſongs were not divine ;
Were not ſongs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an anſwer in each heart ;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouſe and the inn,
Opening on the narrow ſtreet,
Came the loud convivial din,
Singing, and applauſe of feet,
The laughing lays
That in thoſe days
Sang the poet Baſſelin.

In the caſtle, caſed in ſteel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, ſpur on heel;
But the poet ſang for ſport
Songs that rang
Another clang;
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in grey,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloiſters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and ſquires,
Gone the abbot ſtern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From thoſe mouldering days of old.

But the poet's memory here
Of the landſcape makes a part;
Like the river, ſwift and clear,
Flows his ſong through many a heart;
Haunting ſtill
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

III.

[To the kindnefs of M. J. B. Weckerlin, the very learned Librarian of the Confervatoire de Mufique at Paris, we are indebted for a tranfcript of the following feventeen ancient airs; to which, Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx were fung in his own time. They are taken from a work of great intereft, rarely found complete:—"*Recueil des plus beaux* "*airs accompagnés de Chanfons à Dancer, Ballets, Chanfons* "*folatres, et Bachanales, autrement dites Vaudevire, non encore* "*Imprimés. Auxquelles Chanfons l'on a mis la mufique de* "*leur chant, afin que chacun les puiffe chanter et dancer le tout* "*à une feule voix. Caen, chez Jaques Mangeant,* 1615." The volume confifts of three parts bound in one, fmall duodecimo.

A fomewhat fimilar collection had been publifhed at Caen, alfo by J. Mangeant, in 1608, entitled "*Airs nouveaux* "*accompagnés des plus belles chanfons à danfer que ayent efté,* "*par cy devant mifes en lumiere, mefurées fur toutes fortes de* "*cadences, de Branles, Voltes, Courantes, Ballets, et autres* "*dances, et qui n'ont encor efté imprimées. Aufquelles chan-* "*fons l'on a mis la Mufique de leur chant, afin que chacun* "*les puiffe chanter et dancer de mefure en compaignie.*" But, from its title, that work does not appear to have contained airs of the Vaux-de-Vire.

Of all the fongs of ancient France, with the arrangement of which, whether as "Echos du Temps Paffé," or under other titles, M. Weckerlin's name is honourably affociated, none, perhaps, are more interefting to the mufical bibliographer than thefe

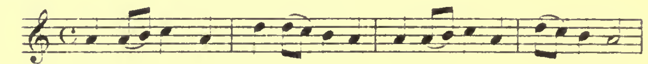
"Vocal ftanzas, very fweet,
"Which they ever fince repeat
"In the Val de Vire,
"O gay!
"In the Val de Vire."]

ANCIENT MUSIC
OF THE VAU-DE-VIRE.

1. *Au barbier qui la barbe oste.*



2. *C'est assez troupe honorable.*



C'est as_sez troupe ho_no_rable De ces gentis chans virois



Il faut se le_ver de table Le reste en une au_tre fois,



Car peut_estre que le maistre Qui nous assem_ble ce_ans



N'o_se di_re le marti_re Et mal que luy font les dents:



Souvent in_com_mo_di_té Provient d'a_voir trop chanté.

3. *Compagnon marinier.*



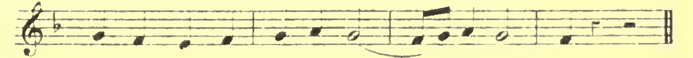
Com_pa_gnon ma_rinier Grande et pleine est



la mer, Le flot bat le ri_ _ va_ge,



Il faut pren_dre ce bort _ Car le vent



est trop fort, Ne perdons point___ coura_ge.

4. *Faute d'humeur nos choux sont morts.*

Fau - te d'humeur nos choux sont morts En
nos jardins par sè - che - res - se; Fau - te d'a-brever
bien mon corps Si j'alois mou - rir que se - roit - ce?

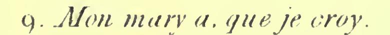
5. *Hé! Qu'avons nous a faire.*

Hé qu'avons-nous af-fai-re Du Turc ny du Sophy, don don? Pour
veu que j'aye à boi - re Des grandeurs je dis - fy, don don.
Trinque Seigneur, Ce vin est bon *Hoc a-cuit in - ge - nium.*

6. *J'ayme parfaictement.*

J'ay-me par - faictement Un breuvage excellent,
Car il fait resjou - ir mon gé - nereux cou - ra - ge:
Qui d'eau fait breuva - ge N'a point d'en - ten-dement.


7. L'amour je laisseray faire.
L'a _ mour je les - se _ ray fai _ re
Et les dames courti _ ser; Il ne me faut
plus qu'a boi _ re D'au _ tant et me re _ po _ ser.
8. Messieurs, voulez-vous rien mander.
Mes _ sieurs vou _ lez - vous rien man _ der,
Mes _ sieurs vou _ lez - vous rien man _ der?
Ce bateau va pas _ ser la mer, Ce bateau va pas _
ser la mer. Char _ gé de bon breu _ va _ ge,
Le ma _ te _ lot le puis _ se bien me _ ner
Sans pe _ ril et sans nau _ fra _ _ ge.

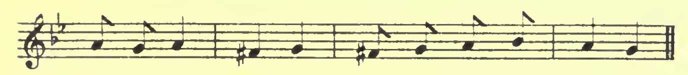




Mon mary a, Que je croy Par ma foy Le go-



sier de chair sa - lé - e, Car il ne peut res-pi-rer



Ny du-rer Si sa gor - ge n'est mouil - lé - e.

10 Monſieur de ceans.

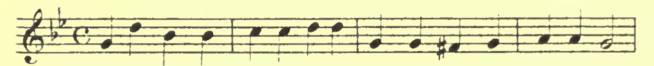


Monsieur de ce-ans Ces honnestes gens Ne vous pourront ru - i -



ner à chopiner, Car le sidre ne vaut plus qu'un ca - ro - lus.

11. N'abregeons point notre vie



N'abregeons point nostre vi-e Par trop nous at - te-di-er,



Cent ans de me - lancholi - e Ne payeront pas un denier;



At-tendons à rechi-ner que nous soy-ons ma - la - des



Qu'on viendra nous ordonner Des breuva-ges si fa - des.



De ma table au - cu - ne - ment, Tu fis

mou - rir pau - vre - ment Mon voi - sin quoqu'

il fut ri - che: Riche a - va - re est

peu de cas, Non je ne le se - ray pas.

13. *Nous sommes armés comme il faut.*

Nous sommes ar - més comme il faut: Alarme! à l'as - saut,

à l'as - saut! Nous sommes ar - més comme il faut.

Chacun monstre ce qu'il sçait fai - re: Alarme! à l'as - saut,

à l'as - saut! Cha - cun monstre ce qu'il sçait fai - re.

14 *O tintamarre plaisant.*

O tin - ta - mar - re plaisant Et dou - ce - ment

re - son - nant Des tonneaux que l'on re - lie

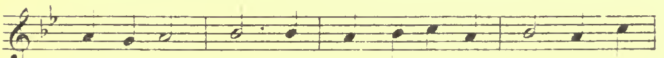
Si - gne qu'on boi - ra d'au - tant; Ce - la me fait

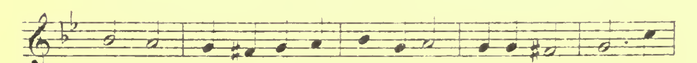
res - jou - ir O belle har - mo - ni - e

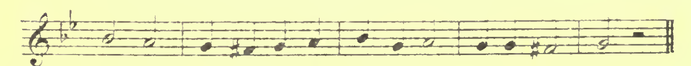
Sans toy je m'al - lois mou - rir De me - lan - cho - li - e.

15. *Que Noé fut un patriarche digne.*

Que No - é fut un pa - triar - che di - gne,







16. *Qui est celuy qui est gisant.*

17. *Sur la mer je ne veux mie.*

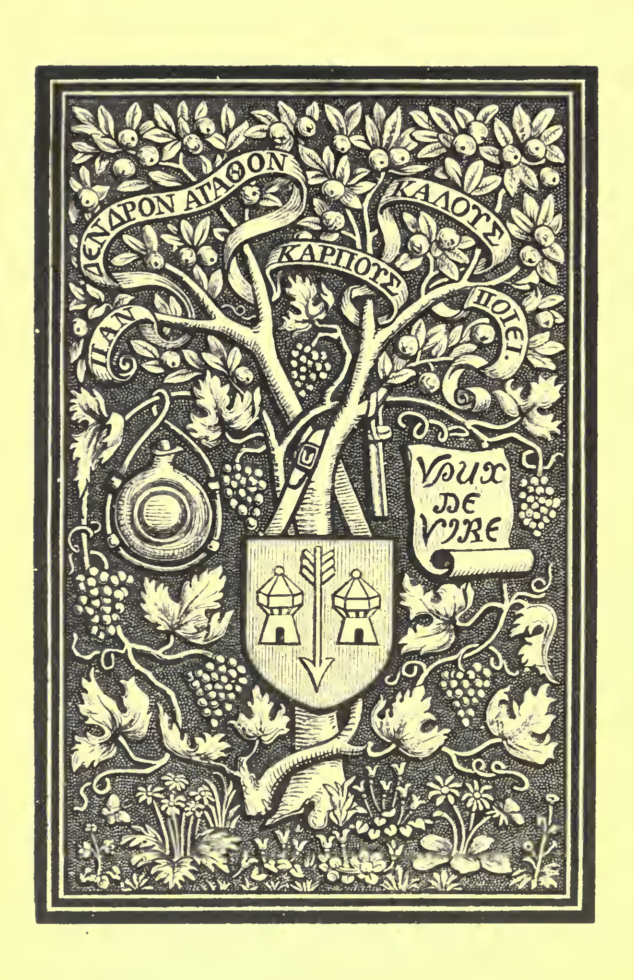




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